THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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AUGUST 1, 1925

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Roland Pertwee — Richard Washburn Child — Chester T. Crowell — Henry A. Shute
James B. Connolly — Thomas McMorrow — Horatio Winslow — Grace Sartwell Mason

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Society Brand Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

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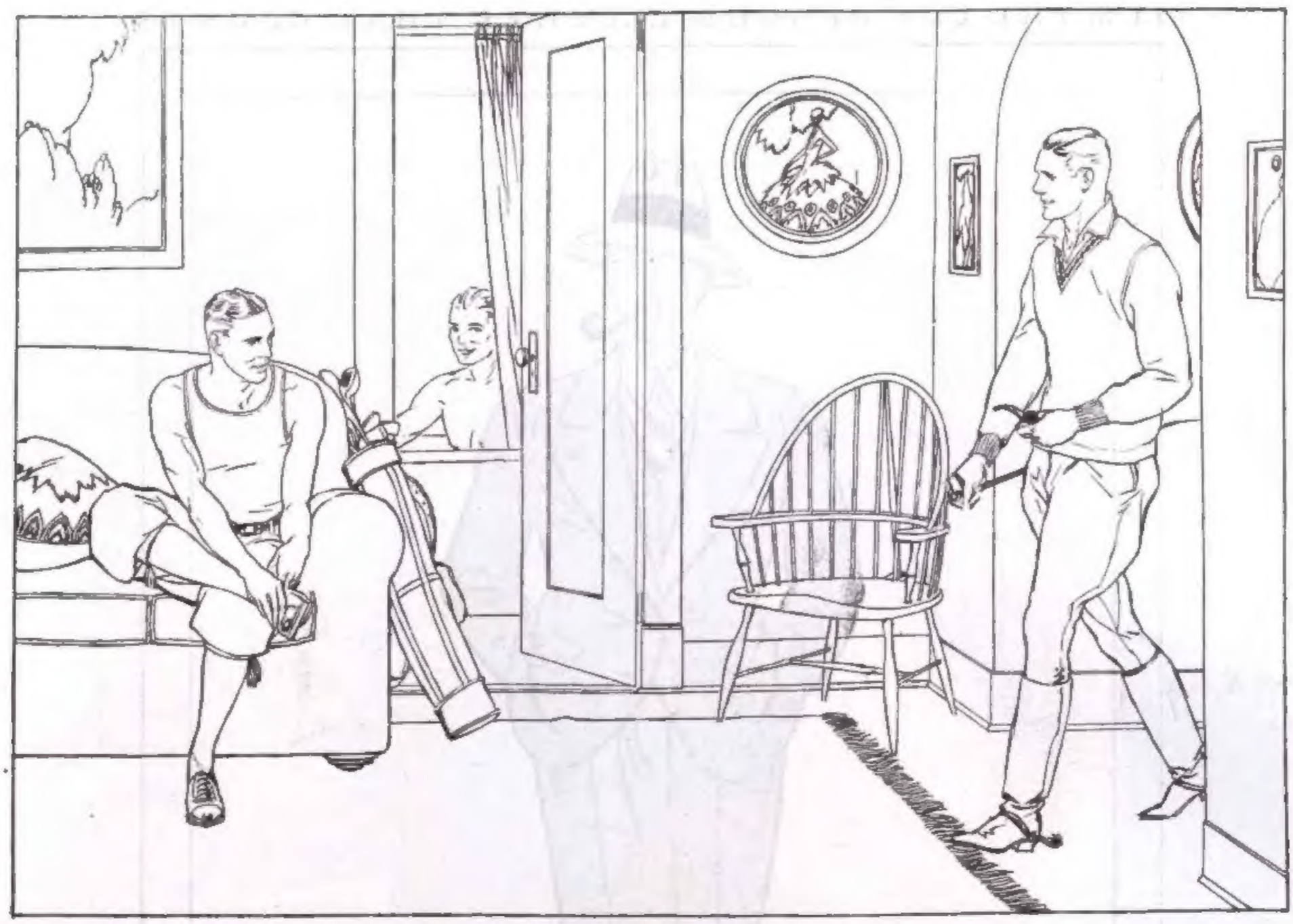

To week-ending males

THERE may be men who enjoy diving for soap in a tub like pickaninnies after an elusive penny; but the week-ending bather who desires to approach the office force on Monday morning with the clear and compelling glance of a Big Executive will prefer Ivory because it floats.

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TO week-end hostesses: Guest Ivory is not a guest cake merely, but when applied to guests, it is known to produce a general tolerance of ace-trumping.

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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RIVERS TO CROSS

When We Collected the Three Musketeers at the Hairdresser's, Marian Addressed Them Briefly But Cryptically, "It's No Use, Girls—Sorry"

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

IS DIXIE, I wonder, an exception to the rest of the world? In all the songs that were ever written, Dixie embraces her returning sons with open arms and roses and smiling faces and moonbeams and beckoning sheaves of corn and all the lyrists' paraphernalia of welcome. Other places by comparison—and England in particular—seem lacking in warmth.

Perhaps the long-absent traveler expects too much, and envisages a state of national jubilation arising out of his return that is seldom of a piece with what really happens.

The old country, like the old acquaintance, nods its greeting, proceeds on its way, to all appearances unmoved. A few bottles of champagne may be cracked, a few cigars smoked, yarns exchanged and invitations proffered, and the joy of home-coming is absorbed in the plain interest of every day. Such at least was my experience, back from the sweaty beastliness and isolation of the Congo after five years spent in the company of cannibalistic blacks and a few whites—who of the two were the less agreeable companions.

I had looked forward to London as a country child looks forward to a fair. The vista before me was painted in the bright colors of a roundabout. Delights from which I had long been separated were taking shape before me—golf links, beer with a lump of ice in it, a day at the pheasants, a few of the lighter comedies, a bit of hunting; and last but supremely foremost, the company of women. In some way, I believe, I expected all these desirable things would be waiting to meet me in a crystallized form on the quay at Southampton; a man with a couple of setters, a fellow in plus-fours with a bag of clubs slung at his shoulder, a row of English girls with cheeks like pinks.

My imagination had been stirred by the second act of a musical comedy picked up overnight off the Start by the ship's wireless. The instrument was badly tuned—the entertainment was marred by groans and poppings and atmospherics; but this notwithstanding, it released a long-pent yearning for England. That chorus of voices singing a foolish refrain across the wet mists of the Channel made a lump rise in my throat. I could have cheered, and would have done so in better company; but apart from a tipsy Scotch trader and a Welsh revivalist, every soul on that dirty, ill-kempt steamship was a foreigner of this sort or that—a hairy-toed crowd with a streak of colored blood and little to recommend them for partnership in joy.

Certainly it was asking a great deal to expect a dock-side wharf at five o'clock on a foggy morning to present a lively appearance. There was the usual crowd of stevedores, a few customs officials and a man with a megaphone to direct the business of mooring. That was all. England!

At that moment, more acutely than ever before, I regretted that I was not married. It would have been good to recognize the face of a woman of one's own—someone who cared and to whom absence or return was a terrible or happy event in life. But there was no one. Apart from a few good chaps I liked and who professed to like me, messmates of the Great War and men I had come to know in pleasure and business, it made no odds if I spent the rest of my days on the top of Everest. I was not essential to anybody's well-being; and, come to that, nobody was essential to mine.

Thus, as the propeller gave its final throb and the ship shuddered as her finders bumped against the pier, my cheerful expectations gave way to intense loneliness. I stepped ashore unwelcomed, unrecognized. England absorbed me with as little interest as a river absorbs a shower of rain. At the barrier a boy in uniform gave me an unstamped letter and a telegram.

The telegram was from Marian Livesay. It was typical—delightful. It swept away gloom:

"Bless you, you are home. Marshall and I are at Hardelot. Come and see us as soon as you can. It's lovely here. Bathing, poaching and awfully nice girls."

Good old Marian! It was like her to be the first; Marshall too. He'd become quite a pot since I left England. Attorney-general, complete with a knighthood, and in the pursuance of his labors both at the House and the Law Courts under the permanent segis of picked members of the police force. I wondered if he were still the same schoolboy at heart, had still the old gypsy streak which led him in his rare moments of recreation into all manner of crazy escapades. I hoped that the beautiful scarlet leather dispatch box which His Majesty the King presents to his A. G.'s had not robbed him of those qualities which made him the best holiday companion a man ever possessed.

And Marian, too, with that immense family of hers which somehow left her younger after each new arrival. It was splendid to hear from her so soon—splendid to know that they were waiting to welcome an old friend—and it was amusing to note that she was still the inveterate matchmaker I had known five years earlier. "Bathing, poaching and awfully nice girls!"

I could imagine her saying to Marshall, "Nigel Praed is back; we must really get him settled down this time."

Pallida

And Marshall—"Why not leave the poor devil alone? The way you women obstruct freedom is a national disgrace!"

Then one of those rows of theirs which to my thinking were the neatest form of love-making a fifteen-year-married couple ever devised.

I remembered, the day I sailed for the Congo, Marian shaking her curly head at me from the back seat of a big car which Marshall always drove, to the public danger—shaking her mop of hair and saying, "I do believe, Nigel, you're the most obstinate wretch God ever put breath into. But you wait, my boy! Next time!"

I would like to have kissed her good-by; but if I'd dared, Marshall would have knocked me down, friend or no friend. There was a primal streak in Marshall which I liked and understood. I recall a story of him at Albert during the war. He had lost the wallet containing Marian's photograph. It was found by a fellow officer in the huge crater on the Albert-Bapaume road. Instead of thanking him for finding the case, Marshall kicked him in the pants for not returning it an hour sooner.

"Sentimental swine," said the victim of ingratitude, grinning and rubbing himself.

He scored there, for Marshall never admitted to a vestige of sentiment.

"I've a certain amount of property and I look after it," was his explanation. "A wife is like a watch, and won't go unless you wind it up."

Marshall and Marian! Very real folks, the pair of 'em—and my friends.

I crammed the wire and the unread letter into my pocket and beckoned to a rickety old taxi which was snuffling by the sheds.

"There's only this grip," I said to the driver, heaving a Gladstone bag into the space beside him; "my heavy luggage is mailed through to London."

I was getting into the taxi when the uniformed boy touched my sleeve.

"Beg pardon, sir, the gentleman said there was an answer to the letter."

"What gentleman?"

"Not very sure of the name—would it be Palestine?"

"Palatine," I exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me? Where is he?"

"In bed, sir. Room 16, Great Western Hotel."

I frowned.

"In bed—you sure?"

"Yes, sir."

I opened the letter and read it:

"Dear Praed: As your boat is scheduled to arrive at five A.M., I suggest you come along to the hotel and we have a bit of breakfast together at nine. This'll give you time for a bath and a shave. I've told 'em to keep a room for you. I expect you'll come straight up to Sheffield with me and go through your report to the board.

"I didn't think there was much point in coming down to the quay, as you were arriving so early and it's unchristian to discuss business before ten A.M. Congratulations on your work and safe return.

"Yours sincerely,

"NEVILLE PALATINE."

I crumpled the letter and pitched it into the gutter.

"What time is the first train to London?" I asked.

"There's one at 7:45, sir."

"Right!" I said. "I'll catch it. Convey my compliments to Mr. Palatine and tell him as he didn't think it worth while to come down to the boat, he looks like missing me altogether." The boy grinned doubtfully. "Just that," said I, and got into the taxi.

The good humor inspired by Marian's wire was driven away by this offhand scrawl of Palatine's. If the fellow was too lazy to come and meet a man whose work for the firm of Ribault, Zealer & Palatine had resulted in opening up seven hundred miles of palm-oil area that was bringing in an annual revenue rapidly approaching half a million—if he was too lazy to come down and say how-de-do and make himself pleasant, then he and all his works could go to the devil and stay there.

Five hundred miles of railway had I laid through jungle swamp and mountain. Two hundred miles of hitherto unnavigated river now heard the daily chunking of the stern-wheeler fleet which I had designed and created section by section and plate by plate with labor which didn't know a hammer from a rivet, a drill from an anvil—and this for the firm of Ribault, Zealer & Palatine. At least it was theirs for the purposes of argument.

I am not as a rule a boastful man, but I had tackled a big job with satisfactory results and I expected the firm to say so. Certainly I was in no mood for patronage from any young blighter who valued an extra hour or so between the sheets higher than a reputation for good manners.

Nor was that my sole complaint. Neville Palatine, but two years down from college, was the least important partner of that terrific commercial and engineering organization to which he lent his name. At least I had expected Ribault or Zealer to meet me. Sending this boy, who when last I saw him only shaved every other day, was casual. If he wanted me he could come and find me; which is precisely what he did, with a better grace than I gave him credit for.

Short of breath and pale of face from the earliness of the hour, his Brasenose College tie twisted into a hurried knot, he burst into the station refreshment room where I was attacking four poached eggs, some sizzling rashers of bacon and a thick cupful of an astonishing compound that was certainly not coffee. After a hasty glance at the other patrons he came to my table.

"Mr. Nigel Praed?"

I nodded over the steam rising from my cup.

"I'm Neville Palatine."

I said, "Aha!" and went on eating.

"I'm afraid you'll think I was terribly rude not coming down to meet you."

I did not deny it, though the boy's looks and his crestfallen air robbed me of the annoyance I had felt.

"Ribault was coming himself, but he had a touch of flu and wasn't let. Zealer is at Amsterdam over a big steel contract. So there was only me."

"And you," I said good-naturedly, "were too tired for the job."

"I've earned it," he acknowledged, "and I hope you'll be sport enough not to let the others know; but as matter of fact, there was a dance at Bournemouth last night."

"That's all right," said I, shaking hands; "but when a man's been buried in a jungle for several years he is apt to be touchy about trifles. . . . Was the dance good?"

"Topnotch. But you want to talk business."

"Business is the last thing I want to talk. That's why I'm dodging the firm's invitation to Sheffield."

"But you don't mean ——"

"Believe me, I do! There's a certain germ of gladness in my veins which only London—the clubs, theaters and society of a few old friends—can inoculate me against. Until it's out of the system I don't want to hear the words 'Congo,' 'palm oil' or the names of 'Ribault, Zealer & Palatine.' It's nice of you to have come and met me, and nice of you to apologize for not turning up a bit sooner. That little affair being settled, I am now departing on a tour of joy."

Five Hundred Miles of Railway Had I Laid Through Jungle Swamp and Mountain

"Not seriously?"

"By no means seriously, but as flippantly, as idiotically and as expensively as I can. After all," I added, "there's nothing to talk about. My job's done and the man who has taken over seems thoroughly capable of running the show. Tell Mr. Ribault if he can think of anything worth my while in about three months' time I'll be charmed to give him my best attention. Till then, au 'voir."

Young Palatine looked rueful.

"They told me this 'ud happen," he said; "they told me you were the most obstinate beggar alive. Matter of fact," he added, "that's the real reason why I sent you that letter instead of waiting at the quay to meet you when you docked."

"Eh?"

"I thought if I planted the idea that we didn't really care a hill of beans about your return it might lure you up to Sheffield to have a row."

"Strategy," said I.

"A poor effort," said he. "To tell the truth, Mr. Praed, there is not an employe that the firm thinks so highly of as you. You're our synonym for all that's efficient."

I rose heavily and bowed.

"Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley," said I.

Outside a guard was shouting, "Take your seats, please!"

II

TO SALISBURY I had the carriage to myself. I had bought newspapers at Southampton; but beyond a glance which told me that the government had fallen a few days previously, I never took my eyes from the carriage window. The sight of the green chessboarded English landscape was as good to me as a plunge into cool water after an age beneath a blistering sun. The cottage gardens with their dadoes of phloxes and hollyhocks, the teamster crawling along winding lanes with straw-bearded hedges, cattle mirrored in pools, pine-fringed heather slopes, and valleys dotted with oak and elm, children in bright pinafores swinging on gates—awoke in me such a gladness that I was hard put to it to prevent myself breaking out into a song of praise. That I succeeded is due to the fact that my singing, by common consent, my own included, has always been regarded as a deterrent rather than an incentive to joy. It is true that during the war, for a period of ten days, I earned a precarious livelihood singing the Song of Hate through the streets of German towns; but the small change I received for my efforts was bestowed more for the substance of the words than for any vocal enchantments I may have revealed.

I remember once singing the infernal thing at the station gates in Düsseldorf when a trainload of British prisoners were being herded into lorries. How ashamed I was, and when one of the young officers, a boy wearing fusileer badges, broke ranks and hit me in the mouth with the back of his hand, Lord, how I longed to clap him on the back and claim him brother! One of the guards dropped the butt of his rifle on the boy's head, then turned and grinned at me. I shall never forget the loathing for me in that boy's eyes before they went blank from the cowardly blow; I shall never forget the grin on the guard's face and the kind of that's-the-sort-of-man-I-am look he gave me. Had he known it, the merest shadow of common prudence divided him from a .45 caliber bullet trained at the pit of his stomach from the pocket of my ragged jacket. It was not all jam, that kind of work. There were some pretty hectic experiences in the two and a half years I spent in enemy territories during the war. Apart from fear, there was the blank loneliness of it. Even when it was over and out of the order of war nations were plunged into the disorder of peace, one was denied the satisfaction of talking the terror and dreariness of that period out of the system. The branch of the secret service in which I was enlisted did not encourage loquacity then or thereafter. You were there to do a job, obtain certain information and forget forthwith how it was come by. It taught one to bottle things up, stew in one's own juice, stand on one's own feet. The man who talked generally died strangely and rather rapidly.

At Salisbury the train pulled up and my carriage was invaded by a foreign lady's maid and a heavily laden porter, who proceeded to fill the opposite rack with a variety of suitcases, golf clubs, tennis rackets and female impedimenta. This done, they retired, leaving me to conjecture from the evidence before me what sort of traveling companion was to bear me company for the remainder of the journey. Clearly the owner of these belongings was young and active; also, *vide* a pair of brogued shoes attached by the laces to her golf bag, she had small feet. Her name, as I was able to verify from three tag labels, was Philida Prothero—a pleasant amalgam. By putting my head on one side I was able to see that her destination was Boulogne, via Victoria and Folkestone.

The number of stick labels on one end of a dressing bag informed me that she had wintered abroad, having visited Switzerland, the Italian lakes and a number of other places.

One of the labels was difficult to decipher owing to the superimposition of others. It revealed the letters ICO, and beneath, ZORES. It took me a minute to decide that the complete names were probably Ponta Rico, Azores. There was something familiar in the name which for the moment escaped me until I recalled Ponta Rico as the small island north of the Azores group taken over from Germany by the British under the Treaty of Versailles, and now under the military governorship of Gen. Sir Francis Prothero, K. C. M. G., D. S. O.

Prothero—the girl's father—I was progressing famously. There was something else I knew about Sir Francis if I could get the top off the brain cell that held the knowledge. Wait a bit—it was coming back. The man was known throughout the service by a sobriquet—the—the—The Mule.

In the mental effort of reconstructing that bit of stored information, I had shut my eyes and said it sharply and aloud at the precise moment that the daughter of that gallant but stubborn officer stepped into the carriage.

It is not an encouraging introduction to any young lady for a complete stranger to explode in her face frivolous names by which her relations may be called. I would not have been astonished if Miss Prothero had summoned the maid and the porter and removed her belongings to another compartment. However, she did not appear to suffer from nerves or anxieties. Beyond throwing in my direction a swift inquiring glance, she took no further notice of me. The maid, who had accompanied her to the door, was of a different mind and muttered a few words I did not catch. Miss Philida shook her head.

A further question—"Would you like me to travel with you, mademoiselle?" received the answer, "No."

Miss Philida disappeared behind the pages of an illustrated daily, the maid retired to another carriage, the train steamed out of the station, and I became aware that I was alone with an exceptionally attractive girl whose dark, almost black hair was glinted with unexpected threads of copper.

It was a long time since I had seen an attractive girl, and even longer since I had seen dark hair glinted with copper. The sensation was delightful. I forgot what few manners I may ordinarily possess, and instead of preserving the air of polite isolation expected between traveling companions of opposite sexes, I laid my newspapers aside and stared in admiration. In defense, it is fair to say that her face was hidden behind the pages of the Daily Mirror and there was no reason to suppose that she was aware of what I was doing. I had forgotten that women possess a sixth sense which instantly records waves of admiration or disapproval that emanate from their fellow creatures. That sixth sense is far too powerful to be insulated by a few sheets of paper. It can feel through walls and wide spaces and over great distances. Thus while I stared Miss Philida knew I was staring, and at a moment least expected lowered the screen that separated her eyes from mine and remarked in an everyday voice underlined by a curiously authoritative tone, "What's the matter?"

I was so startled that I stumbled dismally in an effort to reply.

"Nothing; nothing at all—that is, I really beg your pardon. I'm afraid I was very rude."

"Rude—why?"

"For staring in that very—er——"

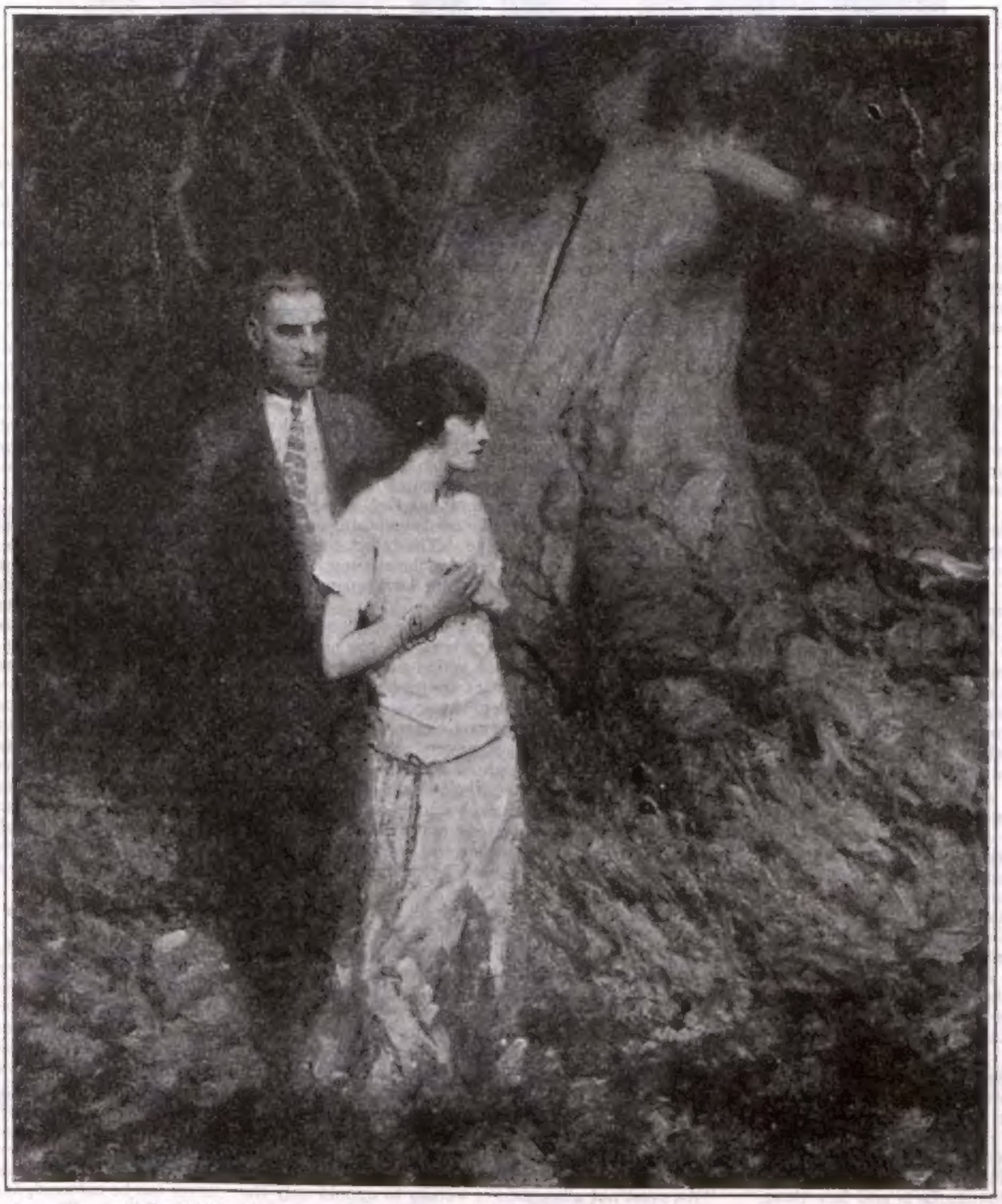
"Were you? I thought you wanted something—a match or a cigarette."

"No, I have both," I answered lamely, producing a packet of cigarettes and a pocket lighter in evidence.

"Well, that's all right," said she, and shook out the folds of her paper again.

I had been snubbed and I knew it. Also I had merited snubbing; but as we had passed the Rubicon of silence, even at the risk of worse happening to me I was determined to carry our talk a stage further. Miss Philida, with her eccentric air of being able to look after herself, was a new type to me—a crystallization of the postwar girl, with whose development absence from England had denied me the opportunity of becoming acquainted. Here was something more than the racy you-be-damned, take-it-or-leave-it, self-confident-if-self-insufficient girl of the 1917–19 brand. The intervening years had refined the type which had come into existence through an alchemy of hospital wards, munition works and ambulance services. This was a more finished product altogether. Self-contained rather than self-confident; less strapping and man-to-mannish; less slangy, oathy and startling—and oddly enough, far more essentially feminine.

(Continued on Page 116)



I Found Myself, With a Great Deal to Say and No Aptitude for Saying It, Walking Beside Philida Prothero in a Primeval Forest

The Great American Scandal

OUR CRIME TIDE

By Richard Washburn Child

CARTOONS BY WYNCIE KING

IN A MIDDLE-WESTERN city six members of the detective squad had visited a cellar dancing resort where gunmen and crooks take their molls. It was anything but pleasant to be along and observe the treatment of two criminals of record who attempted to argue against arrest.

My usual pathways do not lead into the shadowy, dark and bloody corners. I would have preferred not to have seen one of my detective friends work on a hoistman, as they call hold-up artists, because for one reason the incorrigible criminal was a boy of twenty with clear blue eyes, a lean strong body, clean hands, polished nails, and it was difficult to believe that he was a killer.

At that moment of unpleasant observation, I had to remind myself of the exact reason for my being in the middle of a room afloat with cigarette smoke and Oriental perfumery while the representatives of the law took away a criminal's revolver. The exact reason for my presence there was that I had been representing the United States in Europe; and having lived abroad I had learned, as few Americans ever know, that our neighbors see clearly the great American scandal.

We have one preëminent national disgrace. It is our crime record.

Said one foreign prime minister, "With your passion to make laws, with your hunger to remake humanity by statute, how extraordinary to discover that you fail to abide by law or enforce law!"

This often-expressed indictment by other peoples gave my national pride a shudder, but the indictment stands. We can laugh at the derision or accusation which is unfounded upon fact. But when the outer world, to which some of our citizens desire to read moral lessons against war, violence and unlawful conduct, tells us that we cannot—or at least do not—enforce the law, protect ourselves from being the sport of criminals or banish savage violence from our street, our city or our nation, we may well flinch.

The Grim Business of Facing Facts

THE charge is true. The evidence should be flung into the face of our public opinion by someone. The great and growing shame of America is—crime.

I have labored to discover just how bad the record is becoming, what causes it, how it can be cured. If there were a grotesque side of finding myself in many strange corners, it was the result of deliberate intention. I had set out to rub elbows with the record, the methods and the natural history of our crime, of our lawlessness, of our complacent and wholly unnecessary tolerance of savagery and disorder in America.

I began with three convictions about my task, and they are now even more deeply rooted. The first is that, whatever the detailed cure for our scandal of lawlessness, the only hope of application of it rests upon the upgetting of public opinion. There will be no turn of the tide of lawlessness until the millions are willing to do what I determined to do—to find the intimate human facts and face them.

We hear a good deal these days about fact-finding as the basis for our domestic legislation or for our foreign policy. Far from disagreeing with this, I am one who has almost tired of expressing hope that we make our conclusions and found our programs upon a world as it is and not upon the unreality of a world as we might wish it to be. But inducing the world to accept the principle of fact-finding is a petty labor compared to the appalling task which follows it. Fact-finding is all right. We need something else. It is the grim business of fact-facing. The reluctance to face facts is the difficulty which hinders the stirring of intelligent opinion and action against our lawlessness and our mounting crime tide.

The second conviction is that public opinion—the upgetting of the millions of decent citizens—has not gone, is not going and will not go into action merely because the available flimsy crime statistics are presented, or because white-cuffed gentlemen speak at banquets in an impassioned manner and send deputations to carry hot but empty phrases of protest to helpless mayors, governors and Federal officials, or because various anticrime societies and lawyers' associations publish their qualified and cautious reports and recommendations, valuable as they may be. It avails little to repeat over and over, "The law must be enforced"; it avails little to suggest remedies unless one knows the nature of the disease by intimate rather than statistical investigation of it.

The third conviction, proved by all the evidence flowing in, is the paradoxical truth that one source of our crime is not crime but law. Unnecessary or impractical laws are almost certain to lead to a breach of law, to a disrespect for law, to a breakdown of our whole law enforcement. It is possible to obtain enforcement of law only when laws represent the social will. If there are so many laws that they overlap or become dead letters or cannot be understood and interpreted, it is ridiculous to say that they represent the social will. Every one of us has met the man or woman who goes about saying phrases like these:

"The law is the law. We must obey the law while it is on the statute book."

"The best way to repeal a bad law is to enforce it."

"We must not allow men or women to uphold only the laws they want enforced while they break laws they do not want enforced."

There is no complaint against these sayings, but none of us should lose sight of the fact that the respect for law which is worth something is not the idolatry of so many paragraphs of printed words on page 2123 of the Revised Statutes, but is respect for the social will—the common consent and agreement of men and women which support that law.

I am not referring to laws prohibiting the sale and transportation of liquors. If the social will is behind those laws or gets behind them that question will take care of itself. We need not discuss it here. I refer to the multiplicity of laws, the laws which are semi-dead, the laws which propose to legislate into being new human character, the laws which somehow get onto the printed page without the social will to enforce them.

I have heard a great industrial leader of America sitting in his limousine on his way to his country place condemn the lawbreakers, but the limousine was running ten miles an hour faster than the law allowed.

I have heard a minister of the gospel discourse on the wickedness of failing to obey all laws literally while riding on a train on Sunday through a state in which there is still a law prohibiting travel and the operation of railways on Sunday.

I crossed the Atlantic with an old and famous lawyer who talked vehemently about the decline of morals and integrity in modern American youth, but when he landed I did not hear him say anything to the customs officials about a necklace he was bringing as a present to his eighteen-year-old daughter.

Literal obedience to the law should be the social will. If anything I may write tends to make it so, I shall be glad; but it is absurd to assert that in any period, or today, written and printed laws and the social will absolutely coincide. And this is quite in accord with the whole experience of the world and all the lessons in the history of law. The function of government has never been extended successfully to molding individuals, remaking them, changing their character or dictating conduct which does not directly affect the safety or property of others. The whole trail of such attempts is a trail of failure. I may hope for its success, but I can find no evidence to support my hope. Government is to control the affairs between men.

Printed Laws and the Social Will

AND yet if government has bitten off more than it can chew when it enters the personal reform field, the damage is greater than mere failure. Even the elevator boy senses the difference between breaking a law which is passed to save others from harm and a law which is passed to save a man from himself; but the tragic result of breaking the one kind of law leads to habits of lawbreaking which stop at no particular boundary. There is a difference between laws against stepping on other people's toes and laws which forbid one to step on his own toes. But the practical result of the second class of laws which lack the social will is that such laws, if the experience of the world is worth anything, never can be enforced, and directly stimulate lawbreaking as to all laws. They drag into the field of law enforcement a vast and disgusting hypocrisy so that we are forced

to see men who break them behind closed doors—judges, legislators and even the highest executives, as I have seen myself—go forth in fear and deceit to orate about law enforcement.

It may be that the best way to repeal a bad law is to enforce it; but the best way to get a high tide of lawbreaking is to pass laws that cannot be enforced either because there is not sufficient social will, which in the last analysis is the law rather than any printed words, or because government has gone beyond its function.

As one who makes a country-wide survey finds today, we are headed not for more law enforcement, but for less; not for less crime, but for more.

"Oh, it may be bad enough already," said an honest and efficient and frank chief of police of one of our big cities. "But wait ten years! What I see by being close to lawbreaking, the average man and woman knows nothing about. It's all Greek to them. If I had known what we would be up against, I never would have chosen this work!"

He has not exaggerated the condition. Statistics about our national scandal have some value. They at least have value in indicating by their almost negligible quantity and quality that no force of public opinion exists in the United States to keep track of our wild and wasteful and violent crime record.

The press from time to time prints stories about a crime wave. I have been unable to find any evidence of importance on crime waves. They exist at certain seasons or in times of unemployment. But it is not crime waves which need bother us; not crime waves, but the American crime tide.

Certain publicity agencies serving special groups send out the well-worn story from time to time that the reforms have emptied the jails. The crime tide, rising steadily in the United States, was lifted higher after the sense of responsibility and discipline of the war were removed, and there are no indications, whether they be drawn from statistics on murder or those on drunkenness and disorderly conduct, that lawbreaking is diminishing. It is not; it is increasing, and increasing with alarming rapidity.

Law Enforcement in Europe

MOREOVER, we are facing today not the old-fashioned disorganized forces of crime. Crime in America is developing the way American business developed. The cut-throat competition, independence and individual methods yield to conferences, consolidations and highly organized methods. The bootleg ring of a few years from now may represent a capital investment and political power and an interstate activity which will dwarf by comparison some substantial legitimate industries; and the worst of it is that it will be the side partner and protector of gangs of the more serious offenders.

As a man who is one of the biggest bootleggers in the country said to me, "I don't like to do it, but we have to make trades with the criminal gangs."

He appeared to feel snobbish about it; it was an association which he felt was not quite respectable. I said, "Well, in your business you are training a lot of young men to gun-toting, reckless living and lavish spending, adventure—lawless life in general."

He laughed.

"There are thousands of them!" he said. "What do you expect? But they won't leave bootlegging to be burglars until our business pays less than it does now. We have a lot of the professional crooks who want to get into our industry." He calls it an industry! "It is only the bootlegger who makes a failure who goes into the stick-up and drug-selling game. We are getting a better and better quality of employes all the time, because we have to have 'em. Too much money invested to take risks. Good organization demands good men."

If anyone who leads a quiet life, and fails to read the trend of our crime record between the lines of the current press reports of crime, wants to know the rise in our crime tide, it is possible to find few dependable figures. Statistics on American crime, as Chancellor Herbert S. Hadley, who has been investigating, wrote me, are as scarce as hens' teeth.

There is no uniformity in the existing statistics between state and state or city and city. The coöperation between community and community and even between states is almost nonexistent.

In Europe, where nations are units in fighting crime and criminals, the officials are shocked when they learn of the almost utter failure of law-enforcement authorities in the United States to coöperate. We have no matured national agency or clearing house for criminal identification, no standardization of methods, no adequate exchange of information; and in some cases where two big cities are close together, the only possible way for a police chief in one to avoid being run out of business in thirty days is to bid against the chief of police in another city for trades with the crooks and their rings—trades not made for corruption or personal gain, but made to prevent a situation where one city gives them protection in exchange for the agreement that they will go to work only in the other city. All this lack of coöperative organization is reflected in the absence of statistics and of figures which can be compared.

Lacking figures, the average citizen listens to his mayor, his board of commissioners and his police chief. These gentlemen are usually loath to expose the increase in crime. It takes months to learn, as I have learned, to take information about our crime record and then discount and interpret it in the light of other knowledge.

The average law-enforcement official will say for publication, "We have crime under control. Of course there was a crime wave. It was due to the war."

This is unadulterated nonsense. Among the hundreds of police, judges, criminal lawyers and criminals to whom I have talked, the majority began by filling me with their "case." They told me what they would tell someone who might some day quote them and embarrass them.

For instance, I said to one chief of police, "Is this city any dryer than it was five years ago?"

"Oh, certainly," he said, beaming. "I just told one of our local papers yesterday about that. We met the bootlegger and we have beaten him."

"Then how do you account for the fact that your disorderly conduct arrests have nearly doubled in five years and are going higher?"

"That's not drunkenness—er—that's disorderly conduct—that's different," was the official's reply.

"Look here, chief," I replied, "you and I know that in this city you bury the figures on drunkenness in the figures on disorderly conduct. Furthermore, you and I know that in the past the figures have been reduced by omitting to copy some cases off the blotters."

He looked at me searchingly and then said, "Well, all right. Can I play truth with you?"

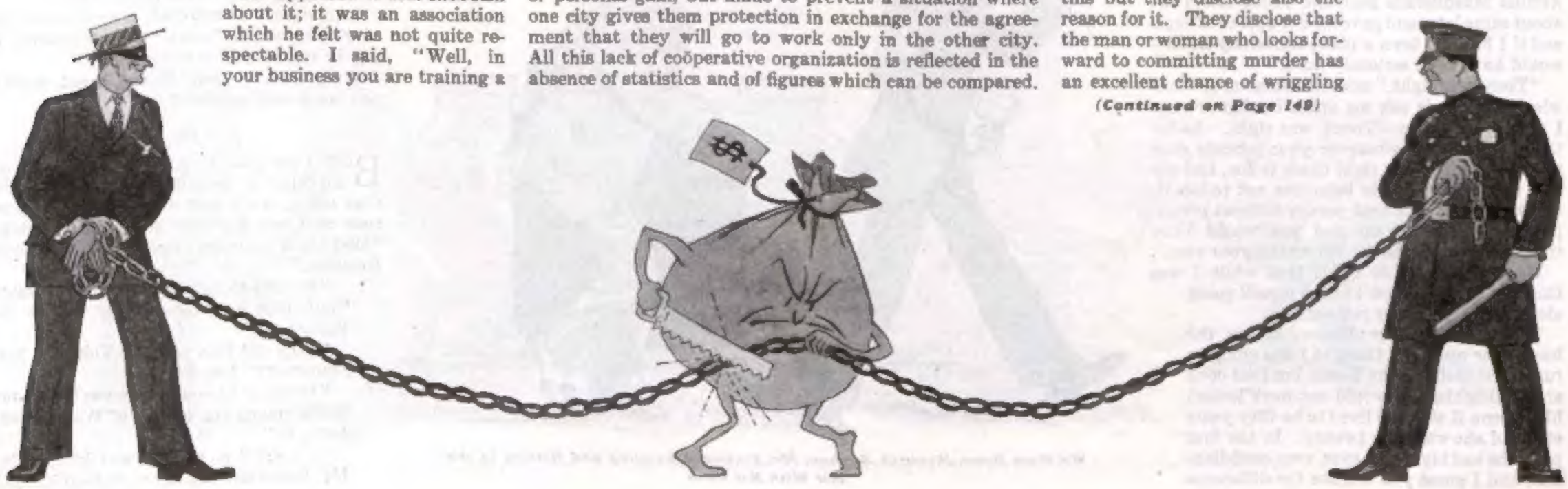
Out of all this falsifying, out of all the slim and undependable crime statistics, it is possible to salvage certain convincing gauges of the steadily rising crime tide. Sometimes these figures have to be taken city by city. Sometimes collectively they show cause for a shudder to pass across the country from Maine to San Diego, California. Murder, for instance, is considered an important enough affair so that rough statistics are obtainable. Burglary and robbery insurance rates are something of a measure of the crime tide. Statistics of the number of arrests are often worthless because an increase in arrests may not mean more crime; it may only indicate that the police are more efficient. And if arrests are fewer, it may not mean that a tide of crime is receding, but that a new crime method has been invented, new corruption has been introduced or that the police are no longer keeping up stringent measures.

Loopholes for the Criminal

"IT IS silly to judge the amount of crime by arrests," said one detective sergeant, "as it would be to judge that there were no rats in a house because no traps were set."

The best figures obtainable on murder in the United States disclose that in comparison to European countries, and especially England, our regard for human life has fallen very low. The murder statistics not only disclose this but they disclose also the reason for it. They disclose that the man or woman who looks forward to committing murder has an excellent chance of wriggling

(Continued on Page 149)



BIMBO THE BLOOD

Statement for the Defense—By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

WELL, Judge, Your Honor, the way I come to meet Mr. Stanward, I was present on the street getting ready to think about a certain matter when I saw Mr. Stanward strolling along, dressed very neat and hitting in the air with his cane. Not knowing Mr. Stanward, I was surprised when he stopped by side of me saying, "Hello, Joe; what do you call yourself when sober and what do you do to earn a dishonest living?"

I said, "My name is not Joe, but Chris, and I am glad to say I have always gone straight. When working I am a piano mover."

Mr. Stanward kept on hitting in the air with his cane, the same as if trying to kill flies.

"Figures do not lie," he said after a minute, "and anybody looking you over would say right off you were either a piano mover or else something intended to hold up a bridge. As far as names are concerned, it is only a question of pronunciation, because you will find some dictionaries pronounce it Joe and others Chris, and five dollars deposited in any recognized national bank will allow you to take your choice. But why quibble over quirks? I am going to call you Joe, because I have no time to waste with long names. Personally I am Mr. S. S. Stanward, that is to say Mr. Stanward Stanward Stanward, of Stanward, Oklahoma; and well-known parties backing me have sent me here to find out how you would like to have barrels of money and ride around in a big automobile that is not a truck, smoking fifty-cent cigars."

"Mr. Stanward," I said, "I would like that fine, Mr. Stanward. But I want to say I have hitherto always gone straight, and will never go any other way because Teena would object to same."

Mr. Stanward took a few more wipes in the air with his cane and then asked, "Where is Teena? Does she live on this street or do you carry her around in your pocket?"

"No, Mr. Stanward," I said frankly, "neither."

"Then why drag Teena into the argument? All you have to do is to fasten your right eye on my back, leaving your left free and independent as at present, and follow me down the street."

I left it go at that and, well, Judge, Your Honor, what would you have done yourself?

So we went down Monarch Avenue to the corner of Lane and along Lane to Perry, Mr. Stanward leading and hitting in the air with his cane.

"Now, Joe," said Mr. Stanward when we got to the corner of Perry, "here is your chance to show yourself a hundred per cent American by plodding along to the second house on the left and knocking at the back door. The family has gone away for twenty-four hours, and all you will find left is the cook. Ask her if this is McGuffin's, and where she wants the piano put. She will say it is not McGuffin's, but Brightman's. Then you will kid her along in a smooth way and try to make a date for the evening and find out when she is going to leave the house tonight and when she is coming back."

"Mr. Stanward," I said, "I would respectively call your attention again to the fact that whatever the dictionaries may say, my name is not Joe, but Chris, and when you tell me to make this date with the cook I am afraid it is something crooked. And, Mr. Stanward, there is only one time in my life that I have not gone straight, and that was at the Steamfitters' Annual Masquerade Ball, and Teena found out about same later and gave me a couple of *schlags*, and if I had not been a piano mover by trade I would have been seriously hurt."

"Teena was right," said Mr. Stanward; "and when my friends ask me about it, that is what I always tell them—Teena was right. As for the other matter, whatever your parents may think about it, your right name is Joe, and my best advice to you is to take care not to lose it, because some dishonest person without principles might pick it up and you would have trouble getting it back. So watch your step."

He said all this so quick that while I was thinking up an answer I found myself going along to the house as requested.

Well, Judge, Your Honor, before the back door opened I thought I was going to run into somebody like Teena, but that cook at the Brightmans' would not have looked like Teena if she had lived to be fifty years old, and she was only twenty. In the first place she had big brown eyes, very confiding-like, and I guess you will see the difference when I say that Teena never trusted me any farther than she could see me, as the saying is, and looked the part; and in the second place this girl could not have jumped in and hit anybody a *schlag* if she had been paid for same, because it was not in her nature. And when I looked at that girl, Judge, Your Honor, I felt I could not go any other way but straight, because I could see she had confidence I would go straight.

Your Honor, What Would You Have Done Yourself?

I felt very mean when I asked those questions of this girl, but being as there was no way out I acted suitable.

"All right," I said when she stated she was leaving the house at five-thirty to have dinner with her sister, "and what will you have on when you get through with that?"

"Why do you want to know?" she said, looking at me, with her eyes very large.

"Because," I said, "I have never seen anybody like you before, and I have got to see you again." And when I stated this it was not because I wanted to do a favor to Mr. Stanward; it was a honest question from a honest heart, and at the moment I had forgot all about having a date that evening with Teena.

"Yes, I can trust you," she said, after looking for a minute at my face, "and there are not many young men today of which that can be said. Yes, I believe you are sincere and I am going to let you make my acquaintance."

Five minutes later I had found out her name was Belle and I had a date to meet her at the Gem Soda Parlors at nine-thirty that night on her way back from her sister's. And, Judge, Your Honor, I started to where Mr. Stanward was waiting, ready to show this girl which had trusted me that she had not made any mistake in so doing.

We Went Down Monarch Avenue, Mr. Stanward Leading and Hitting in the Air With His Cane

Mr. Stanward was in the same place I had left him, still hitting in the air with his cane, like as if every blow struck was money in his pants.

"Mr. Stanward," I said, after I had tried two or three times to give him the message, "what is the matter? Why are you hitting at flies all the time?"

He said, "I am not hitting at flies."

"Well, then, Mr. Stanward," I said, "what are you hitting at?"

He took a couple of more licks with his cane before answering. "Those things you see plodding along in the air are not flies, Joe, but bees."

I looked very careful, but there was nothing at all plodding along in the air.

"Yes, Joe," said Mr. Stanward, "they are bees, and every time I knock the hat off one of those bees it counts me five points."

I did not know what to remark to this abonnable falsehood, but after a while I asked, "Mr. Stanward," I asked, "what does it count you if you hit the hat but do not knock it off?"

"All I get for that," he answered, "is regular day wages, with time and a half for overtime. But what I am really after is not the common or garden bee, but the queen bee. And when I knock off her little gold crown it will net me fifteen points and a red marker."

After thinking this over I had begun to sort of edge around the corner when Mr. Stanward stopped me, saying, "Hey, there, Joe, where are you going?"

When he said this I stopped and told him what the cook had said, and after that I added, "And now, Mr. Stanward, I am all through with what you have asked and I will respectively request you to excuse me."

"You are excused," he said, "till seven-thirty tonight, when I want to find you on the job and waiting for me at this corner."

"What kind of a job?" I said, looking Mr. Stanward in the eye. "I would like you to know, Mr. Stanward, that I have gone straight all my life and have no intention of doing any different, and if I do not get a satisfactory explanation of the job I will not be here tonight at all."

"That is too bad," said Mr. Stanward, "because I have taken a liking to you and I would hate to have you find yourself a lifeless corpse floating down the river."

"Why should I find myself a lifeless corpse floating down the river?" I asked, very much interested.

"Because," he said, "there is a party higher up back of all this, and right now his secret agents are watching you at every turn. I am not going to reveal his identity, but I will simply state that he is the most prominent character in the world of crime, a man whose mere name is enough to send any cop on the force trembling back to the police station."

"What is his name, Mr. Stanward," I asked.

Mr. Stanward looked all around to see that nobody was listening, and then bent over and whispered in my ear. "It is Bimbo the Blood," he said.

I did not make any answer to this for quite some time, because the more I thought it over the more complicated it got. I did not want to be engaged in Mr. Stanward's abonnable enterprise, but I did not want to find myself a lifeless corpse floating down the river because I happened to have got in wrong with a character whose name, even though I had never heard it before, was enough to send any cop on the force trembling back to the police station.

"All right," I answered, after thinking it over a long while; "all right, Mr. Stanward, I will be on the job at seven-thirty."

Well, Judge, Your Honor, what would you have said yourself?

II

BUT I am glad to state I did not have anything to do with stealing the truck that night, and I said to Mr. Stanward as soon as I saw it, "Mr. Stanward," I said, "that truck that you've got belongs to Riley Brothers."

"It used to belong to them," he said, "but that was before they sold it to Volstead."

"Why did they sell it to Volstead, Mr. Stanward?" I now asked.

"It was so he could suppress the liquor traffic among the wolves of Wall Street. Jump in."

So I left it go at that and jumped in. Mr. Stanward now drove the car around

"Have You Got Some Little Confession to Make That Will Ease Your Conscience Before You Start on Your Long Journey?"

to Brightman's, and then, going around in back, had me break one of the kitchen windows and let him in. After that he opened the front door from the inside.

"Now, Joe," he said, "here is a moving job, and I want every rug on the place rolled up and carried out to the truck; so plod right along, because there are a lot of them."

Well, Judge, Your Honor, Mr. Stanward was right. There were a lot of those rugs, all peculiar looking and foreign; and though I thought they were probably worth some jack, I never knew how much till I saw the amount stated in the papers. But personally all I done was to carry them out and load them on the truck. And nobody made any remarks except one cop who was walking by and who said, "It looks like rain," and Mr. Stanward answered, "Yes, it looks a little that way if it doesn't clear off."

The place where Mr. Stanward took the rugs was an old five-story walk-up on River Street; and while I was carrying the rugs up to Mr. Stanward's flat, which was two rooms, Number 58, Mr. Stanward took the truck to Williams Street and parked it there the same as described in the papers. He got back before I finished, but did not lend a hand, merely saying the same as might have been expected, "Here, Joe, plod along with this one next and then take the red one. I am busy doing the heavy thinking for both of us, so do not expect me to add to my burdens by rustling rugs."

Well, Judge, Your Honor, when I had got the last rug in the flat I turned around and said frankly, "Mr. Stanward," I said, "I have now done everything as requested, and from henceforth I beg to be excused, as I wish to go straight, and that has always been my desire up to the present. And whatever I have done in this matter I have done against my will, and I hope the matter will be dropped here, and would like to say in parting once for all that my name is not Joe."

"As far as that goes," he said, "my name is not Joe, either, so it is fifty-fifty. And now let us get down to cases, because I have some good news for you. Joe, the chief has just asked me to extend you his congratulations and heartiest best wishes for your future career in the world of crime."

"Mr. Stanward," I said, very firm, "I do not want any congratulations from anybody, because I know I have done wrong and I wish to forget about same and go straight again as soon as possible. And I am not interested in that kind of a career, come what may, because I have got parties who believe in me and I will never disappoint them."

Mr. Stanward now pointed to a roll of rugs and said, "Joe, sit down."

I done so. "Joe," said Mr. Stanward, very serious, "the time has come to speak out frankly and aboveboard. You are now at the parting of the ways. Your new profession is opening before you and you can continue along this grand career or you can go back to your old job of packing noise boxes. Choose."

"Mr. Stanward," I said, "I have already told you I want to go straight, and that is all I want."

"Yes, Joe," he went on, the same as if I had not spoken at all, "the time has come, the same as it must come in every young man's life, for you to make a decision and to say to yourself, 'Yes, I can and I will.' You are now in a position where if you choose right you can go through life, your head held high, a man among men. And wherever you pass, the newspapers will say the next morning, 'The man who pulled that trick must have been Joe, the Master Mystery Cracksman, because there is nobody else good enough to have tackled that job.' Or you can go on the same as you have been going hitherto, and pretty soon the boys will be pointing you out, saying, 'Look at old Joe, the piano mover; he is all through, and he looks it.'

"Yes, Joe, you can travel through life with every woman you meet at your feet, because all women are crooks at heart and nothing fascinates them like another crook; or you can go back to the Armory dances, getting a partner every time some wall decoration can't find anybody else to shake a foot with her. You can be the friend of a character like Bimbo the Blood, in good health and respected by all, or you can find yourself a lifeless corpse floating down the river. You can have your bit for this evening's job, because I am going to sell these rugs tomorrow, or you can go back the way you came, rattling your key ring against your jackknife. It is the parting of the ways, Joe, and the decision you make now means success or failure in your future life. Choose."

"Mr. Stanward," I said, "I am satisfied with myself the way I am, and I can get all the dances I want without becoming a crook to get same. I am not afraid of Bimbo the Blood or anybody else. And while I would like to have a nice roll I would rather starve to death than touch any dishonest money."

Mr. Stanward now began to whistle. "Well, Joe," he said, "it is your funeral. Personally I thought you had finished quibbling over quirks. All I can say is that if you don't want to plod along with the parade like the rest of us you will have to plod along with it the best way you can; because after what has happened I am not going to give you a chance to snitch on me—not at this date—not so you could notice it."

Well, Judge, Your Honor, it was getting late and I saw I would have to think quick to get away without making a fuss. And the abonnable falsehood I now told was one big mistake, but I did not see any other way of beating it.

"Mr. Stanward," I said, jumping up all of a sudden, "I just now saw something."

"With which eye, Joe?" he asked in a friendly voice. "Right or left?"

"With both eyes, Mr. Stanward," I said. "It was the queen bee, and I recognized her because she had a little gold crown on her head."

A minute before, Mr. Stanward had been sitting there all quiet, but I had hardly remarked this when he grabbed his cane and began tiptoeing around, saying in a whisper "Where? Where?"

"Mr. Stanward," I said, kidding him along in the same smooth way, "she crawled in between these two piles of rugs, and it looked as though she was trying to get into one of them."

"Stand by, Joe," he said, getting down on his hands and knees; "stand by and keep your weather eye open."

"What shall I do if I see her again?" I asked, working closer to the door.

"Take off your hat; otherwise she will be sore." And when he said this Mr. Stanward began opening the rugs one after another.

"Shall I knock the crown off her head?" I asked, opening the door without any noise.

"No," Mr. Stanward said; "because you do not belong to the union, and if you did that you would be scabbing on me."

As by this time Mr. Stanward was practically buried in the rugs, I closed the door behind me very quiet and ran down the stairway and out on the street.

Well, Judge, Your Honor, I guess you can see for yourself that up to this point I had acted the same as anybody would act that expected to go straight. And when I found Belle at the Gem Soda Parlors I certainly felt relieved, because I knew she had confidence in me and would help me to continue doing right in the future, no matter whether I met Mr. Stanward again or not.

"No," she said after I had paid her check for fifty cents' worth she had drunk; "no, I was never afraid for a minute you would not come, because I can tell by the expression of a man's face whether he can be trusted or the contrary. Oh, what a pretty bead bag!"

"Yes," I said without thinking, and also stopping in front of the store window, "and if you would like that I will buy it for you tomorrow."

"No," she said, "it is thirty-seven dollars and too expensive for a girl like me to accept as a gift even from a good friend like you."

"It is not expensive for me," I said, again without thinking, "because I am working at a good job and earning, and it will be a pleasure to me to give it to you."

She caught hold of my hand, saying, "Now I know I can trust you, because when a party is working regular and is

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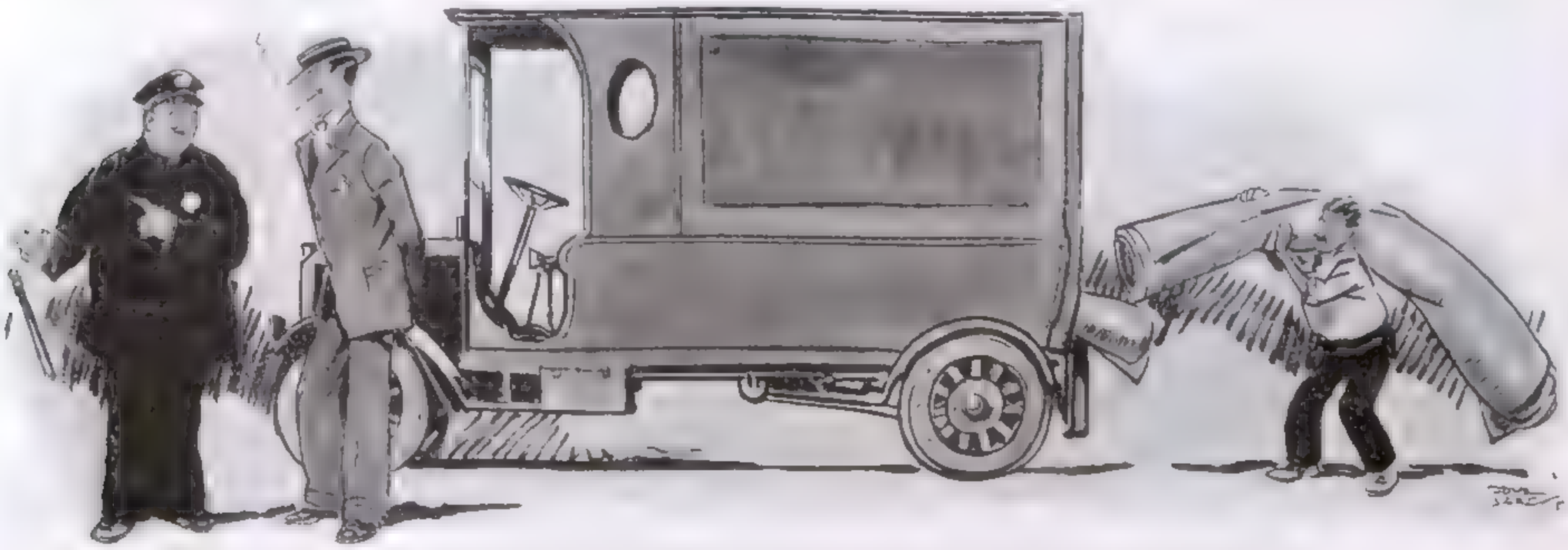
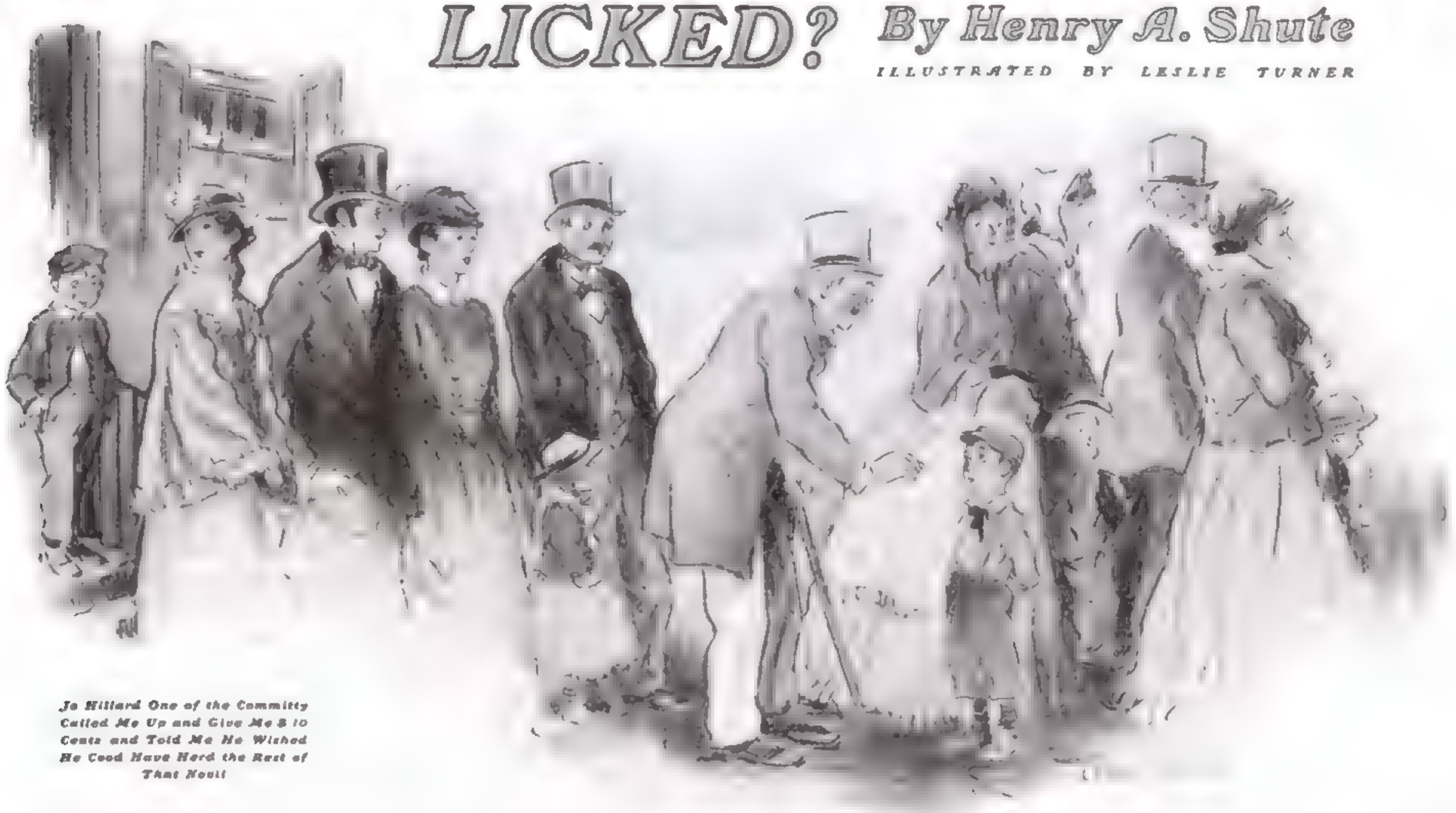


"It Looks Like Rain," the Cop Said, and Mr. Stanward Answered, "Yes, it Looks a Little That Way if it Doesn't Clear Off"

MY NOVIL AND WHY DID I GET LICKED?

By Henry A. Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER



Jo Hillard One of the Committy Called Me Up and Give Me $ 10 Cents and Told Me He Wished He Cood Have Herd the Rest of That Novil

MARCH 21, 186— today is Monday of the last weak in school. i thougt it never wood come. school closes friday afternoon at 5 oh clock. then we have 2 weaks vacation. they is going to be a xhibition day friday. Beany is going to be in a direlog. i havent got to do ennything. that is prety good for me.

March 22, 186— 1 moar day gone. i havent did much studying becaus old Francis is bizzy rehersing the speaches and direlogs. he dont pay mutch atension to us fellers whitch aint got to do nothing. sumtimes he shakes us up for xersice and to keep in practise. he is so bizzy that he only gives us a bat or 2 in the ear or a slam and dont reely waist mutch time on us. the only truble is that if Beany forgets what he has got to say in the direlog old Francis grabs me and licks me or shaiks the stufing out of Pewt or Whack or Skinny Bruce whitch aint in the direlog.

March 23, 186— sumtimes i think Beany forgets a perpose. he forgot 3 times today and old Francis licked me two times and Pewt only one time. tonite me and Pewt lade for Beany and lammed him good. Beany sed he dident forget a perpose but we licked him jest the saim and told him if old Francis licked us tomorrow we wood lick Beany as many times as we got licked. so Beany he sed he wood be cairful.

March 24, 186— Gosh what do you think, i have got to wright a composition for xhibition day. i think that is prety mean. Whack Chadwick was going to wright one on the duty of a scholar towerds his teecher but Whack has got the mumps and his head is all swole up and they have to feed him throug a blow pipe and i have got to wright one tonite. i went up to Whacks to get his; his mother woodent let me see Whack xcept throug the winder. i ofered Whack $.05 cents for his compersition but he sed it was wirth $.10 cents and i holered to him that i dident want his old compersition ennyway becaus i cood wright a better one and keep my $.05 cents. so Whack he thummed his nose at me and i maid up the wirst face i cood make whitch wasent haff as bad as Whack looked and i went home. i was glad Whack woodent let me have it becaus i thougt where i cood get a old humper of a compersition. sum time ago my sister Cele rote a dime novil. it was jest splendid only father laffed so mutch over it that Cele cried and put it away in her desk. i am going to hook it and coppy it and read it. Cele and Keene will know it but they wont tell old Francis. only if i get a prise i will have to devide it with Cele. Keene wont get enny of it. she dident wright it. and she wont read it in school eether. Cele had augt to have haff of it for wrighting it and i had augt to have haff of it for reading it. that is fair i think.

March 25, 186— i shall never wright another dime novil or read one that Cele has rote. i dont know what the matter is or why old Francis licked me befoar all of the peeple whitch came to the xibition. i dont mind being licked befoar the school fellers and girls but it is mean to lick a feller befoar groan peeple all dressed up in their best close. i bet if my father had been there old Francis wood have been gnocked end upwerds or Aunt Sarah eether, but they woodent go becaus onct befoar at xibition they all went to see me take a prise and i dident get enny prise and my naim was read off the last in my class. if i had did well then they wood have went to the xibition today and i woodent have got licked.

well in the afternoon all the peeple come in, the committy men and lots of men and women and fellers mothers and aunts and the room was full. we had singing together and Keene and Cele sung a duet flow gently sweet afton and some of the fellers done sums on the blackboard and sum of the girls drawed maps of affrica and south america on the blackbord with colered chork and they had direlogs. well evrything went all rite only Beany which was a old man in the direlog with wiskers and awfully loose britches whitch were tucked in his boots, had fergotten to pin them on tite and they come down suddin and wood have fell off if they wasent tucked into his boots whitch helped sum but not mutch as evrybody can see. well Missis Tabither Wilkins rapped a shorl round Beany and he went out in the entry and pinned up his britches and then he finished the direlog all right. then i come on and i was the last one. it was a splendid story about a indian girl whitch had fell in love with Scalploc Sam and give warning when the red devils was going to birn the settlement and kill all the pailfaces and the red devils they caugt her and tide her to a steak and piled fagots about her and set fire to them but Cele sed applide a torch whitch sounds better. jest then Scalploc Sam dashed into vew followed by his band of thrusty riffiemen. evry man with his hunting gnife in his teeth shouting loud shouts of incuragment and with there pistals vomiting leden deth to the red devils whitch fell in heeps grasping for breth and singing weerd deth songs.

but it was two lait for when Scalploc Sam drenshed from hed to foot with indian goar sprung from his painting steed and rushed into the flaims and cut the thongs whitch bound her to the steak poor Traling Arbutus was a live cole and sizzled like when a blacksmith puts a hot iron into a tub of water and she threw her red hot arms around his neck burning him to a crisp but in spite of his aggony he wood not put her down but dide with her, but the power of the brootal tribe of blackfeet was broaken for ever.

i tell you it was a sad story and as good as a real novil and when old Francis called my naim i steped up on the platform and maid a bow and begun. it begun like this.

the gorgeus sun of erly summer was rising over the prary and liting up with its golden rays a little cabin over whose porch a thousand concubines clim radyent with brillant colers and filling the air with rare fragrence.

well when i got to them wirds old Francis he grabbed my novil out of my hands and toar it up and put it in the stove and grabbed me and give me a shake that nearly rattled my teeth out and sed what do you meen sir by using sutch langage and then befoar i cood say ennything he give me 4 bats in the ear 2 bats on one and 2 bats on the other to make it even so i woodent be one-sided and then shook me round lifely and then give me sum moar bats and sent me to my seet. then he sed he shood report me to my father and then he had us sing we delight in our school we'll obey evry rule and we'll ernestly strive in the rite and then he xcused us. after we had went out old Jo Hillard one of the Committy called me up and give me $.10 cents and told me he wished he cood have herd the rest of that novil. he sed it was one of the best beginnings he had herd. i dont know yet what old Francis licked me for.

tonite me and Beany went up to Pewts to make bows and arrows. Tomorrow we are going out to plug birds and things. Pewt has got all kinds of tools and knows how to use them. gosh they are sharp. i only cut myself 2 times with a gnife and one time with a saw. Beany dident cut hisself onct but he set down on the longest tact i ever saw and it went into him so far and so tite that we had to use a claw hammer to get it out. Gosh you had augt to hear Beany howl.

Pewt laffed at Beany for howling and Beany sed he bet Pewt wood howl if he set down on a tact as long as that. Pewt sed he bet he woodent and Beany bet he wood. so Pewt to show off set down and bent up one hind leg and pushed a pin into it way up to the head and dident howl. well jest as the pin was way in i jabbed another pin into Pewt and he let out a howl and gumped 2 yards and then he maid a awful fuss becaus he sed when he stratened out his hind leg whitch had the pin in it toar him inside terrible. Pewt was going to give me a punch in the snoot but his leg hirt two mutch. so he told me and Beany to go home whitch we done.

March 26, 186— today is Saterday the first day of vacasion. we dont most always do mutch Saterday in vacasion but taik it eesy and sort of hang round. Monday we start rite out having fun but not Saterdays. Pewt come down

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SHOAL WATER

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THERE was a Gloucester man, Jack Mason, who was known throughout the fishing fleet for his pithy sayings. Mason was one time capsized with two other men in a dory on the Grand Banks. All three climbed onto the bottom of the dory. The two others were washed off and lost. After clinging four hours to the bottom of the dory in a high-running sea, Jack's vessel came along and picked him off.

"Thought you was gone that time, didn't you, Jack?" asked one of his shipmates.

"I certainly did."

"And what was you thinkin' of when you thought you was gone?"

"I'll tell you," answered Jack. "A man sort of nachrally expects that he'll maybe get lost some day in winter fishin' on the Banks. But here we are in the spring. I thought it was damn tough to go fishin' all winter an' be lost in the spring."

In knocking around with Bank fishermen I never expected to be lost; but when I did once in a while think of the possibility, I was like Mason in that I sort of naturally expected it would be in wintertime. The percentage should surely be in favor of winter; yet probably the nearest time I came to being lost at sea was not in winter.

One fine summer day I dropped down to Gloucester and bumped into Maurice Foley on Main Street. Whenever I want to know who's who or what's what in the fishing fleet, I look up Maurice.

"Where you bound?" asked Maurice.

"Nowhere in particular. I was half thinking, though, of taking some kind of fishing trip."

Maurice pretty nearly takes full charge of me when I am in Gloucester.

"Never been a swordfishing trip, have you?" asked Maurice.

Coincidentally enough, coming down on the train from Boston, I had been thinking that I'd been about every kind of trip except a swordfishing trip.

"Who can I get to go with?" I asked now.

"Never met George Peeples, did you?"

"No."

"Come along," said Maurice. "George Peeples is down to Chisholm's Wharf right now. You ought to know him anyway—a great fellow."

I met Captain Peeples—a tall, rangy, determined-looking man with a copper-red complexion and a sweeping black mustache. I knew of him as an experienced man in all kinds of fishing, but liking of late years to go swordfishing in midsummer with his auxiliary schooner Lafayette, a pretty little thing of forty-six feet water line. After a complimentary introduction and explanation by Maurice, Peeples gave me an invitation to make a trip with him.

The Lafayette, thirteen tons net register by the custom-house records, put out with thirty tons of ice in her. Her fore and after holds were so full of ice that the cook later had to take his round of fresh beef from out of the forward hold to make room for our first swordfish.

Just before the Lafayette put out, Rannie McDonald, carpenter and general wharf factotum for John Chisholm, freely volunteered his judgment that she was too deep in the water and also too down by the head for safety.

Rannie had been a Bank fisherman in his younger days, but for years now he had been working around Chisholm's Wharf. He had seen too many vessels put out to sea and not come back, and he didn't like to see a vessel going out unless she was in trim.

"S'pose she meets up with a breeze o' wind, and she that deep?" asked Rannie. "She's no big able fresh-halibuter; she's but a little boat, remember."

"D'y' s'pose I don't know she's down by the head and deep in the water? But it's no time to be layin' into a dock restowin' ice and the word comin' in that the fish are runnin' heavy off Georges South Shoals." So retorted Peeples; and added, after a reflective afterthought: "You were probably a good fisherman in your day, Rannie; but since you've become a shore-goer you're like the most o' the rest of 'em—ev'rything's always goin' to hell aboard vessels out to sea. She's all right, that little one o' mine; she'll stay up."

When a fishing skipper gets to talking about his vessel there's no such thing as not agreeing with him. The Lafayette was scandalously deep in the water though. A friend of mine, Walter Hale, got a peek at us from the deck of the old pilot boat America as we were coming out of Gloucester Harbor.

"Will you look at that submarine!" yelled Walter; and as we passed by the America he took a roll of snapshots of us to show to unbelievers later. He sent me an enlarged one of them as a souvenir; I have it yet somewhere among my belongings.

It was a lovely summer morning and there was a fine fresh westerly when we sailed out. The Lafayette moved along so nicely that she didn't need her auxiliary power, which never was any great help anyway when a fresh fair wind was blowing. Peeples looked over her quarter to estimate her speed, and soon took to claiming great things for her in a sailing way. He wound up by declaring that she had once logged eleven knots.

"Eleven knots for a forty-six-footer, and she dragging a propeller, is awful going. Running before a gale of wind, were you?" I asked.

"M'm—it was a good fresh breeze," admitted George.

There was half a gale blowing as we rounded Cape Cod. She was carrying her four lower sails and gaff topsail. Peeples let her carry them, and down to it she rolled. Her lee rail went under, the corner of her cabin house went under, the loose water began to slosh up to the middle of the house.

"I've struck another sail carrier," was my thought. The two first sea stories I ever wrote were around sail-carrying skippers; after that, pretty nearly every skipper I made a trip with seemed to want to give me an exhibition of sail carrying, and two or three of their exhibitions were hair-curling.

Swordfishermen use water-tight half barrels for buoying a fish after he has been harpooned. Two new-painted, water-tight half barrels had been resting on top of the cabin house. Floating off the house they went as the

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Then Down She Rolled Onto Her Side and Away She Went on Her Ear—Fairly Sizzled Through the Water Under That Two-Reefed Foresail

PEOPLE AGAINST FOLERON

Tug Gaffney Thought He Knew How a Man Should Act While Carrying a Rembrandt. "Where'll We Put It Down, Boss?" He Wheezed

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

CHESTER FOLERON, jewel salesman, walked westward on Fifty-seventh Street on the night of August 6, 1911. The time was between 11:10 and 11:20 o'clock; it cannot be fixed more exactly. He had come from the Subway station in Columbus Circle; he had arrived in the Pennsylvania Station from an out-of-town trip some ten or twenty minutes before, and had chosen to travel in the bright and crowded Subway in preference to trusting himself in the open street and to some cruising cab. In the black portmanteau about whose handle his long and powerful fingers were clenched were unset precious stones of a total value approximating eighty-five thousand dollars.

He walked fast and close to the gutter edge, giving passing pedestrians elbow room, keeping away from the house fronts, probing with vigilant eyes the dark mouths of hallways. His precious freight made him timorous. "Chesty" Foleron, plunging right tackle of '05, was not the man to worry easily about his own safety. And despite his circumspect behavior, it is to be said that a sudden onslaught of robbers and a free-for-all with the black portmanteau as prize would have had its element of joy for him. This was his plan of campaign, the result of his arbitration between his dislike of taking an unfair advantage of robbers and his sense of duty to Tifft, Benziger & Co., wholesale jewelers: "If more than three jump me at once, I'll shoot!"

He turned down Ninth Avenue and arrived without exciting incident at the Frawley Arms, a dingy old apartment house on a corner beside the Elevated railroad. Chester tenanted a four-room furnished apartment in the Frawley Arms. He entered the stately main hall, whose floor of marble and walls of onyx did not suggest the modest rents charged in the house. It was a walk-up house; Chester walked up to the fourth floor and let himself into his apartment. He put his head into his apartment first and looked and listened while he groped for the switch. The head is commonly regarded as a peculiarly vulnerable member, and the generality of men guard it with care, particularly if they are entering a place wherein they think robbers may lurk; but Chester, true to the line-smashing traditions of '05, had serene confidence in the hardness of his head and had been taught to lead attacks with it and to ram it against all opposition. His confidence was not tested on this occasion; he found the switch, turned on the lights, and saw his apartment in its accustomed peaceful disorder.

He went directly to the wall safe in the living room, worked its combination and swung out its heavy door, put a wallet from the black bag into the safe, pushed the door to, spun the knob, and turned from it with a sigh of relief. "That's off my chest," he murmured.

He went to the bathroom and turned on the water to fill the tub; there was no shower. Other small modern conveniences were lacking in the Frawley Arms; it was a house that had seen better days and a better paying tenantry. Its great rooms and high ceilings were out of place on dirty Ninth Avenue and beside the roaring El. When it was built, the Elevated railroad was a new thing, and builders were sure that they couldn't get too close to it. But high-paying tenants soon wearied of the novelty of being brought out of sleep all standing by the thunder of the trains; and in the 1890's the Frawley Arms was remodeled and cut up into smaller suites and rearranged generally so as to pay under reduced rentals. There was only one clothes closet in Chester's four rooms, but that was a real old-timer, such a closet as is built nowadays only in the fine houses of Park Avenue or the new Amsterdam Avenue. It was six feet square, with an electric light in its ceiling. It was in the hall off his bedroom. He went to it now for his bathrobe and slippers.

He stepped into the closet, pulled the chain depending from the ceiling light, and was instantly struck on the high bridge of his nose by a drop of water. Water had no place as of right in the closet that contained all Chester's clothes; but there was plenty of it there, and more coming. It was dropping from the ceiling ever faster, plashing on Chester and on his riding boots and on his dress clothes and on his golf togs with indifference. He pulled some of his more esteemed finery from the hooks and racks and hurried to call the superintendent. His telephone wasn't working; he went out into the public hall and shouted down the stair well, "Hey, Quinley!"

"Yes, Mr. Foleron," answered the superintendent from the depths. This was a jewel of a superintendent. Chester had said that to himself when he had turned on the hot water in the bathroom and it had come out steaming. The tenants were wont to congratulate one another on having Quinley. They said, and with truth, that he couldn't take better care of the house if he owned it himself, and they wondered why he troubled himself to care for such an old rookery when worse men were drawing big wages in the basements of new and fashionable houses. They suspected that the A B C Realty Company, the record owner of the house, didn't begin to know how good Quinley was. It is likely that they were wrong there, since the A B C Realty Company let Quinley collect the rents in addition to his other duties. Quinley made his own repairs, and made them in jig time, took a dime tip from a lady or a half dollar from a gentleman with equal gratitude, and was on the job for the full round of every twenty-four hours. Chester had missed him from the main hall where he stood about ordinarily until all hours, in a smart blue suit and a brass-trimmed hat, making good the words on the sign, Hall Service. He managed, with incredible versatility, to be janitor, fireman, porter, handy man, switchboard operator and doorman all rolled into one. Chester's pride and faith

in the Frawley Arms soared up again when he heard, faithful as an echo, "Yes, Mr. Foleron, sir."

"There's a burst pipe up here, Quinley."

"Coming right up, sir."

And it was next to no time before Quinley was entering the apartment in smart blue overalls and with plumbers' tools in hand.

He was a middle-aged man, thin and stooped, with brown eyes whose size and pathos suggested some stomach complaint. He had a voice that matched his eyes to a dot, a beautiful voice, a voice with range and timbre, a voice in which to tell a hard-luck story or to recite trashy poetry at a literary evening. When Quinley looked at a tenant and spoke to him, the tenant felt at once that his troubles worried Quinley more than did Quinley's own. He had thin and sensitive lips and no front teeth. The lack of bone and glitter in his smile made it peculiarly bland and deferential. He smiled at Chester now, and Chester felt that it was very good of him to remember Quinley at such an ungodly hour.

"It's one of those old ice-box lines, I imagine, sir," said Quinley, fastening his grieving eyes on the wet ceiling of the closet. "Running along a beam, I dare say. Was it worse than this when you first noticed it, sir?"

Chester entered the closet. "It seems to be coming from there above the door, sir," said Quinley; and Chester closed the door to shut out interfering light. They stood in the brilliant little chamber and looked judicially at the ceiling.

An Elevated train was approaching, its noise lifting from a murmur as slight as a sleeper's breath; a few seconds now, and it would roar by, shaking the house, causing new tenants to jump in their beds.

"It seems to have stopped," said Chester apologetically. "It was coming down like a good fellow a minute ago." He stooped to lift his best footgear to a shoe shelf from the sopping floor.

Immediately the interior of his skull was brightly lit as with a flash of lightning, and he felt a numbness and a tingling on the top of his head; it was as though a strong and stinging hand had been pressed for an instant against his occiput. He found himself on his hands and knees, with no idea of how he had got there. There was probably a momentary interruption, a break and make, of consciousness

"Oh, dear," said Quinley in a voice as bland as a kiss. He threw open the door and gave Chester a hand up. "Right on your head, sir! It must have been painful."

"What hit me?" grumbled Chester, rubbing the numb place.

"This sash weight fell off the shelf," said Quinley, picking up the indicated iron weight. "Wasn't that unfortunate! The passing train must have made it roll. And are you quite all right, sir? Are you perfectly all right? Can I get you something? Shall I run out to the drug store for a poultice? Really, I'm inexpressibly sorry."

"Nonsense," said Chester sturdily. "It takes more than a sash weight to put me out. Say, that thing must have landed point first on my dome! It certainly packed a punch. Don't worry, Quinley."

He cast off the superintendent's solicitous arm and walked out into the living room.

"But you must sit down, sir; you really must," insisted Quinley. "My word, that was a violent jar."

Chester was standing perfectly still in the middle of the living room. His mouth had opened, and his rounded eyes were staring at the wall safe. He went toward it, quickly and awkwardly, putting out his hands to it. "Quinley!" he said in a small and beseeching voice.

The heavy door of the safe was hanging by one corner, exposing the empty interior. The door was a good inch in thickness and was of chilled steel, but it was bent as though it had been kicked from its fastenings by the foot of a giant; some terrific force had struck it from inside the safe and had burst it open. The force was not far to seek; a hole had been drilled through the stubborn metal, and there was an acrid tang to the air.

"Burglars!" cried Quinley, hurrying up. "Not burglars, sir? When did this happen, sir? And is anything missing?"

"Eighty-five thousand dollars' worth of emeralds and diamonds," said Chester, putting his hands needlessly into the safe to confirm the incredible evidence of his eyes. "Quinley—how—what—— But, Quinley! Look—look!"

"Do you think it was done tonight, sir? Why, this is simply awful."

"It was done right now!" cried Chester furiously. "How in the name of heaven —— Why, Quinley, we —— But it couldn't have been done in that time—it's absolutely impossible!" He was still wearing his trousers, not having fancied the wet bathrobe, and he plucked his watch from his pocket. "Look, Quinley—I called you at 11:30, and it's now only twenty-seven minutes to twelve! Three minutes—and I was standing right in this room until one minute ago. How long were we in that closet? But we couldn't have been there more than a few seconds! It's absolutely ridiculous to suppose —— Why, I tell you that I opened that safe myself only a few minutes ago. And look at it now!"

"I'm sure you must be mistaken, sir. No one could bore that hole in the safe in less than an hour. Or so I suppose, sir, begging your pardon."

"I'm not mistaken!" cried Chester. "Don't tell me what I know. Why, a man couldn't have run into the room and run out in that time. It's an insane thing. Look—the door is locked. Come here—look, the windows are all locked yet, and every one of them is wired with a burglar alarm."

He was beside himself with bewilderment and alarm, and was pulling Quinley about the apartment, with a lunatic notion, of the sort dear to closet scientists, that if he could prove the thing impossible he could do away with the grisly fact that it had happened.

"But, sir," gasped Quinley, pulled along sideways, "the fellows will get away while we are talking, will they not? Let us have in the police."

Chester jumped to the telephone and clapped the receiver to his ear.

"Some wire trouble there, sir," said Quinley. "The house system is out of order, sir. Hadn't you better run out to the corner? I'll have a look about and through the house in the meantime. We must lose no time, sir."

Chester hustled into his coat and ran for the door.

"Ask about if anyone was seen to leave the house," called Quinley after him. "Surely someone will have seen the fellows making off. If not, they are still in hiding in the house, and they'll have me to do with. My goodness,

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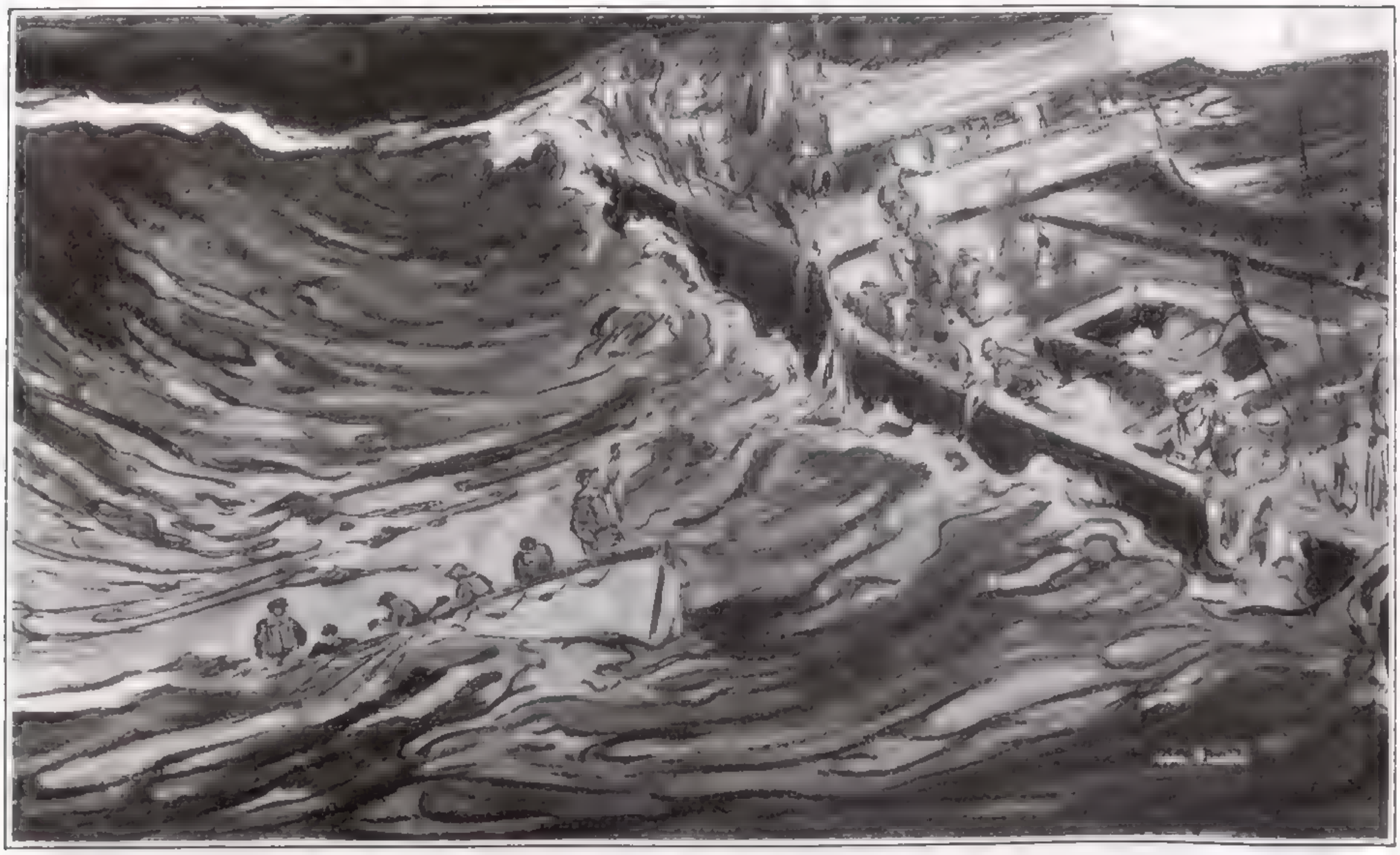
Chester Was Standing Perfectly Still in the Middle of the Living Room. His Mouth Had Opened, and His Rounded Eyes Were Staring at the Wall Safe

SURGEONS OF THE SEA



By William Lawton Curtin

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

DAWN had just broken on a glassy sea a few hundred miles below the equator, when the lookout on an immigrant ship out of Liverpool for Australia and the Cape sighted a British bark hove to. She lay dead ahead, a mile or two to the s'uthard, flying a signal of distress. Through the glass, apparently nothing was wrong with her; but she wanted something, so the skipper of the Liverpool merchantman stood by. There was an exchange of signals and presently a young surgeon was roused from sleep by the deep voice of the skipper.

"There's a bark out here that will be wantin' your help, doctor," he said. "He's got a man aboard that's smashed. Pack up your tools and see what you can do. If he's in a bad way, patch him up and bring him back with you. There's a boat lowering for you now."

In the master's quarters on the bark the surgeon found a sailorman about his own age lying on a mattress lashed to the floor. He had a compound fracture of the leg and knee joint, and gangrene had set in. Amputation might save his life; but the chances were against it, for the surgeon was young and his equipment scant and antiquated. Removal from the bark, too, was a difficult and delicate undertaking; but the injured man's mates made the transfer safely and the big operation for the courageous young medical tyro was begun immediately.

Doctoring on Board Ship

HE SHUDDERED as he looked at his miserable kit and cursed a certain man in Liverpool—a pig-headed landsman—who had refused to give him the instruments he had asked for.

"Nothing ever happens. You can get on with what you have," he had been told.

But something did happen, and now he was to try to save a man's life with the instruments he had. Aboard the merchantman there was no operating room—surgery they call it at sea. In a mess room aft, the coolest place he could find down there on the hot equator, the young surgeon started the anæsthetic himself and then let the second officer administer it until the amputation was done. For ten days he cared for his patient; sent him to a hospital at Capetown and took him back fully recovered on the return voyage to England.

This operation was performed thirty years ago on the South Atlantic. The man who performed it is Dr. J. C. H. Beaumont, L. R. C. P., L. R. C. S., L. F. P. S., now chief surgeon of the Majestic. Conditions such as Beaumont and others of his caliber encountered in the early '90's do not exist on the sea today. Speed in travel, wireless communication, progress in sanitation and aseptic surgery, stringency in port medical regulations and the forward sweep in medicine generally have put these vicissitudes into oblivion. But for all this, the doctor's job on the average ocean liner is no sinecure. While the march of science may have minimized his petty annoyances, it has added greatly to his responsibilities.

According to veterans still in the service, the ship's doctor in those old days was not well regarded. The community in which he lived ashore and the shipowners who employed him had the notion that he wasn't much good as a medical man, otherwise he would not be following the sea. Even the sailor—unless in physical distress—held him lightly; and throughout the British service the man who should at least have been called doctor was facetiously dubbed Pills by the crew. There were tricks in the forecastle for avoiding work then just as there are among crews today, and it is not surprising that the doctor who unmasked malingering sailormen should be unpopular aboard the packets.

Passenger ships in the late '80's carried some reliable men as doctors, but few who were worth while remained on the sea. Some who clung to the woefully underpaid jobs were men who had been wooed and won by the ocean—men past middle life, with waning ambition, who courted a life of ease. As one of them recently expressed it, "Little happened in those days and God was good to passengers." Apart from the amputation of a leg or arm or the stitching of a scalp wound, little surgery was attempted aboard ship.

Great changes have come in all departments of the merchant service in forty years. Only the best men can survive as responsible heads on the big liners today. Out of the World War have come skilled operators and the supply of competent surgeons for steamships is greater than the demand.

When one of the huge flyers steams out of port with a passenger complement of 2600 and a crew of 500, the man who wears the doctor's stripe of red and gold on his sleeve carries unique and heavy responsibility. The very propinquity of his position, cooped up aboard a great steamship with more than 3000 human beings, all liable to the ills and mishaps that flesh is heir to, with no hope of calling help in an emergency, is a problem that rarely confronts his colleagues ashore.

Facing Emergencies Alone

IN A BIG city, or even in a village with a population of 3000, more than one doctor is available to care for its medical needs. The surgeon ashore, with the aid of telephone, train and automobile, may, in a reasonably short interval, bring to his patient a specialist in most any branch of surgery or medicine. Not so with the surgeon at sea. When he leaves port with his floating community, he knows that nothing but the merest chance can bring him help in great extremity. He doesn't expect it. He is inured to facing emergencies, trained to meet them alone.

The voyage will be over within six or eight days, but in that time a dozen lives may hang in the balance, dependent upon his skill to save them. A wrong diagnosis, a faulty treatment, a needless or ill-timed operation might cause fatality which in devious ways could bring discredit upon the ship and the fleet to which she belongs.

A problem of this sort, one requiring quick thought and action, came suddenly one morning to Dr. B. Sydney Jones, M. R. C. S., L. R. C. P., of the Aquitania. It happened before the World War, when he was surgeon of the Mauretania. The big liner had just beaten the fastest westward trip of the Lusitania, and because of her speed and regularity was exceedingly popular.

On this particular voyage out of Liverpool, the Mauretania had among her passengers a prominent German diplomat. He was more than six feet tall and weighed about 300 pounds. Apparently in robust health, he boarded the ship on a Saturday with a party of friends, participated in deck games and entertained lavishly at night.

Shortly before midnight, Monday, the vessel met a stiff northwesterly gale which kicked up a high and confused sea. Great walls of green water broke over her bow and raced

aft along her decks. A stout rail of six-inch teak on the bridge caught the wallop of a cumulative wave and splintered into kindling, and the steel plates forward of the chart room bent like sheets of cardboard. It was no night to venture out on deck. Soon the lounge, the ballroom and the smoke room were emptied of travelers, who, in evening clothes, had been making merry only a few hours before. Few passengers escaped seasickness that night and Doctor Jones had plenty to do.

At three o'clock in the morning he turned in. Presently a steward called him, saying the German diplomat was ill and wanted him at once. The diplomat was seasick, but to the trained eye of Jones there was graver cause for his nausea. Careful examination showed that the German was suffering from acute appendicitis and that an immediate operation was imperative. Among the passengers aboard were three doctors, one of them a specialist in abdominal surgery. Jones informed the stricken diplomat of the seriousness of his condition and offered to call the other doctors for consultation. The diagnosis was confirmed and the advisability of an immediate operation conceded, but neither the patient nor consulting doctors believed an operation could successfully be performed during such a storm. A report from the chief officer on the bridge said that the gale was increasing, that worse weather was probable and that the storm would not blow itself out for at least another day.

"If we wait for this gale to end," said Jones, "there will be no need for operating. Single-handed, I've done worse majors than this one, on smaller vessels and in dirtier weather, and I can do it again. I know exactly how this ship behaves, and if one of you gentlemen will handle the anæsthetic I'll take care of the rest."

Operating Under Difficulties

AS A FORMALITY, Jones sent word to the bridge that he was going to operate, but made no request for reduction of speed. As a matter of fact, he preferred the plunging of the liner at moderate speed to the likelihood of an added rolling motion if she were cut down to steerageway and allowed to wallow in the trough of the sea. The patient was made ready at once and lay strapped to the operating table for more than an hour. The pitching of the Mauretania did not bother Jones. One of the consultants, however, succumbed to *mal de mer* on entering the surgery. Another was able to hold out only for a short time; but the third doctor, the specialist, stood by to the end, giving Jones an abundance of help. The appendix ruptured, greatly complicating the long and arduous bit of major surgery Jones performed in the wee sma' hours of that Tuesday morning; but the operation was a success. The diplomat recovered fully in a hospital ashore and later resumed his post. Four months later he visited Jones while the Mauretania was in New York to thank him for saving his life.

Like men in other walks of life, surgeons of the sea have their avocations and hobbies. All of them have to be up to the minute in the skill of their calling. Some devote leisure time at sea to research and study, others enhance their knowledge and technic by visits to clinics and hospitals while in port. It must be said for most of them that they are meticulously zealous in the care of passengers, and it is not extravagant to say that the stricken traveler of the steerage gets the same kindly competent attention accorded the occupant of the cabin de luxe.

Although the captain is in supreme command of the ship, the surgeon is something of a czar in his own realm, and his service to passengers and crew rarely encounters interference from the bridge. It is the rule rather than the exception for captains to put themselves and the ship at the disposal of the doctor whenever emergency warrants.

A dramatic instance of this coöperation on the part of two captains and two ships' doctors to save the life of a child happened recently in mid-Atlantic. The patient was returning to New York from London on the Minnewaska.

She became ill soon after leaving port, and for several days Dr. E. Seton Pattison, the ship's surgeon, scarcely left her bedside. Despite his efforts to help her, the child grew steadily worse.

In the early forenoon of the fifth day out of London he quietly left the patient's room and went up to the quarters of Captain Gates.

"Captain," he said, "that little girl I've been attending is in a bad way. I'm afraid I'll have to operate, but I'd like to have the opinion of another man first. There is no doctor among the passengers."

"The Baltic can't be more than 100 miles west of us," replied the skipper. "I wish she was astern. Then I could reduce speed and let her overhaul us. Anyhow, we can get in touch with her. Do you want an opinion from her doctor?"

"Yes," responded Pattison. "I think E. Graeme Robertson is her surgeon now. He's a mighty good man. I'd like to have him examine the child, but there's no chance of our overhauling the Baltic."

"Well, we'll see what can be done," said Captain Gates, reaching for a pad and pencil. Presently the wireless operator got into communication with the Baltic and flashed out the following message:

"*Roberts, master, Baltic:* Serious operation necessary to save child's life. Intestinal obstruction. My doctor urgently requires another opinion. My position at 8:40 A.M., G. M. T., latitude 46:25 north, longitude 41:56 west.

"GATES."

A reply came back to the Minnewaska within ten minutes, saying that Doctor Robertson would offer helpful suggestions if symptoms were sent. Concluding his message, Captain Roberts of the Baltic said, "Am seventy miles west of you."

Captain Gates promptly radioed the symptoms and added, "Am steering course to close on your track."

Meanwhile the skipper and surgeon of the Minnewaska grew impatient. Suggestions by wireless might be helpful, but it would be infinitely better, they thought, to get Doctor Robertson to the stricken child's bedside for consultation. So the master of the Minnewaska sent this message to the Baltic:

"Imperative that assistance be rendered at once. Suggest you put about and meet me."

Captain Roberts' quick response was:

"Turning round. Setting course for you full speed."

Here, indeed, was a situation out there on the Atlantic that could hardly be matched ashore. Doctors on land have frequently rushed to patients by motor and train, even airplane, from out-of-the-way places for consultation; but seldom have patient and the consulting doctor been hurried toward each other at the same speed. The moment the Baltic put about and headed for the Minnewaska, the steaming time between the two vessels over the seventy-mile gap was cut in half.

A Mid-Ocean Consultation

WITHIN an hour and ten minutes from the time the first message was sent by Captain Gates the Baltic was sighted to the westward. At 10:10 A.M. she had dropped a lifeboat, and in it, through a choppy sea, came Doctor Robertson to the Minnewaska. For hours the two surgeons employed their skill to save the child without an operation. Their treatment with ice packs finally brought relief; and at dusk, when the Baltic's doctor put back to his ship, which was now steaming abeam, the child had greatly improved. Solicitude for the girl's life, however, did not end with Robertson's departure. The vessels, running parallel, kept close to each other throughout the remainder of the run to New York and bulletins between the surgeons were exchanged frequently. In his last message to Doctor Robertson, as the vessels were approaching port, Doctor Pattison

(Continued on Page 92)

INDIAN SUMMER

By Grace Sartwell Mason

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

Aline Dashed Across the Lane, Jumped a Ditch, and Climbed the Fence Into Mickelston Woods

DECLINING invitations to join her friends at tea or bridge, Mrs. Trimble strolled along the club veranda to a secluded nook around the south corner.

She desired to think. In fact for several weeks she had felt the burning necessity of a good long spell of thought.

So she chose a wicker chair and made herself quite comfortable in it. Her chair was not only comfortable but it had a view, and it was for the view as much as for the solitude that she had chosen it. She felt that the view would help her to make up her mind what she really ought to do about a problem that had appeared like a small cloud on the blue horizon of her life. For in the middle foreground of the view were the two who constituted the problem.

One of them was a young woman of thirty, the thin, tanned, athletic type, vivid in a jersey of Chinese red and a white knitted skirt—Mrs. Aline Mercedes, a widow of several years' standing.

The other was Horace Trimble, the reflective Mrs. Trimble's husband. At the moment he was addressing his ball, preparing to emulate a beautiful drive his partner had just made. Each line of his somewhat bulky figure, the cock of his head, the oscillations of his club told how very happily he was stimulated by the occasion. The humor that had been in Mrs. Trimble's eyes died out and speculation took its place.

Was it true, as her oldest friend had hinted yesterday, that here was an incipient situation? Could it be true there was danger of her Horace's falling under the spell of Aline Mercedes? And what, if anything, would Aline Mercedes do about it? What ought she, herself, to do about it?

Mrs. Trimble sat up in her chair, the better to gaze across the charming course at her husband's companion. Aline's pattern was fairly indicated by the fact that she was known as the Club Maverick. Most country clubs have one such member, sometimes a man, sometimes a woman. The Maverick is too old for the unmarried youngest set and too dangerous for the married set. In Aline's case, too clever for the few bachelors who came her way, too poor for the fortune hunter, too fastidious to become an adventuress, too untalented to take up a career.

Unless the life of the country clubs and the country houses could be called a career. If so, she was industrious at her calling. From Florida to Maine she golfed, darted over tennis courts, skied down mountains, whipped trout streams, ice boated and rode to hounds. Winter and summer the illustrated papers contained pictures of her, tobogganing at San Moritz, standing on a surf board off Waikiki, or posed with a bag of game in front of a Canadian camp.

"That girl works hard," thought Mrs. Trimble sincerely.

Then she assembled in her memory what she knew about Mrs. Mercedes. Married very young to a man who had died early and left her with nothing but a flair for sports and a liking for nice backgrounds. Living with an aunt whose penury drove her to the laborious life of the perennial guest, the sporting guest, generally, in those houses where the wife breathes a sigh of relief when there is someone safe for her husband to play with.

But was Aline really so safe? It seemed to Mrs. Trimble that she could recall—she was not a woman who remembered gossip easily—vague rumors of dissatisfactions following in the wake of some of Aline's visits. Rumors of husbands being snatched away from danger, of coolness between hitherto devoted husbands and wives following these visits.

And yet, she had a shrewd idea that Aline was innocent enough. The girl had to have luxurious backgrounds, and she went about getting them in the only way she knew. It wasn't actually her fault if men lost their heads a little. It was her misfortune that they happened to be married; bachelors, somehow, seemed to be wary of her—perhaps she worked them too hard.

"However ——" sighed Lucy Trimble. Somewhat firmly she closed her mouth. Then she turned her gaze upon the figure of her Horace.

He was wearing his new golf suit, the one he had recently made such a fuss about, bringing home samples of imported tweeds and what not—Horace, who usually fought to rescue his old suit from the furnace man! The new golf suit made her deeply thoughtful.

"It is the sort of thing that seems epidemic among men of forty-nine," she sighed. And knew she was not referring to golf suits. "And why should it not happen to my Horace?"

Then she pulled herself up briskly. "Now, my dear woman"—she often addressed herself thus, as if there were two of her, as indeed there were—"you must not go jumping at conclusions. When and why did you first begin to feel that something was happening to Horace?"

Had it begun that night Aline taught Horace the tango and said to him: "How light you are on your feet, Mr. Trimble! And what a marvelous sense of rhythm you have!" Anyone could have seen that Horace believed this flattering misstatement.

And following that there had been straws—a ticket to Ossipoff's Russian School of Ballroom Dancing, which fell out of Horace's pocket; a certain expression in Horace's eyes, absent and yet pleased; a new interest in club functions; a subscription to a magazine guaranteed to smarten up one's dinner conversation; a very rain of new cravats. And the gymnasium. That perhaps most of all, for Horace had never had more than a comfortable enthusiasm for physical prowess.

And now Mrs. Trimble's eyes grew very thoughtful indeed. Behind the straws there was a wind, and what had started it? What, after twenty-four contented years, had made Horace unstable? Mrs. Trimble thought and thought, and suddenly a light came to her.

Stiffly He Sat Up, Groaning. "I'm a Fool," He Sighed

She recalled a Sunday morning recently when Horace had happened to sit in the sunlight between two mirrors in her room. Now men, unlike women, take the backs of their heads for granted. Therefore it was an especially stunning blow to Horace when he discovered the tiny bald spot on the crown of his head. At first he had been inclined to blame her for the approaching tragedy. Then mournfully he had gazed at himself in the too-candid mirrors.

She recalled how sitting there he had all at once looked stricken, frightened. He had looked like a boy who, strutting lightheartedly through the orchard, sees an enormous shadow slipping between the tree trunks. That day it had occurred to him for the first time that he was getting old.

Mrs. Trimble chuckled. But it was a tender sound, and in her eyes a moisture gathered. The foolish dear! As if getting old was so dreadful! It wasn't—not if you were happily circumstanced. She, for instance, married to a man she loved, thought of old age as bringing its own particular recompense—who was the wise man who said: "Twilight comes bringing its own lamp"? But Horace —

Could it be, then, that Horace had ceased to be happily married?

Mrs. Trimble lay very still in her long chair for some moments. Her eyes looked frightened. But presently she drew a long breath, like a person who emerges from a dark stretch of road. For she knew that Horace loved her deeply, so deeply, perhaps, that he no longer thought about it. But she began to perceive that there is a difference between loving and being in love. Being in love, to Horace, meant spring, youth, renewal. And Horace wanted to be renewed. He wanted to forget that his waist was thick and baldness threatened. He wanted to prove to himself that he hadn't even begun to be middle-aged yet.

Mrs. Trimble could appreciate the pathos in this human rebellion of Horace's against desuetude, but she told herself she must not be sentimental; she must get on with her thinking. The question really was: Was she going to fight for Horace, or was she going to let him crash head-on?

The thought made her feel weary. She was not a fighter by nature. She liked to sit on the sidelines, thinking her own amusing thoughts and watching the procession. And none of the acts of feminine offense and defense traditional to this sort of crisis appealed to her. She had seen them tried and she always blushed for the woman who used them.

She closed her eyes and asked herself if Horace was worth fighting for. And why should a wife always have to do the protecting in these circumstances? Wasn't it about time a wife stopped fostering this adolescence eternally reappearing like a belated measles in a man's late forties?

Somewhat sternly she gazed across the golf course at her Horace. Then a curious thing happened, a sort of mental double exposure. She saw Horace as he was at the moment, a robust man with boyish eyes, and she saw him as he had been when his waistline was several inches less, when there was no thin spot in his hair and his eyes were full of the hopeful fires of youth.

In those days his purse had been as slim as his waist. They had had the fun of building a fortune and building a home together. They had worked hard and gayly; they had played and quarreled and had children and known death; they had planted gardens and built a house and made friends. Together.

Lucy Trimble found that all at once the bright green lawns were blotted out, for her eyes were full of tears that brimmed and overflowed. The one word had done it—together. Twenty-six years together. Twenty-six years they had loved each other.

And now here she sat on a club veranda, a stoutish, anxious matron, watching her husband drifting toward a foolish danger, and asked herself whether he was worth fighting for!

"Oh, my poor dears, my poor dears!" she whispered. She was addressing that young couple who had believed so passionately in the endless life, the incorruptible dignity of their love. She felt as if they looked at her with sad wonder.

For several moments she wept quietly under the protecting brim of her wide sun hat. Then she wiped her eyes and knew that her languor was gone. She might not be by nature a fighter, but she was a born tactician. She resumed her thinking. And slowly serenity returned to her charming face. Her eyes—very few persons ever observed that in Mrs. Trimble's eyes there was often a secret merriment—closed.

When Horace and his companion came radiantly up the veranda steps they paused, for Lucy Trimble appeared to be placidly sleeping.

As a matter of fact, she had just at that moment said to herself, "I shall do nothing. At least, almost nothing."

Then she opened her eyes. "Ah, there you are! Horace, dear, I'm perishing for tea. Suppose you order for us?"

Horace departed. Aline Mercedes sank gracefully into a chair. "What a pity you don't play golf, Mrs. Trimble," she murmured. "Teach you, if you like."

"Thanks, no, my dear. I'm not a competitive nature. I never was much good at games. I admit it's a pity, considering how Horace loves anything that keeps him bounding about."

A moment's silence.

"But after all, why should I exert myself," continued Mrs. Trimble, turning her candid gaze upon the younger woman, "when you girls will play with him? You know, he admires the athletic type tremendously. Especially yours. You stimulate him."

Aline looked as if she were thinking, "Is this simplicity—or what?" That slightly defensive look, which Mrs. Trimble found pitiable, came at once into her eyes. And Mrs. Trimble thought, "That poor girl hates her life—living in other persons' houses, dependent on capricious hospitality; but she hasn't backbone enough to help herself."

Horace returned, piloting the waiter. He was still glowing and a trifle damp from a game that had kept him unusually up on his toes.

Eagerness shone from him frankly. He handed lemon squash to Aline with happy attentiveness.

"He doesn't know what's happening to him, poor dear," thought Mrs. Trimble. "But Aline—she always knows what's happening. She may not know where she's going, but she always knows what's happening on the way. Heaven help that kind of woman. I must know her better."

As she handed the sandwiches, Lucy Trimble said, in her kind, casual way, "Aline, why don't you come to us for next week-end? If your aunt is packing to go abroad, it must be horrid in town."

"It is horrid!" Aline spoke more quickly than usual. She looked away over the green stretches of the golf course. "Everything's horrid."

Lucy Trimble suspected this had slipped out, for Aline's line was a sporting vivacity.

"Good idea!" cried Horace. "Tell you what, Aline, come down with me Friday afternoon on the five-ten. Eh, Lucy?"

"Splendid," declared Mrs. Trimble. "That will give you time for some tennis before dinner. I'll have the court rolled tomorrow." *(Continued on Page 32)*

The Rest of the Pursuing Party, Frightened and Concerned, Ran Up and Clustered About Horace Just as Lucy Reached Him

THE FIGHT

By T L

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

"Those Clouds are Coming Pretty Fast," Mr. Pine Commented. "Yep," Was the Response. In Making it the Sheriff Barely Opened His Lips

PROMPTLY at eight o'clock Nelson H. Pine, president of the Fifth National Bank of Center, awoke and stretched himself.

"Feeling fine," he said aloud. "Nothing the matter with me. Feeling fine." He went to the door of his small suite in the Hotel Plushengilt, opened it, picked up the morning newspapers, and sat down on the bed to read them. A few minutes later he blinked several times, shook his head, and ran his fingers through his hair. Odd, how tiresome the news had become. All of it seemed meaningless; headlines merged into a jumble of words. "But I'm feeling all right," he said, and to prove it touched his toes with the tips of his fingers five times. "Not bad," he commented, "at fifty-four. Doc's crazy; I'm feeling fine."

How Nelson H. Pine felt was, unfortunately for him, not solely a private and personal matter. Doctor Livingstone, who was a member of the board of directors, said he was "in bad shape." His son, Nelson, Jr., first vice president, said he had become "the worst grouch in fourteen counties and was losing friends about as rapidly as a man could." There was, for instance, that episode at the golf club when he broke his sticks, threw the bag at the caddy, and resigned. Then there was that unfortunate exhibition of temper when the committee called to ask him to take charge of the latest drive. It was a very distinguished committee; nevertheless he roared at them, "Hell, no! Five is enough. Pick on somebody else." Strange, he meditated, again losing track of the headlines, that he should have done such a thing. Especially in view of the fact that he was feeling fine.

After stripping off his pajamas, he stepped under the shower and began to sing. The cool water was pleasant and invigorating. Presently he was talking to himself again—rumbling, he called it, "Feeling fine. Nothing the matter with me." Stepping out from under the shower he looked at his reflection in the full-length mirror set in the bathroom door and laughed. It was the lean, white, muscular body of a young athlete, but the head was curiously old and shaggy, as though someone had placed on the body of a little boy the head of a full-grown mastiff dog.

"I know what's the matter," he rumbled. "Tired of all this. Golf isn't what I want, nor tennis, nor riding, nor dancing, nor a sea trip. What I want is a fight."

The telephone rang. Nelson, Jr., announced his presence in the dining room. He would have breakfast with his father, then they would go to the bank building together. "Well, the kid's got a surprise coming to him this morning," rumbled the banker.

During breakfast he explained his hastily formed plan. He would resign, the board would promote Nelson, Jr., from first vice president to the presidency. Then he would go away and do something that he had been wanting to do for a long time. There was no explanation of what this thing might be. Nelson, Jr., showed plainly that he felt uneasy. In fact, he opposed the plan without even knowing whither it led. He was for golf or a rest cure or a sea trip.

"Rot!" interrupted his father. "Nothing the matter with me. Feeling fine." After a moment's pause he added: "It was a lot of fun, at first, getting this bank on its feet. My boy, I've seen deposits increase 25 per cent in a year. But not any more. It's an old established institution now. Nothing much to be done about it any more. I can sit back and take things easy or push like ten devils, and at the end of a year we grow just about in proportion to the growth of Center. I'm tired of it, son, not because I'm an old man but because I'm not an old man. I don't care much for all this prominent-citizen business, sitting around sanctimoniously growing old to please a lot of committee members. I'm going to cut out of here pretty soon and get action. That's what I want, action. Right in the bank was the place for action twenty years ago. Now—bah!"

For half an hour they argued, the son anxiously, his father pleasantly. Then they went to the bank where Nelson, Jr., took his accustomed seat while Nelson, Sr., went in to the board meeting. "See you at lunch," he said as they separated.

And at lunch he reported, "Well, son, I did it." Nelson, Jr., winced. "They wouldn't accept my resignation—afraid of the effect; but they granted indefinite leave. I got sore and demanded that they buy me out, but they can't. We're all in pretty deep since the merger. They're a bunch of idiots, my boy. Yes, sir, a bunch of idiots. Talked about nervous breakdown. What they mean is that they're afraid I'll be cutting out paper dolls in a sanitarium pretty soon. Rot! I'm feeling fine. Nothing the matter with me. I want you in charge, anyway. You're the best boy any daddy ever had and you've earned it. While I'm away you'll be in charge."

"Where are you going?"

"Ah, that's my little secret."

"Well, then, when are you going?"

"That's another secret."

"Hadn't I better spend the evening with you at the hotel so we can talk things over?"

"It isn't necessary, but come around anyway. You're a better banker than I am now, my boy—that is, for a big bank. When it comes to building up a little one I've got all of you licked. Yes, come around this evening."

"All right, dad, I'll be there at six-thirty."

"Good."

II

"CHECKED out," said the clerk when Nelson, Jr., called at half-past six. "Yes, sir, checked out about three o'clock. He left this note for you." Nelson, Jr., felt his hand shaking as he tore open the envelope and read: "You'll think this is a rotten trick, my boy, but take my word for it, I'm all right. Any time I'm not all right you'll hear from me promptly. I should be away about one year and I don't want to hear a word about that bank. If anything of importance happens I'll see it in the newspapers. I inclose power of attorney for you to act in any business matter of mine that I may have overlooked. Good luck."

At the moment when his son stuffed the crumpled note into his coat pocket Nelson H. Pine, Sr., was sprawled out on a Pullman car seat reading a detective story, chewing on an unlighted cigar, and from time to time smiling. He was playing hooky from school for the first time in forty-two years and the experience had lost none of its ancient thrill. In his coat pocket were papers representing forty-nine thousand five hundred dollars. In his trousers pockets were five hundred dollars in currency. Total, fifty thousand dollars. He was off for a picnic and this was his nickel for soda pop. Rather a large nickel, to be sure, but recall that Nelson H. Pine had been for twenty years president of the Fifth National Bank of Center. This was, at the moment, every cent of cash that he possessed or could raise without jeopardizing either his bank stock or personal credit. It was all he expected to have for quite a long time, and a very modest sum, considering his plans. Center was now only a dot on the map. Where he was going, the name Nelson H. Pine would mean absolutely nothing. The rules of the game would be swim or sink. There was youth in this realization, youth and adventure. He gazed at the ceiling while indulging in a meditative smile, then returned to his detective story. No blurring of the type now; action fairly leaped from the pages and pranced vividly before his consciousness.

III

ON THE morning of the second day after his departure from Center Mr. Pine stepped from the train onto what would have been the station platform if the town of Big Horn had had a station platform. Along the one principal street of Big Horn four signs were prominent. One proclaimed the general store, another the hardware store, a third the motion-picture theater and a fourth the sheriff's office. Toward the latter Mr. Pine directed his steps. Big Horn was situated south of the staked plains and in the heart of what remains of the cattle country, though even this is now dotted with farms.

"Sheriff Potter?" he asked, addressing the man in the doorway. An affirmative nod was the answer. "My name's Pine."

"What can I do for you, Mr. Pine?"

"Well, I've got a paper here that I want served on H. J. Jackson, better known as Bud."

"Oh, yes, I recollect. Foreclosure, ain't it?"

"That's it. If you don't mind we'll just get in your car and go on out to the ranch."

"Can't do that, Mr. Pine. Sorry."

"Why can't you?"

"Car's broke down."

"Then we'll rent one."

"I can't get away this morning. I'm tied up here."

"You've been pretty rushed now for about sixteen months, haven't you, Mr. Sheriff?"

The tone was unmistakably ironic, but the sheriff was in no position to resent it, so he replied blandly, "Yep, pretty busy."

"Well, this morning you're going out with me and serve this paper."

"Think so, eh?"

"I'm sure of it."

"How come?"

"If you'll look in your copy of the revised statutes—the chapter relating to sheriffs—you'll find a little subhead reading 'causes of removal.' Either you and I are going for an automobile ride this morning, or ——" Mr. Pine left the sentence uncompleted.

"Looks like a storm coming up," the sheriff remarked. His poise and even temper were remarkable. Mr. Pine followed the direction of his gaze and observed a curtain of peculiar brown clouds along the horizon. The rest of the sky was clear, but the clouds were approaching rapidly.

"I guess a little rain won't hurt us," he remarked. "The country looks kind of dry."

"You're a stranger," the sheriff commented.

"In this section, yes," Mr. Pine admitted, "but I was brought up on a ranch."

"Them ain't no rain clouds," the sheriff informed him.

"No? What are they then?"

"Dust."

"Well, that won't hurt us."

"Think not?"

"Are we going or are we not?"

Sheriff Potter looked at the clouds, then at Mr. Pine. There was something about that deeply lined face, direct, calm gaze and uncompromising insistence that made him feel he had played every conversational card in his hand.

"All right," he said. "But it won't do you much good. The judge is sick and we ain't having no court."

"That bridge can be crossed when we come to it," the banker asserted. "Meanwhile we'll serve the paper."

"All right, Mr. Pine. Climb in."

"I thought you said the car was out of order."

"We'll give it a try. I've been working on it since yesterday."

Potter gave it a try and the car responded instantly.

"How far is it to the ranch?" Mr. Pine asked.

"About fourteen miles."

Conversation ceased while the banker looked with amazement at the level, dry brown pasture land reaching off toward the horizon. There was not a tree in sight. Little shrubs and weeds along the roadside appeared to be

bent down with the weight of the dust they had accumulated. Even the fence posts were covered with it, while the road itself lay under a blanket four to six inches deep, so that from time to time the car skidded a trifle. This was a rolling prairie that appeared for the most part to be flat as a table, but at brief intervals they were on the summit of a slight ridge.

"Those clouds are coming pretty fast," Mr. Pine commented.

"Yep," was the response. In making it the sheriff barely opened his lips.

Dust as fine as face powder was now in the air, coming ahead of the storm. It was barely visible as a thin haze, but Mr. Pine could detect particles of it being ground between his teeth; he felt compelled to go through a sort of chewing motion because of this dust. It was decidedly annoying, and judging by the approaching clouds would grow worse presently.

"Think this will be much of a storm?" he asked. He had carefully selected words that did not call for opening the lips very far.

"Not much," the sheriff grunted.

"How long do they last?"

"Can't say. Mebbe few hours. Mebbe three days. Had one week ago, peach. Saw prairie dogs diggin' holes ten feet 'boveground." The sheriff grinned without opening his lips, then added, "Don't talk. Better cover your nose." Mr. Pine decided instantly that this was good advice and pulled out his handkerchief. A few minutes later the storm was upon them. It neither swirled nor eddied nor came in gusts; there was simply a steady sweep of wind across the prairie carrying an incredible amount of reddish brown dust. Mr. Pine estimated the wind's velocity at about fifty miles an hour, but it was gradually increasing. When a slight turn in the road brought the car straight into the teeth of the blow pebbles nearly as large as a grain of rice rattled against the windshield. Visibility decreased gradually until Sheriff Potter could barely see twenty feet of the road ahead, but he did not slow down. Finally Mr. Pine grasped his arm and indicated with a gesture that they should stop. The sheriff vetoed this suggestion by vigorously shaking his head. On and on they went, the wind, however, reducing their speed. Finally the car turned sharply to the right. Mr. Pine gasped and took hold of the door, preparing to jump. The sheriff pointed with his left hand as he brought the car to a stop and his guest made out the dim outlines of a house only ten feet away. They climbed out of the car and sought the lee side of this structure, then the sheriff explained, "Had to get to shelter." Mr. Pine nodded, wondering where they were. Sheriff Potter rapped sharply on the window. A moment later it was opened and they climbed in. The door of the house was on the windward side and therefore not to be used in such a storm. Their host nodded to them, slammed down the window, and pointed to a door. Sheriff Potter opened this and the three of them hastened into a large bedroom, slamming the door behind them.

"I've got paper between the boards of these walls," their host explained. "This is my cyclone cellar." The words were followed by a faint grin. Mr. Pine observed that the faces of his two companions were covered by a thick coat of dust. They suggested old and rusty iron statues. He looked at his hat. It was also a rusty brown, though it had been gray before they started.

"I'd like to wash," he remarked. Sheriff Potter laughed as heartily as the condition of his throat permitted. Their host merely stared, dumfounded.

"You can't wash up until this storm is over," the sheriff explained. "No water to spare. He has to haul his water. Nearly everybody through this section does now."

"Well, then, can I have a drink?" Their host brought half a glass of water from the bucket on the washstand. Sheriff Potter stepped forward and took it. Mr. Pine looked at him, too astounded to show his resentment. The sheriff filled his mouth with water, gargled it, then spat it out. What remained in the glass he drank. "That's the way to do," he explained apologetically. "I wanted to show you." Mr. Pine nodded, and poured half a glass for himself.

"This is a hell of a country," he remarked after swallowing a mouthful.

"Why, there ain't no better country nowhere than this," their host declared resentfully. "We're just having a little drought, that's all. And when you have drought you're bound to have dust storms, because there ain't no grass to hold down the dirt. You just wait till spring and then see this country. Prettiest country God ever made."

Mr. Pine stared at the man. Could he mean it? Yes, unquestionably he was serious. Well, then, he might be foolish, but most assuredly he was brave. One had to respect such a sturdy optimism. Not knowing precisely what to say by way of expressing appreciation for the man's spirit he produced cigars and offered them. They were eagerly accepted. Conversation lagged because it was difficult to talk against the noise of the wind. They sat in smoky silence, each engaged with his own thoughts. Mr. Pine wondered why there had been no introduction, but it occurred to him not to suggest one, since this might lead to a long and tiresome interrogation of himself. As for the sheriff and their host, both were wondering who Mr. Pine was. The sheriff knew only his name, which meant nothing, and the other man did not even know his guest's name. They would have asked another man, but it wasn't easy to ask this one.

Finally Sheriff Potter remarked "Looks like we'll have to stay a while. Got anything to eat?"

"Eggs," their host replied. "I got six eggs and some biscuits. And coffee. There's more eggs in the nests, I reckon, if we can ever get to 'em." He smiled.

"I'm not very hungry," Mr. Pine remarked. "You'd better go slow with what you've got."

"Never mind about that," their host hastened to say. "We'll all eat." He rose from his chair.

"You'd better leave me out," Mr. Pine urged.

"No, sir," was the determined reply. "No man ever come to this house that wasn't fed. While it lasts we'll all eat." The door opened and closed; their host had gone into the kitchen.

"Pretty good sort," Mr. Pine commented.

"Don't make 'em any better," the sheriff declared

"Who is he?"

The door opened and the subject of inquiry returned, so the sheriff ignored the question.

"There's a lot of rich land around here, especially in the bottoms along the river," their host was saying. "Some of

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On the Following Day Mr. Pine Summoned His Neighbor, Chandler, and Conferred With Him on the Condition of the Cattle

Health and Sports Suits

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

CONSIDER the flappers of the field! Not because they toil not, neither do they spin, but because Solomon in all his glory never dreamed of being arrayed like one of them. Also because they furnish a lovely floral clock of the seasons, by which the time of year may be told on even the grimmest and grayest of city streets.

A silk sweater, banded like the solar spectrum, or of solid hepatica, heliotrope, lilac or apricot, artfully blended and patterned with thrice the colors of the rainbow, silk coat, bloomers, salmon-colored stockings, open, suède, strap slippers, cut so low at the instep as to be almost sandals. What could be more not only becoming, but sensible, comfortable, healthful, free as air? Every muscle, every point of their slender figures is as free to contract, to bend, to sway, to run and leap and catch as in a bathing suit. The entire costume weighs barely a pound and a half, including the shoes, and each separate garment can be rolled up and held in the palm of one hand.

The changes in her coiffure, her complexion, her frocks, are but the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual revolution. It is no mere coincidence that the vote and the short skirt, the ballot and the bloomer, arrived simultaneously, that the corset and the "Woman's place is the home" legend faded out together.

Fashion's Fetters of the Past

CONSIDER just a moment what the mere physical emancipation means from the point of view of health and comfort—to say nothing of efficiency.

Not only are the new sport suits and summer frocks as pretty as a flower garden, but they are light, comfortable, unhindering, sensible, healthful as well. For generations we doctors, hygienists, artists had been battering our heads against the Chinese Wall of feminine fashion in clothing, as burdensome, crippling, disease producing, hideous; but in vain. Suddenly about ten years ago women of their own accord entirely, without any relation whatever to the generations of bombardment by the enemy, Man, began to sit up and take notice! They wanted to get somewhere and their skirts were in the way, and presto, Change! The piled-up imbecilities and taboos of tens of centuries were swept away in a twinkle.

Women are like that. For years we superior and rational males had been scolding and pitying them as abject slaves of fashion, weak, crippled, hopelessly handicapped in the battle of life by self-inflicted straitjackets and fetters. Then behold one fine morning we wake up to discover, with an astonishment bordering on dismay, that all bonds are loosened, all fetters struck off and women are actually more sensibly and healthfully dressed than we are!

It is really a mystery just when and where the old-fashioned corsets did go. They just disappeared into thin air. We doctors will miss them terribly, for they could be so neatly blamed for every sort of feminine woe, from gallstones to anæmia, from neurasthenia to consumption. Next to the liver they were our greatest explanatory convenience and most useful diagnostic refuge and last resort. And fortunately a good many disorders more or less connected with or attributed to the old-fashioned corset have disappeared with it.

Leaving aside questions of taste and modesty—the latter little short of ridiculous—the net, practical hygienic result of this revolution is that suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, historically speaking, woman has turned the tables on us mocking males. And this without losing one iota of either beauty or charm, with as little visible effort as a daffodil, and, what probably delights her most of all, without letting us even suspect what she had in mind. In military parlance she has completely re-formed her lines, while presenting an unbroken front to the enemy.

Last season it was the writer's privilege to spend a winter on the Riviera and see the world's championship tennis games at Nice, Monte Carlo and Mentone.

The playing was wonderful, magical, almost too beautifully smooth and expert to be interesting, too good to be true. It looked as if they were playing with trained balls and trick rackets.

But the never-failing joy and delight of the whole performance to the eye of any old health hound or efficiency addict, was the costume of the women players. The acme of simplicity, comfort, freedom, and as graceful as it was practical.

A simple one-piece frock, reaching just six inches below the knee, in white, dusty blue or pale pink, a knotted silken sash to match or contrast. Long silk stockings to match the frock; broad, low-heeled, ankle-height buckskin or canvas shoes, and for a dash of color, a gay silk scarf bound round the forehead to keep rebellious hair out of the eyes, *et voilà tout!*

Safe, Sane and Sanitary Skirts

THE matchless Suzanne, whom we had the good luck to watch for ten or fifteen minutes, laughing and chatting with her partner and opponents, scarcely twenty feet away from our seats, was as simply, as comfortably dressed as a little girl at a summer camp picnic, and as little self-conscious. With her straight, slender figure, her warm brunet color, graceful white frock and bright orange scarf bound round her blue-black hair, she was the picture of free, happy, vigorous youth.

And when we recall the incredible change, the long, long march toward freedom which has been made within our own recollection! Thousands of us who would indignantly resent the application, or even mildest implication of the invidious adjective "old," can clearly remember when every female of slightest pretension to social standing literally waded about in public and swept her billowing way, surrounded from her waist down by a huge metal-ribbed, balloon-shaped cage known as a crinoline or hoop skirt.

The meaning and basis of this crippling monstrosity being first to show that its wearer was lifted completely above all necessity and possibility of manual labor: which she certainly was as long as she towed that captive balloon about! And second because, according to old ideas of modesty, no one must be

They Wanted to Get Somewhere and Their Skirts and Taboos of Tens of

allowed to suspect that woman had such things as ankles, let alone knees.

But slowly and by degrees. First the front half of the hoops was cut off, so as to avoid the ungraceful and embarrassing tilting up of the front edge of the balloon skirt whenever its wearer sat down. These wagon-tilt abominations were known as tilters. Then all hoops and bows were cut out, except a ridiculous sort of market-basket or small baby-buggy top, worn just below the small of the back and known as a bustle. This clung like a limpet to its rock for several years, then reluctantly gave place to another imbecility, as ridiculously scant as the crinoline had been voluminous, the pull-back skirt, whose name sufficiently damns it. Then followed the sheath or tube skirt, whose devoted dervishes could only trot or shuffle in fourteen-inch steps and had to hop like sparrows, with both feet together, if they wanted to catch a car. Finally came the dawn of reason and the blessed short or safe, sane and sanitary skirt, which we can never praise and prize too highly or be too profoundly and prayerfully thankful for. Long may she wave!

As a pointed illustration of what swaddling bands were sheared away, what crippling weight and pressure lifted from hips and backs, we may take President Coolidge's pithy reminder that forty years ago our grandmothers were obliged to swathe and burden themselves with fourteen and a half yards of gingham in order to feel properly clothed. While today our schoolgirls' most voluminous frock or slip-on takes only a yard and a half of the same double-width stuff. The flapper is not merely thirteen yards of solid gingham to the good, but her georgette crêpe weighs scarcely more ounces than the gingham did pounds!

The Taboo of "Unladylike"

NOR is there any grave pull-back or penalty attached to this wonderful forward swing of the pendulum of fashion. Or if there be, all we can say is that so far we have been utterly unable to find it. Indeed, one troublesome disease, chlorosis, or green-sickness, a serious form of anæmia in young girls, so common as to be mentioned by the Elizabethan poets, has faded almost completely out of existence. And for once doctors on both sides of the Atlantic fail to differ and unanimously assign its striking decline to better and more open-air habits of living, better food, more sensible clothing and improved hygienic conditions generally.

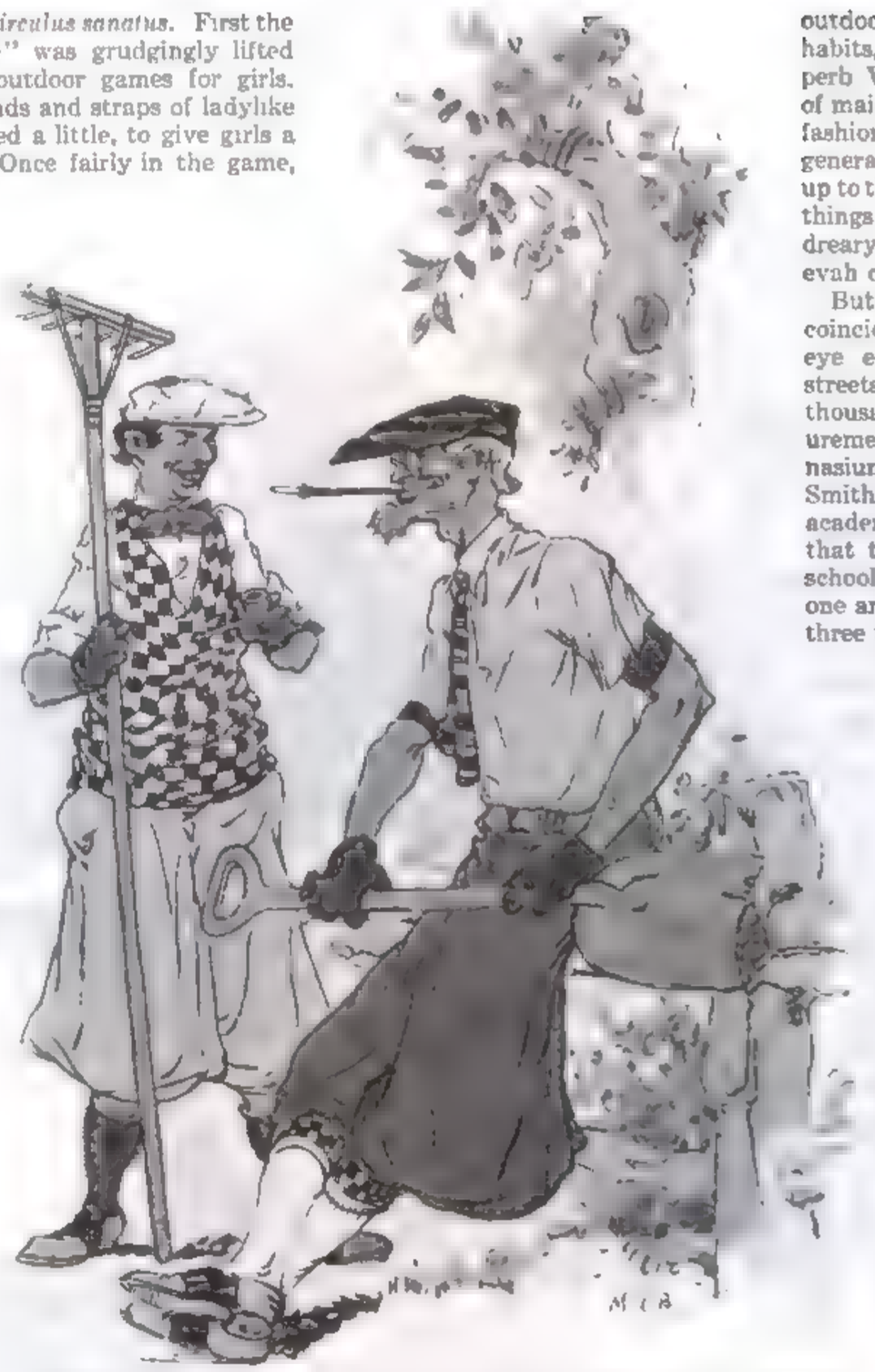
Although in classic feminine fashion, the final *volte face*, the overnight visible revolution of the past two years, came with bewildering suddenness, now that we look back we can trace the steady progress of the outdoor-life-for-girls idea, side by side with the sport-suits movement, increasing as it rolls like a snowball. It began as Holmes declared all health movements must begin, "with the grandmothers."

Were in the Way, and Presto, Change! The Piled-Up Imbecilities Centuries Were Swept Away in a Twinkle

Not a *circulus viliosus*, or "vicious circle," but a blessed *circulus sanatus*. First the taboo of "unladylike" was grudgingly lifted from rough, active, outdoor games for girls. Then a few of the bonds and straps of ladylike clothing were slackened a little, to give girls a Chinaman's chance. Once fairly in the game, girls demanded more freedom, and thus the ball shot ahead toward the goal, by one forward pass after another, now from the left end, next from right, until now girls and women have lighter, healthier, more comfortable sport suits and street suits and everyday suits than have the men.

Indeed, it is high time we men woke up and bestirred ourselves promptly. Not only are we in danger of losing some of our most highly prized athletic records—long-distance swimming, for instance—but we actually find ourselves frequently in the humiliating position of envying girls and women the superior comfort and sensibleness of their costumes.

May we go about in public in summer clad in sleeveless silk jerseys, knee pants, long silk or lisle stockings and bare knees? We may not!



And the New Auto-Born Costumes are Just as Convenient, as Comfortable, as Becoming for the Farmer and His Boys as They are for His Womenfolk

Are we permitted even in the direst of dog days to take off our suffocating, sweat-box coats and go about comfortably and sensibly in spotless sport shirts and belted tennis trousers?

Answer is, thunderingly and disgustedly, No!

Can we even throw off our choking collars—softness doesn't make them one iota less tight—and go down street with the neckbands of our shirts unbuttoned and tucked in, to say nothing of cut well below our collar bones? Quoth the raven, "Not a chance!"

And on whom can we lay the blame because we swelter thus in tropic hells every summer? Nobody but our own silly, snobbish selves!

The more sensible sex would excuse us gladly and sympathetically, but we are so afraid of doing something which isn't good form that we still hug our fetters.

But to paraphrase what the boys used to sing in the Army at reveille in the chill dawns:

Some day we're going to murder the bugler,
Some day they're going to find him dead.
And when we catch that son-of-a-gun,
The guy that rivets our tunics on,
He'll spend the rest of his life in bed.

And at the same time our masculine sense of superiority is assailed from another quarter. The athletic girl of today is not only notoriously taller than her mother, but with alarming frequency is taller than her brothers and the brothers of her girl friends also. Boys and young men are beginning to be sensitive about walking abroad with girls who are half a head taller than they are.

One even hears of bitter plaints from willowy young "daughters of the gods, who are divinely tall," that they are seriously handicapped in securing partners at a dance or in games because boys feel embarrassed at having to look up to girls when they talk to them. They assert that they are driven to cultivate and affect a droopy, round-shouldered gait and lackadaisical carriage in order to avoid embarrassing their men friends and driving them to the company of more fairylike maidens.

Whether the girls of the past three decades gradually became taller and more Grecian as a result of their increasing outdoor life and athletic habits, or whether the superb Winged Victory type of maiden suddenly became fashionable and the rising generation promptly played up to the type, is one of those things which, as Lord Dundreary asserted, "No fellah evah can find out."

But there is the blessed coincidence visible to the eye every day upon our streets, while the study of thousands of actual measurements taken in the gymnasiums of Wellesley, Vassar, Smith and other colleges and academies for women show that the college and high-school girl of today averages one and a half inches taller, three to ten pounds heavier and two inches greater chest expansion than her predecessor of thirty years ago.

The first and most eager anxiety about injurious after effects is as to the danger of chill, with its alleged Pandora's brood of evils—bronchitis, rheumatism, neuralgia—due to this drastic reduction of clothing to an absolute minimum. But this can be quickly allayed, because like nearly all the other worries and dreads that haunt us about catching cold, it is almost pure illusion. Serious illness seldom comes from mere exposure to cold, and very few minor ailments. Less than ten per cent of all cases of pneumonia, for instance, even give a history of exposure to cold or wet, and ninety times out of a hundred the chill that you feel just before you come down with pneumonia or influenza or bronchitis or rheumatism is the ripe result and sign of an infection caught from three to ten days before, while a thermometer placed between your chattering teeth would register 103.

Illusions About Catching Cold

THE dreadful effects of exposure of our delicate daughters to midwinter blasts in a one-pound suit of silk are exactly and entirely nothing at all. All the death rates of diseases supposed to be due to or aggravated by exposure—consumption, pneumonia, influenza, bronchitis, rheumatism—have fallen from thirty to fifty per cent in the past thirty years.

And the death rate in all these is lower in women than in men!

There is a substantial basis for the remark of one of our jokesmiths that in Alaska the two things which stood the cold best were Polar bears and ladies' ankles.

Indeed, as the late Dr. Dudley Sargent, of Harvard, and other expert physical directors pointed out years ago, women actually stand most kinds of exposure to cold better than men. For instance, the paralyzing chill of long-distance swimming. At the Brussels Olympic Games the longest string of medals, outside of Finland, was carried off by an American girl, a mere child of fifteen, who literally swept the board in all classes of diving and swimming, plain and fancy, speed and long distance.

And now that the senseless old taboo has been broken—that it was not becoming, scarcely even decent, for a woman to compete in a public athletic contest, though there never was the slightest compunction or delicacy about making her an overworked half-starved beast of burden in the coarsest and foulest of field work—women are forging to the front in all swimming and water events all over the world. Pick up any newspaper that comes to hand, here or in Europe, turn to the sports column and you will probably find two or more women in the first six or seven that finished the water races.

Part of this speed and endurance in the water is probably due to the fact that woman has naturally more perfectly streamline contours, and slips and glides gracefully through

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TAXI! TAXI!

By GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"You Start Off Pretty Good," Said Red-Neck Derisively

VII

WHEN Ben started north with the Turtle, splashing over the asphalt in the rain, it was his first idea to drive to Mrs. Bullock's and leave the taxi out all night in front of the house.

"Then first thing in the morning," he thought, "I can find some firm that deals in secondhand cabs—any taxi driver could tell me—and take it around and sell it before I go to work."

But one by one a number of objections arose to this simplicity.

"I might get pinched for parking all night in front of the house," he thought. "And maybe it will take quite a while to find a good dealer in the morning. If Old Crusty found it out he might tumble to something."

The next best thing, obviously, was to leave the taxi in a garage.

"Tomorrow's Saturday," he thought, "and I'll have all afternoon to sell her. So if I put her up somewhere for the night, not far from the house ——"

The little garage next to the paint shop arose to his mind—the little garage where the Turtle was about to back in when he had first seen her. The charges there would surely be moderate, and it was only a few blocks to Mrs. Bullock's.

"That's best," he nodded. "I'll drive up to Fifty-seventh Street and then turn east."

He had reached Madison Square by then and the traffic was beginning to grow thicker, cars swooping out of side streets, and demanding all the skill he possessed. And truth to tell, his skill was not extraordinary, especially in that driving rain. For though he had often driven his father's delivery truck around Norwich, after all there is some slight difference between Norwich and New York. So Benny rolled along cautiously, slowly, his foot ready for the brake at every intersection.

At Thirty-second Street, a prospective passenger wildly hailed him from a doorway, "Taxi! Taxi!"

"Fat chance!" muttered Ben to himself, opening the gas a little. He noticed then that his flag was up and he pushed it down to show that he was engaged.

"She's got a good little engine," he thought, noticing how well she picked up. "Funny—if a fellow had one of these things, I guess he could make some sort of a living."

He began dreaming then of a gentleman adventurer, one who worked irreproachably in the daytime—say, a young banker, or even a young architect—and who amused himself by buying a taxi and cruising out every evening in search of excitement.

"Yes, sir; and I'll bet he'd find it too," Ben was thinking, when all at once he nearly found some himself—a limousine pouncing out of West Forty-fifth Street and springing right for him. Ben swerved and skidded, and the limousine followed suit; and though for one sickening moment he thought he was going to smash into an approaching trolley, he missed it by a hair and finally straightened out again; and after that he dreamed less and watched the corners more.

At the little garage he stopped; and climbing out from under the wheel, he tried the garage door, and finding it locked, he first knocked on it, then pounded on it and then rattled it, quite in the immemorial manner. After the third rattle he heard a sleepy voice inside and then the door slid open. It was dark in the doorway—there was only the faintest glimmer of light in the garage—and all that Ben could see of the attendant was a vaguely misshapen little figure, something like Mr. Punch in the pantomime, and a wise fat face peering up at him with the squint which generally indicates myopia.

"'Lo, Jersey," mumbled Mr. Punch. "Just about give you up."

"He thinks I'm the fellow who sold me the taxi," thought Benny, and was about to straighten out this confusion of identity when he noticed that there was only room for one more car in the little garage. "He might not let me in," he thought. "He might go on waiting for Jersey." And now that he had brought the Turtle to its resting place, he hated to think of driving off again into the wet night. That affair with the limousine, you see, had been a close call, and Ben was in a state of reaction, his morale a bit shaken, and much preferring to be on his own legs than to have another session in the driver's seat. And so he hesitated, but Mr. Punch didn't. The latter had fastened the door open and was making a gesture of impatience.

"All set," he said. "Back her in."

So Ben backed her in, and luck being with him, he made a fairly good job of it.

"What kep' you so late?" asked Mr. Punch.

"Had a fare I couldn't shake off," said Ben shortly.

Mr. Punch mumbled again. He had a very low mumble, but Ben understood him to say, "I'd change her complexion and give her new numbers."

"He thinks I ought to change my girl, I guess," thought Ben, as he started off for Mrs. Bullock's a few minutes later. "They seem to know each other pretty well. Oh, well, I can tell him tomorrow. And anyhow, the car's put up for the night, and that's the main thing."

But, ofcourse, it wasn't the main thing. The main thing had happened when he and Rose had been riding down to Gramercy Park together and she had started by patting the back of his hand; and gradually at first, but soon with magic speed, the memory of this took the dominating place in his mind.

"Oh, if I were rich—if I were only rich!" he told himself, almost with passion, as he sat on the edge of his bed that night just before turning in.

Many a young man has had that "if" since first this world began.

VIII

NEXT morning at the office, when there wasn't much to do, Ben slipped the bungalow sketches up on the drafting board. He had waked in the night with a great idea— of sinking the living room two or three steps below the rest of the house, so that, from whichever room you saw it, it would look like a comfortable old nest, hollowed out as though by the wings of time, a pool of peace, a quiet vale, a dell of deep delights.

"Gee, that looks good!" he breathed as he worked away.

Other ideas began to crowd in on him—open fireplaces in the bedrooms, a wall sundial in the flower court, tiles on the outside window sills.

"Look out!" muttered Cockeye from the corner of his mouth.

It was Miss Daggett again. Mr. Whitby was wanted on the telephone. Ben hastily put his sketches away and did a nose dive down the stairs.

"Hello," said a gentle voice at the other end of the wire.

"Hello," said Ben, quavering a bit

"I felt I wanted to call you up," said Rose, "and see how you were this morning."

"That's awfully nice of you," said Ben, making an eager little motion, and beaming, as though he had some quaint idea that she might be able to see him. "I'm feeling fine, thanks. Never better in my life!" You could almost hear his health improving every word he spoke. He wanted to add "Especially since I heard your voice," but was afraid it would sound fresh. So rather more tamely he said instead, "And you?"

"Oh, I'm all right," she said. "Ought to be, hadn't I?—the way you looked after me last night. But I was so afraid that you might have caught cold."

"No!" scoffed Ben. "Not the least sign of a cold. But tell me, was everything all right when you got in last night?"

"Yes," she said. "I was the first one in. They came in about five minutes later. I was so excited. He's just left for the office," she added, "so I thought it would be a good time to call you up."

She paused then, as though waiting for him to say something which he hadn't said yet—a recurring pause which grew more noticeable as the talk continued—and finally Benny began to tumble.

"I ought to ask her when I can see her again," he thought; and glad enough then that she couldn't see him, he fumbled in his waistcoat pocket and counted his money as well as he could with one hand. There was eighteen dollars of his fortune left—and fifteen of this was due to Mrs. Bullock when he reached home that noon. And when you realize that Messrs. Schermerhorn, Schuyler & Braithe paid their force by the month and that it was only the eighteenth of April that day, you will begin to understand that Benny wasn't exactly ready for another party like the one of the night before.

"And anyhow," he thought, "I'd have to get my Tux pressed. . . . No, sir. No use talking. I've got to sell that darned old bus before I can see her again."

But just as he reached that wise decision she made a pause that was at once so mute and so eloquent that poor old Ben simply couldn't stand it any longer.

"I can sell it this afternoon," he hurriedly told himself; and then aloud, "Say, listen ——"

"Yes?" she contentedly murmured, as though already guessing what was coming.

"When am I going to see you again?"

"Oh, I don't know." And then more shyly, "Do you want to?"

"You know I do!"

All this time, of course, Ben was still more or less busy with his thinking.

"I might not be able to sell it this afternoon," he was telling himself. "So I'd better not say anything about tonight. But tomorrow's Sunday, and maybe a nice walk ——"

"How about tomorrow?" he asked aloud then. "Do you think you could get away?"

"I might be able to," she thoughtfully answered, and yet with a laugh in her voice as well, "if it didn't look too funny. You know—I think I told you—I have an aunt in New Rochelle. I might go up and visit her."

One of Ben's inspirations came to him then and made his scalp tingle, one of those inspirations which come to us all now and then, especially in the springtime as the moon is nearing full.

"Say, listen!" he exclaimed in a deeper voice.

"Yes?"

"I've got a surprise for you."

"Oh, lovely! Can't you just feel me thrilling?"

"That's nothing. You ought to see me! What time do you think you can leave in the morning—to visit your aunt in New Rochelle?"

"Oh, about ten."

"Fine! Now listen! At ten o'clock tomorrow morning a taxi will stop for you in front of your house."

"Yes?"

"And you're to come out and get in, and you're not to be surprised, no matter what you see."

"But how perfectly maddening!" she almost squealed. "Tell me what it is!"

He wouldn't tell her, though, and she was still coaxing when Mr. Schermerhorn arrived—and you can get some slight idea from this how long Benny and Rose had been talking together. You may remember that the telephone booths at Schermerhorn, Schuyler & Braithe's were paneled with leaded glass, and Mr. Schermerhorn gave his junior draftsman such a look as he marched by.

"What's the matter?" asked Rose, sensing something new at the other end of the wire.

"Someone has just come in," said Ben in a guarded tone.

"Oh!" said Rose, evidently guessing. "I'd better run along then. Well, good-by; I'll see you tomorrow."

Even then they both waited for the other to hang up first; and after nearly a minute of this, making sure she was not gone, Benny pitched his voice down very low and said, "Good-by."

"Good-by," she murmured back.

She clicked up then and he left the booth, going up the stairs slowly and nearly walking into the water cooler on the floor above. He didn't do much more work that morning, but dreamed industriously—dreamed and smiled and put a few licks on his bungalow sketches whenever he got a chance.

The next morning it was showering—April's girlish tears this time, and no great storm of weeping—and Benny put on his raincoat before starting for the garage. In one of his pockets he stuffed an old soft shirt in order to give the Turtle a rubdown, as generations of Bennies before him had shone their buggies before going to see their girls. But when Mr. Punch came in answer to his summons and slid the door back, he saw that his car had already been cleaned—cleaned, indeed, with such apparent thoroughness that he could hardly recognize it.

"Told you I'd change her complexion," said Mr. Punch, mumbling a bit as he made sure that the back number plate was tight. "Better be careful, though, and watch your step, though I guess you're safe enough."

As Ben vaguely remembered it, the Turtle's color had been an olive green. At least it had looked that color when wet. But now it was a dark red.

"Maybe they dry that way," he thought, getting in the driver's seat and clicking the flag down. "She certainly looks better than I thought she did. I ought to have no trouble selling her now."

He carefully ran her out over the sidewalk and turned down Lexington Avenue, excitement at his coming adventure soon driving other reflections from his mind.

"I wonder what she'll say when she sees me," he exultingly thought to himself; and then exultation passing and a heavy-stomached fear taking its place—"Perhaps she won't like it," he thought. "Perhaps she'll think it's funny and won't get in." Fear deepened for a moment into something like despair, but that passed as quickly as it came, and he was soon exulting again. "I'll bet she never had anything like this happen before! I know if I was a girl I'd like it!" But once again the pendulum swung and reached the arc of a fearfulness so deep that it made his throat ache. "Maybe she'll think I'm not to be trusted, turning up like this, owning a taxi, and never having told her about it. Maybe she'll wonder where I'm going to take her. I know if I was a girl I'd think twice about getting in."

Fortunately for Benny and his emotional parabolas, the Sunday traffic had not yet warmed up, the corners empty yet of whistling cops, the Avenue nearly deserted. So he not only escaped collision but made good time as well, reaching the north side of Gramercy Park at a quarter to ten and pulling up against the curbstone, well out of sight of Mr. Schermerhorn's house, which was on the other side of the green. The shower had stopped and patches of blue were beginning to grow in the south.

"The sun'll be out first thing you know," Ben sagely told himself.

It came out while he was measuring his tank of gas, and turned the park into an eyeful of beauty. Drab and dead one minute, the next it was fairly teeming with life and color. The raindrops on the bushes turned to jewels and you could almost smell the grass grow. A robin sang, but kept his eyes open, and presently darted down into the grass and played tug-of-war with his breakfast—grace before meat, it might be said, and a lesson to worms that they ought to learn to sing.

"Gee, it's a great day!" thought Ben, sitting where he could feel the sun on him. "I never knew a spring like this before!" Exultation again, you understand. And then thoughtfulness took its place. "I wonder if I ought to take my raincoat off. It's pretty warm." He decided for the present to wear it—not only to wear it but to keep it clasped around his neck. "Then if Old Crusty's at the window, he won't have a tinker's chance to recognize me."

At five minutes to ten he went into the back of the taxi and carefully, almost tenderly, began dusting it with the old shirt. It was a battered little cabin, with unusually small lights on the sides and back; but the leather cushions were soft enough, and he polished them till they shone. He lifted the seat, to get his cloth along the back, and there in the lint and rubbish was a string of light that might have been star dust, white rays from Sirius, red from Betelgeuse and a heavenly blue from Vega's twinkling eye.

"Good Lord!" breathed Ben as he carefully picked it up. It was a bracelet, nothing large and nothing garish, but certainly a thing of well-nigh perfect beauty after its kind. It was built of platinum links—small rectangular links, each set with an oblong-shaped diamond, and every diamond apparently intent on outdoing its next-door neighbor.

"Must have dropped there from one of Jersey's fares," Ben told himself. "I wouldn't be surprised if there's a reward out for it."

That was as far as he got then in the line of direct thought, losing himself in a sea of vague reflections. He must turn it in, of course. He must look up the papers. He could get Jersey's address from the little garage next door to the paint shop. . . . A church clock, chiming the hour, brought him to earth again.

"I'll show it to Rose and see what she thinks about it," he hurriedly concluded, putting it in a waistcoat pocket. And then after a turn of the crank that nearly lifted the Turtle off its feet, he climbed back into the driver's seat and pulled up, a minute later, in front of Mr. Schermerhorn's.

"Now!" he thought, his heart almost ceasing to beat, getting ready, it might be said, and drawing breath for some tremendous effort. "Now we'll see!"

At first nothing happened; at least nothing the eye could see. But in that mystical region which is somewhere in every man—that invisible arena where he stages his most important battles and does his greatest stunts—a string of elephants slowly marched out and stood side by side; and Benny's heart seemed to draw another full breath, but didn't yet do its jump.

"Perhaps she's recognized me and won't come out," he thought, trying to bury his face a little farther in his collar.

A herd of camels dimly appeared and ranged themselves side by side in line with the elephants.

"Perhaps Old Crusty heard me over the telephone yesterday, and he'll come out instead."

A string of giraffes came then and lined up with the camels, and still Ben's heart breathlessly waited and almost suffocated him.

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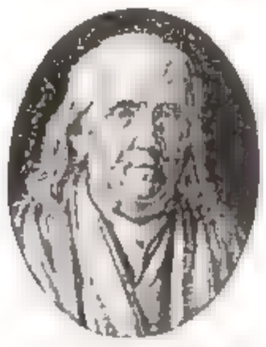
"Do You Know What I've Been Thinking?" She Said, Still Standing by the Driver's Seat as Though Telling the Chauffeur Where to Take Her

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 1, 1925

Behind the Franc

IT IS supposed to be nobody's business what a nation does with its own, provided the consequences of its acts are confined to itself; but since nations have become neighbors, with their kitchen windows wide open, and we are obliged to bear intimate and vital relations with one another on the basis of character and good faith, internal issues make external news. The world's interest in this news is much deeper than curiosity.

The franc belongs to the French. What they choose to do with it is primarily their own concern. Nevertheless the outcome of the struggle with temptation now taking place in the French mind may be of tremendous importance at large. The way of a great civilized nation with the faith and principle of private property is in fact everybody's business.

If in the case of war or in any emergency it becomes necessary to appropriate private property to a national end, that can be understood. It is honest. No faith is broken. But first to borrow it upon a solemn pledge to return it and then afterward to appropriate it as a matter of political expediency is quite another thing. And that is precisely what inflation does. That is what it means to talk of stabilizing or remonetizing the franc. The only difference between stabilizing the franc at a quarter of its former gold value and repudiating it flatly, as Germany did with the mark, is one of degree. There is no contrast of principle. In one case the government appropriates three-quarters of what it borrowed; in the other case it takes all. But it is not really the government, of course, that takes it. That act is one of people—one class against another.

Unfortunately, the outcome is already indicated. Monsieur Caillaux, the financial genius whom France called up from oblivion to transact a miracle, began by denouncing his predecessors for having gone on so long with inflation. Particularly he denounced Monsieur Herriot for having added four billion francs to the currency in his short career of power. And then, as an immediate measure, Monsieur Caillaux himself proposes to issue six billion francs more, thereby increasing the volume of money 13 per cent.

In the progress of inflation there comes a point from which it seems impossible to go back. There comes at last a point at which finance itself wavers. There is by that time a great gambling stake on the side of insolvency. As inflation proceeds, the borrower is enriched, for he pays off his debt with depreciated money. If it goes to the end, as it did in Germany, the borrower is simply possessed of what he borrowed. That which was wealth when he borrowed it is returned to the owner in the form of worthless paper money. The debtor is miraculously cleared of his debts; the creditor is ruined. Seeing this in vista, debtors multiply. The way to get rich is to borrow. That is how there comes to be a great invisible gambling stake on the side of inflation, even to the length of repudiation.

Behind the obscurities of financial language in which the franc's situation is draped there is one very simple question—only one. Shall the franc be permanently stabilized, revalued, remonetized—that is to say, fixed in gold value, at five cents, four cents, three cents, where its old value was nineteen cents? That is not the question. That is only the disguise of it. The question is, Shall the money the government borrowed from some of its people on the pledge of all of them to repay it be returned, or shall an arbitrary proportion of it—say, three-quarters or four-fifths—be confiscated?

Monsieur Caillaux says the financial condition of France is desperate. The only reason why it is any more so—if it is—than the postwar condition of Great Britain was, is that the French answer to this question has been too long postponed. And now a cynical philosophy has crystallized about it. Those whose wealth was borrowed have suffered the shock of losing it. They have found ways of doing without it. Besides, most of them are already old; many of them are dead; their heirs would benefit. Why penalize the present and future of France for what is past?

As for the present or future being penalized, that is sophisticated nonsense. Great Britain made the decision promptly in an Anglo-Saxon manner. Her future has not been penalized by keeping faith with the lender. And if this is not an adequate answer, you have only to reflect upon what restitution means. When people as a whole tax themselves to return the wealth they have borrowed from some of themselves, what becomes of it? It is not lost or wasted. It does not leave the country. It passes from one set of hands to another. That is all. The conflict is over possession. And the question is basically moral, not financial.

The indifference of organized finance to this aspect of inflation is humiliating. It preaches heartily against the evil, but holds itself powerless to act in the one way it might. A nation may repudiate its money and immediately float an international gold loan under the best auspices of finance. Apparently the world has yet to realize what a terrifically sinister weapon inflation may be in the hands of the demagogue. The demagogue himself has not realized it. But undoubtedly he will. Revolution, by comparison, is a crude and uncertain way of redistributing wealth.

The Tariff on Sugar

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has again given demonstration of his native good sense. He has refused to cut the tariff on sugar. Under the provisions of the Tariff Act the Tariff Commission in 1923 began an investigation into the costs of sugar at home and abroad. At that time the wholesale price of granulated sugar in New York was nearly eight and a half cents a pound. Recently the price has been about five and a half cents a pound. This reduction in price has nullified the claim that the current tariff on sugar was keeping the price high. From the standpoint of the consumer, therefore, the decision given below is largely academic.

The Tariff Commission did not originally investigate the cost of sugar *in toto*, but, instead, the cost of making sugar out of cane and beet. The data were very complex; in part contradictory and in part not susceptible of clear-cut interpretation. Fluctuations in prices have made the data still more confusing. The accounting of the respective processes and practices was not concordant. The Tariff Commission voted three to two in favor of recommending a reduction of half a cent a pound in the duty. No scientist could have reached any conclusion from the data, which the President evidently sized up with the precepts of common sense. Above all else, there was nothing to establish the inference that differences in costs of production in 1923 would hold for 1925.

The real question before the country is the cost of raising sugar beets, not the cost of making sugar out of sugar beets. And the tariff designed for protection must reach to the beet grower.

As a result of consideration of the data of the several recent investigations by the Tariff Commission it is beginning to be made apparent that agriculture and manufacture are not comparable before the tariff, as has been generally assumed. Production costs mean different things in agriculture and in industry. Accounting practice is different in the two. What the farmer needs in a tariff—if, as and when he needs protection—is not secured on the basis of mere cost accounting so that American products and foreign products stand on the same cost basis in competitive markets. In short, it is becoming clear that basing all tariffs on comparable costs of production is a spurious and fallacious procedure that does not do what it pretends to do and does not yield what it was hoped it would yield. In view of these developments President Coolidge is wise in deciding to suspend action.

To the Class of 1929

UNDERGRADUATE life at our American colleges is not what it was. If we are to believe the testimony of men who took their degrees in the 90's or in the first years of the new century, their sons who are now in college work harder than they did, behave better and have a saner and more mature outlook on life and on the world at large. If the fathers are correctly informed, the younger generation has a livelier sense of obligation than the one which preceded it, has its good times in wholesomer ways and confines the cakes and ale of academic life to a narrower sector of its horizon.

It will be said in some quarters that these rosy opinions are largely the outcome of parental pride and optimism. This may be in a measure true; but there are nevertheless cogent reasons for believing that a higher type of college student is in process of evolution.

In 1895 any boy who could pass the entrance examinations, pay his fees, maintain a fair standing and behave with reasonable decorum, had a first lien upon a college education. This is no longer true. Today there are more boys who can meet all these requirements than there are places in the colleges to hold them. The adoption of selective methods, over and above the written entrance examinations, has been the logical result. This selective tendency applies not only to entrance into college but to continuance there. Outside pressure will continually make for the adoption of higher standards of scholarship and of general character throughout the entire college course.

Trustees and faculty, who have it within their power to fix and alter these standards, feel that they are bound to make them more and more rigid. They regard themselves as stewards of the endowment fund which enables the college to carry on and to offer academic education at about one-half of its actual cost. They are disposed to believe therefore that in determining who shall and who shall not have college training at half price, they should favor those who seem likely to derive the greatest benefit from higher education and who may be expected to employ the advantages they have enjoyed in the most enlightened service to the community as a whole.

Logical as this theory is, it would be easily possible to misapply it, with disastrous results. Very few of the human problems presented by a thousand undergraduates can be solved by a standard formula; and no one knows better than our college presidents how futile it would be to make high scholarship the sole requisite for continued acceptability. The greasy grinds, as they used to be called, rarely make the greatest splash in the world; and one recalls at least one shrewd old college president who used to say that he always took particular pains to keep on good terms with the boys he had to drop because they fell behind in their studies, or expel for misconduct, for he had noticed that so many of them accumulated large fortunes and became liberal givers to endowment funds if friendly relations with them were maintained.

Smuggling Aliens Across Our Borders—By Elizabeth Frazer

WHEN the new Immigration Act went into effect, restricting the percentage of foreign nationals who could enter the United States by the legal port of entry, it was a foregone conclusion to officials on the inside of the situation that great numbers of aliens, refused admittance at the front door, would attempt to slip in illegally by the side or rear entrances. The Act dammed the main stream at Ellis Island. It could not, in the very nature of things, dry it up at its source; and so long as the stream itself remained in existence, with a strong Old World pressure behind it driving it on, it was bound, like any natural force which meets an insurmountable obstacle in its path, to turn aside, channel fresh courses and strive to filter into the country by way of our hitherto unguarded coast lines and borders. The vast stream of alien immigration, it is important to remember, was not instantly conjured out of existence by the mere enactment of the law. When checked, it simply broke up into its component parts, which then immediately reassembled into fresh patterns and combinations, and under the leadership of various smugglers' rings operating from Canada, Mexico and Cuba underground channels and runways were formed to land the ineligible immigrants upon our prosperous soil.

The aliens themselves, undeterred by the law, which they argued was none of their making, were still strong in their intention to enter. Some of them knew only three American words: "Detroit. Five dollars." Common, unskilled labor in Detroit was fetching five and six dollars a day. Such tidings were enough to start them out on the long, uncertain trail. Self-interest moved them as it moves the bee and the ant and the boll weevil; just as self-interest and the care of its own citizens moved the American Government to restrict the stream; just as self-interest has moved all peoples and governments since man emerged from primal ooze. For the hard, inescapable fact is that for a nation, as for an individual, the law of self-interest—which is merely another name for self-preservation—comes first. But from the point of view of the alien this law was unjust, because, forsooth, it conflicted with his own self-interest, his own private ambitions and desires. Therefore, away with it. Thumbs down. It was strictly up to Uncle Sam who made it to enforce it—if he could. And by the same reasoning, it was strictly up to the alien to evade it by hook or crook—if he could.

Thus the two forces joined battle; and while they fought, entered a third party who exploited both sides. This was the smuggler, a battener upon the weak. In such manner the business of alien smuggling, hitherto a comparatively minor industry concerned chiefly in traffic with the Chinese and Japanese, increased by leaps and bounds to major proportions, until now it is by way of being as well organized as its twin brother, the rum-running industry, to which, indeed, it bears a strong family resemblance in its methods and leadership. They might, in fact, be called the Roughstuff Twins.

So far, so good. And yet not so good for the law-evading alien. For where he came a cropper in his line of argument was in his naïve presumption that the smugglers, the ringleaders, to whom he paid over his meager, painfully earned hoard, would not double-cross him, but play squarely their end of the game. And this polite presumption the smugglers, being chrome yellow straight through, conspicuously failed to fulfill. As a lot they are distinctly bad hombres. Recruited from water-front rats, cutthroats and racial outcasts, the criminal riffraff of all nations, attracted by the big money rewards, the ringleaders in this human traffic trim their unfortunate victims going and coming, relieve them of their wads without rendering the slightest quid pro quo, and when caught in a jam with the law, jettison them without mercy. It is only when caught with the goods on and haled into court that these ringleaders change into sky-blue philanthropists, shedding crocodile tears over the poor, ignorant alien caught in the meshes of a cruel law.

Invariably they testify, "I felt sorry for them and was just trying to help them. I'm a poor man, but I took the risk and didn't charge them a cent except for my gasoline." Benefactors of humanity, they—martyrs in a good cause! But the immigration patrol tell a different tale.

"These fellows," said one patrol inspector, "are all-round tough guys. The fate of the alien's the last thing

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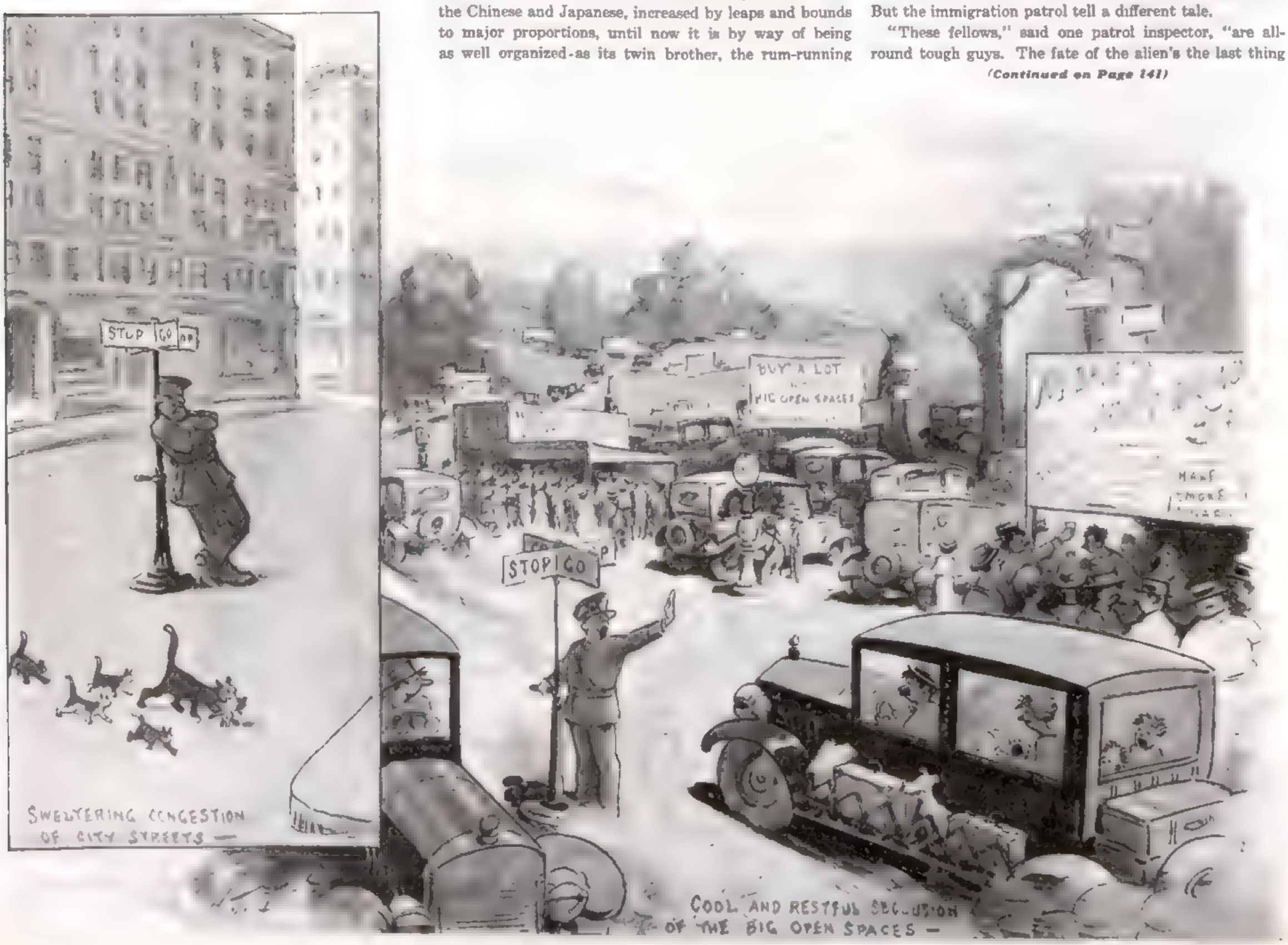

STOP GO
SWELTERING CONGESTION OF CITY STREETS —
BUY A LOT
IN THE BIG OPEN SPACES
STOP GO
COOL AND RESTFUL SECLUSION OF THE BIG OPEN SPACES —

THE GREAT OPEN SPACES

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Mr. and Mrs. Beans

DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DILEY

"Mr. Beans, I Wonder Why You Never Can be Prompt at Meals"

"I've Had Dinner Ready and Your Thoughtlessness Has Upset All My Plans for the Day"

"Look Here, Beans! Don't You Ever Keep Your Appointments? I've Been Waiting for You on the Corner Since Eleven o'Clock"

"Now Listen to Me, Mr. Bull! Neither You Nor Anyone Else Can Criticize So Punctilious a Dog as Mr. Beans in My Presence. I Won't Have It!"

The Sociable Country

I SAID to my wife: "I am tired of the city,
Where people are distant and cold.
We live, as it were, in the midst of banditti
Whose only concern is our gold.
I long for the country, where people befriend one,
Discharging their neighborly debts.
Let's taste of the friendship they freely extend one."
My wife murmured happily, "Let's!"

We moved to a village of gracious pretenses
With lilac and rose-bowered lanes,
With houses distinguished by white picket fences
And windows with multiple panes.
But alas! the inhabitants seldom were seen or
Were glimpsed as a bird that has flown,
And though we maintained a receptive demeanor
They left us severely alone.

The reason for this was—I'm making no strictures—
That each of them sported a car,
And either they motored to town to the pictures
Or else they went jaunting afar.
Or if it so happened that something prevented
The use of their automobiles
They sat in their houses, alone and contented,
And listened to radio squeals.

I said to my wife: "In vain were our fancies!
The country is social no more.
Gone, gone are the various bees and the dances
And neighborly visits of yore.
The modern inventions successfully free folks
Of ways isolation begets.
Let's go back to town where at least we can see folks."
My wife murmured eagerly, "Let's!"

—Stedman Brown.

Not a Hopeless Case

"I WAS looking for my daughter home from New York today," remarked Grover Cleveland Smith, president of the First, Second and Third National Bank of Jonesville; "but she wired that she couldn't get a drawing-room on the Luxurious Limited till the first of the week. Her grandmother came to Indiana from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in a road wagon, and her mother never saw a railroad train till she was eighteen years old; but Kitty won't ride unless she can pay extra fare and buy two tickets so that she can use a drawing-room. I s'pose if Kitty ever has a daughter she'll demand a private car.

"Kitty's a sensitive girl. She says she has a genius for music, but she is stifling it because she says she never could stand to have her work exploited for money. She's even afraid to hum where there's a chance anybody'll hear her for fear somebody'll put the notes down and take 'em to an opera producer.

"She's been a problem for us, but there's one ray of hope. We think she's in love with a fellow who gave up play writing last year to open a commercial garage. We're hoping she'll throw herself away on him soon, and then everything'll be all right." —McCready Huston.

Mother Goose for Antique Collectors

TILLY was a mean thing, Tilly was a cat!
Tilly came to my house, and grabbed a braided mat.

I went to Tilly's house, Tilly wasn't there;
Tilly came to my house, and snitched a Wainscot chair.

I went to Tilly's house, Tilly was in bed,
I pulled out the fluted posts and beat her on the head.

. . . . . .

There was a man in Our Town
(The hero of my verse)
He dashed into an auction room
And emptied out his purse.

And when he found his purse was flat,
With all his might and main,
He had an auction of his own,
And filled it full again.

. . . .

Little Miss Muffet,
She longed for a buffet
Of walnut with Harewood inlay,
But the price that was wanted
The poor girlie daunted,
It frightened Miss Muffet away!

. . . .

Once in my life I married a wife,
And where, d'ye think, I spied her?
Buying old chintz and Currier prints,
And I stepped up quickly beside her.

She found "The Tree of Intemperance,"
"Look at Papa" was my treasure;
We were wedded straightaway,
To join them was a pleasure!

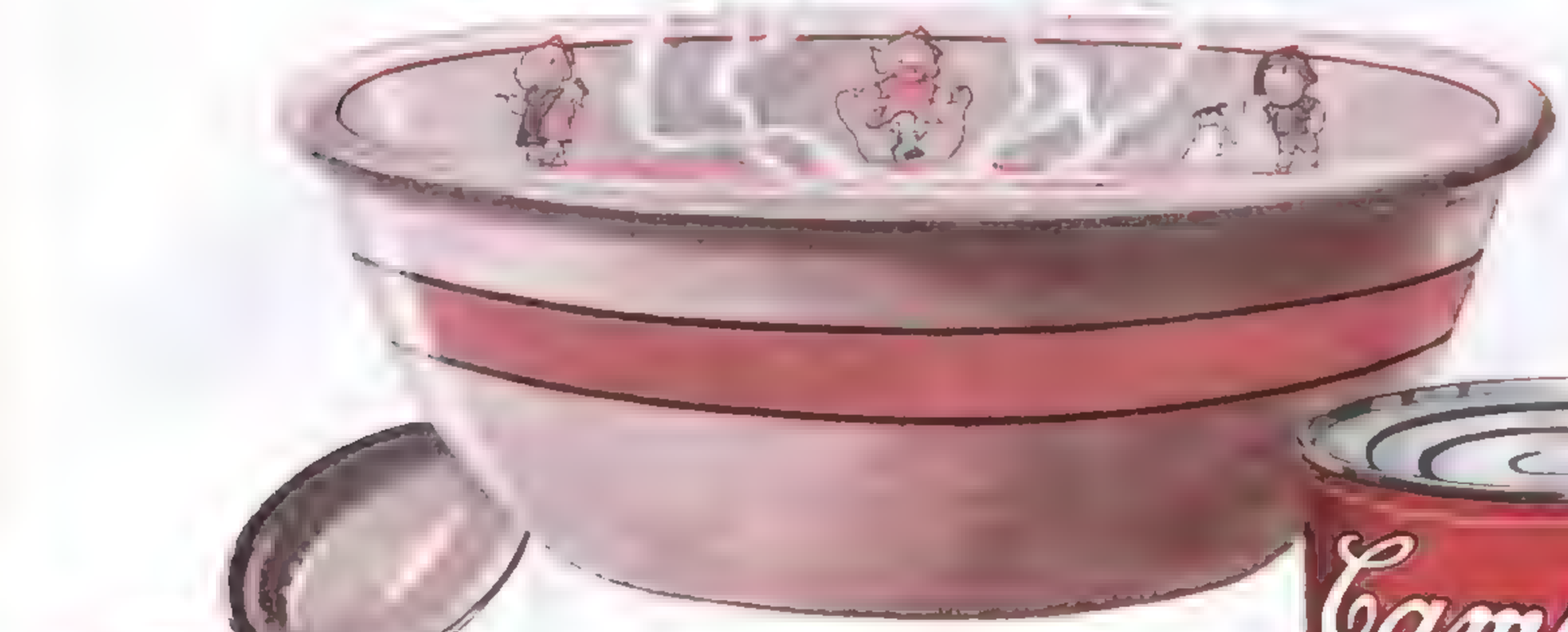
. . . .

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

(Continued on Page 90)

"It's a Man's World"

Here's just the meal for children!



This soup contains 15 different vegetables, nourishing cereals and invigorating beef broth!

Growing children need the iron of the green vegetables. They need the mineral salts so valuable in building bone-tissue, the cereals so rich in nutriment. They need the wholesome tonic of rich beef broth.

All of these are abundantly supplied in Campbell's Vegetable Soup. A good hot bowlful of it is as tempting and beneficial a luncheon or supper as you could give the young ones.

Soup is so healthful because it keeps the appetite vigorous, supplies needed food and aids the digestion.

Every mother should realize this and see that her children have the advantages that come from eating good soup daily.

We're filled with glee as you can see,
We bring the choicest crop.
Give us a spoon and Campbell's soon—
Oh, then we'll never stop!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

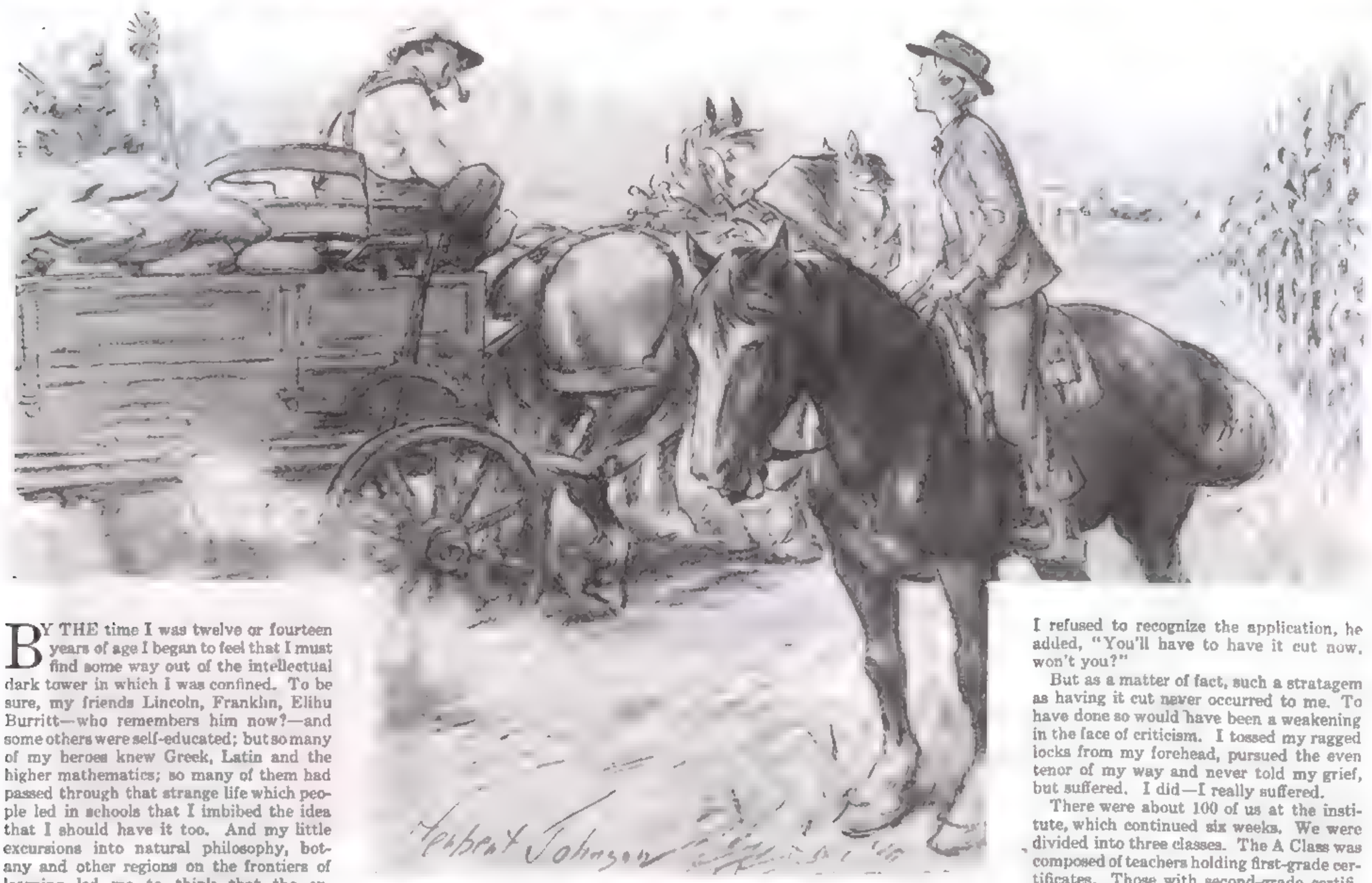
Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

ONE MAN'S LIFE

By HERBERT QUICK

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON



"I Came to Apply for the School," Said I Quaveringly. "My Name Is Quick. I'd Like to Teach Your School This Winter"

BY THE time I was twelve or fourteen years of age I began to feel that I must find some way out of the intellectual dark tower in which I was confined. To be sure, my friends Lincoln, Franklin, Elihu Burritt—who remembers him now?—and some others were self-educated; but so many of my heroes knew Greek, Latin and the higher mathematics; so many of them had passed through that strange life which people led in schools that I imbibed the idea that I should have it too. And my little excursions into natural philosophy, botany and other regions on the frontiers of learning led me to think that the exploration of these realms was my real vocation. And how I yearned to be somebody!

But the exit from the dark tower was hidden. To go to school, except in the little country schoolhouse across the slew, took money; and we had none. Someone seemed to be waiting beforehand for every cent which dribbled into the family till. We were a family prone to illnesses. Physicians lived in towns remote and their bills were only a little less fearful than death—underpaid as they were. No family was ever more industrious; and what with cows and other livestock and poultry, we gradually attained a little better system of farming; but our surplus always went for debt.

My mother favored selling out and moving to a college town, where she said she could have done something to help and father could have found some sort of work to support us while the children went to school; but father could not see himself making a living in town. It was something new, and his nature turned instinctively to the known. The way out for me seemed nonexistent.

Nothing to Do But Teach

THE summer before I was sixteen, however, I heard that our county superintendent of schools, Mr. W. S. Larmon, would hold at Grundy Center a new sort of school called a teachers' institute. All the teachers in the county, all who wished to be teachers and any others who chose were invited to attend. It cost only a dollar to enroll, and there would be a corps of instructors; great people, learned people, who would teach us things—I had no idea what. I had really mastered the curriculum of our school. There was traditionally nothing in our society for a boy who was so good a scholar but to become a county teacher. Hence there seemed a sound economic reason for my attending this institute; so I might go, it was decided. And thus I suddenly found myself out in the great world.

The transition from the life in Colfax township to the little village of Grundy Center, the plunge into the classes meeting for lectures in that old wooden schoolhouse, was the most astounding leap of my whole life. I found myself a member of a body of young people who seemed to me to have been marvelously favored by fortune. They were all so well-dressed, so much like the young people in my romances, so self-possessed, so able to flirt with one another in the light of open day, walking brazenly along the streets, girls and boys together without the slightest look of consciousness! It was a new world.

I doubt if I had white shirts to wear. I had paper collars, though, which came in boxes costing twenty-five cents a box and were thrown away when sufficiently soiled; but no cuffs. There was nothing obscene about the human wrist. This was fine for me, I showed so much of it. My cravats were bows which fastened to my collar button with rubber loops. My suit was bought ready-made, as a matter of course, at the village store; and must have been far too short, for I was six feet tall and weighed about 150 pounds. My shoes were the newest new that I had, and were blacked by myself.

I had not yet overcome the maiden modesty which forbade me to shave; and my face was downy along the jowls and on the upper lip, with a beard almost as heavy as that of one or two of the elderly spinsters in the A Class at the institute; but mine was a nice yellow down like that of the gosling, and the skin under it was quite as fair as that of any girl's. My hair, however, was my humiliation. My brother had cut it for me the Sunday before the beginning of the institute; and I had gone out into my great world ignorant of the fact that what with a dull pair of shears and what with a basic departure of his barber's ideals from those prevailing in the county seat, he had sent me forth as marked a man as though he had branded me with a hot iron, or as if I had been a Nazarite from birth with never a haircut to my name.

Among the boys attending the institute was a chap—he is in the mercantile business now, somewhere out in California, where all the good Hawkeyes go, and within the past year I have had a letter from him—who made my haircut a matter of comment for the amusement of himself and others, and of misery, heartburnings and torture to me.

"I guess," said he, speaking to a group of boys, "that the rats must have gnawed it off." And then, when I refused to recognize the application, he added, "You'll have to have it cut now, won't you?"

But as a matter of fact, such a stratagem as having it cut never occurred to me. To have done so would have been a weakening in the face of criticism. I tossed my ragged locks from my forehead, pursued the even tenor of my way and never told my grief, but suffered. I did—I really suffered.

There were about 100 of us at the institute, which continued six weeks. We were divided into three classes. The A Class was composed of teachers holding first-grade certificates. Those with second-grade certificates went into the B Class, and there was a C Class for those with no previous experience as teachers. We had no third-grade certificates in those days. I should be sorry for the educational system which allowed any grade lower than most of our second-grade teachers. I went into the C Class; where, in the atmosphere of intense intellectuality, I soon forgot my hair and the caustic remarks upon it.

Deafness as a Campaign Asset

SUPERINTENDENT LARMON was a farmer and had the good sense not to conduct his own institute. He was afflicted with a selective deafness which enabled him, in his political meetings as a candidate of the Anti-Monopoly Party, to hear whatever he wished to hear and to be deaf to all else. When the Anti-Monopoly agitation was new Mr. Larmon was opposed to it. After seeing the light he left the Republican Party and addressed Anti-Monopoly meetings. At one of these he made a name for himself through that selective deafness of his. After his address he expressed a willingness to answer questions. An opponent in the audience asked him something like this:

"Did you, or did you not, last year say that the Anti-Monopoly Party is composed of disappointed office seekers and irresponsible agitators, and that every patriot ought to remain loyal to the party that saved the Union? And if that was so then, isn't it so now?"

"I didn't quite get that," said Mr. Larmon, leaning forward with his hand back of his ear. "Will the gentleman kindly repeat it?"

The question was repeated. Still Mr. Larmon couldn't quite get it. The questioner came close to the platform and shouted it. Mr. Larmon nodded his head and smiled. Clearly he now got it, and was about to answer. His hearers strained forward in anticipation.

"I was born," said Mr. Larmon, smiling benignly on his red-faced interrogator, "in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. And now are there any other questions?"

After that, anyone among us who answered a question by saying that he was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, was held to be within his rights as an evader.

(Continued on Page 30)

Touring Car— $1795

F.O.B. Detroit, Tax to be added
Glassmobile Panels $35 Extra

Power in the Hupmobile Eight—A soft, soothing purr; a mighty flood at the point of your toe. *Speed*—Buoyant, easy, dashing; or sustained for mile after mile like a swift express train. *Safety*—Hair-trigger acceleration from eight eager cylinders; the ground-gripping surety of four hydraulic brakes. *Comfort*—Complete relaxation; your mind a million miles removed from mechanical things. Here is the sum of the fascinating new performance which made this car the ***largest-selling eight*** **of its type in the world in less than six months.**

For summer and winter use, Hupmobile dealers are now fitting Hupmobile Eight open cars with Glassmobile equipment, as illustrated. Glassmobile, at a slight additional cost, takes the place of the ordinary side curtains, giving complete closed-car protection from summer rains and winter's cold, with ample ventilation, quick application and removal whenever you wish, without tools, in four to five minutes. Clear vision through a wide expanse of crystal-clear glass.

Sedan, Now $2195; Coupe, Two or Four-Passenger, Now $2095; Touring Car, Now $1795; Roadster, Now $1795; Dickey-Seat Roadster, Now $1895. F. O. B. Detroit, tax to be added

GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR HUPMOBILE DEALER. HE IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

HUPMOBILE EIGHT

(Continued from Page 28)

In Class C, I was soon, all unknown to myself, a source of great annoyance to my instructors. There were about half a dozen of us who pursued a policy which tended to turn the class into a debating school. At every opportunity we started debates on points involved in every one of the common branches of study. It was a new and delightful experience to me to rise to my feet with questions, to have them answered by someone in the room, and to hold my own in my reply. I was like a racing colt just from the pasture out for the first time in trial heats on the track. I forgot all about my hair, and I believe I made the others forget it too.

There was one girl who looked at me so admiringly that I was disgusted. I was disgusted because she was not the girl for whom I was fighting. The wonderful creature who governed the beating of my heart was a placid, plump lass of fourteen or so, the daughter of a family long prominent in the county. She had great black eyes, while mine were blue. Her hair and brows were black and her complexion was of the purest olive. I was her slave—or would have been if she had only indicated that she was willing to have me serve her. She was the queen of my dreams by day and by night. It was the most severe attack I had ever suffered. She never looked at me. I might in the most triumphant manner prove my position as to the correct mode of diagramming a sentence; but Lizzie—that was her name—never gave the slightest sign that she was interested, while that homely girl with the pimply face smiled at me from her seat over in the next row. Alas, how easily things go wrong!

Among the Class-A Intellects

I HAD not yet plumbed the nethermost depths of despair, when the word was given out at general assembly that I, with two or more other debaters, was promoted to Class B; where I had scarcely had time to feel at home and free to enlighten the class on various things, when two of us were lifted bodily into the rare atmosphere of the A Class, among the first-grade teachers, and right under the eye of Prof. S. D. Gaylord, the conductor of the institute. It took me a long time to fathom the mystery of my elevation. The fact is, however, that in the irrepressible ebullience of our youthful conceit we were a source of annoyance to the instructors in the lower classes, and Professor Gaylord had us brought into his own class, where he could sit on us whenever necessary, and where there were young women and men able to assist in the operation. As for me, I was very happy in the A Class, notwithstanding the fact that Lizzie was lost to me—if one may be said to have lost what he never had.

In Professor Gaylord I had an instructor who, it still seems to me, after a lifetime of more or less intimate acquaintance with teachers, was a wonderful one. He was from New England; Boston, I believe. I have never seen him or heard of him since he left Grundy Center, where he was principal of the village schools. He did far more for me than may seem possible when it is considered that I was under him for a total of not more than two or three months, when I was nearing sixteen, and the following autumn. We saw no more of him after Mr. Larmon ceased to be our county superintendent. He was a man of something like sixty, with gray hair, a florid face and a manner of exquisite courtesy. To hear him speak was an education for me. He may have been a very ordinary specimen of teacher, but I believe he was something superior. He dominated that gathering of the best teachers in the county, reënforced by a group from adjoining counties, by the force of his personality, his judgment and his learning.

We also had an instructor named Tyndale Palmer, who gave one or two elocutionary entertainments. He was a hearty, energetic, attractive young man who could almost make it necessary to send out a flood alarm after he had rendered the Death of Poor Little Joe. He did more for me than any of the instructors excepting only Professor Gaylord.

The A Class, too, did me a great deal of good. I was now one of a group of the most intelligent people in the county: for school-teaching was then a calling in which most of the energetic, thinking, developing personalities engaged—for a while at least. The teacher then stood in this respect far higher than now. All my classmates were years older than I. Many of them were college people. One was a Dartmouth man. His full beard and gold-rimmed eyeglasses hanging by their cord gave him a look so scholarly and distinguished that I was uplifted when he deigned to talk with me as a fellow human being. I was shocked when I discovered at the next institute that he had failed as a teacher, while I had scored a success, so far at least as having been able to secure the same school again.

I wonder what ever became of John Addington, Tom Fitzgerald and August Neumann, who came over from Ackley. They easily stood at the head of the men in the class, in my opinion at least—big men, men of the world, it seemed to me. John Driscoll was more like me—an active young representative of the Irish. He is the only one of the Ackley crowd I have ever met since; and I ran into him as he stood, sore-footed and hoarse, among the ineffectual demonstrators for Governor Johnson of Minnesota in the Democratic National Convention at Denver.

I took the examination at the close of this six weeks of emergence into the great world; and though I was not yet sixteen, I was given a certificate. Then I went out to apply for a school, as we called it. The certificated teacher went forth like a man looking for a job in the harvest field, until he found a school director willing to give him a trial. My victim was a German over in the northwest part of Shiloh township. His name was John Mennenga. I rode in my search for a location on one of our farm horses, and was directed to a farmhouse some two or three miles northwest of where the town of Wellsburg now stands. Nothing was there then but the great house, barns and yards of George Wells, whose great estate was always in my mind as I created the environment of J. Buckner Gowdy in my Iowa trilogy. I was not, however, in the character of Buckner Gowdy, creating in the least that of Mr. George Wells.

Obtaining My First School

A FARMER pulled out into the road with a load of wheat as I approached the home of my director. I halted the driver to inquire as to where I could find Mr. Mennenga.

"Dot's me," said he.

"Have you a teacher for your school for the winter term?" I asked.

"No," he replied.

"I came to apply for the school," said I quaveringly. "My name is Quick. I live over in Colfax township. I'd like to teach your school this winter."

"You ain't very old yet," said he.

"No," said I; "but I've a pretty good percentage in my certificate."

He looked at the certificate, showing very little indication of understanding it.

"Vell," said he, "I guess you'll do." And as soon as I had signed the written contract which he produced the deed was done. A man would have given the matter of choosing a wife scarcely less thought.

My salary was twenty-five dollars a month. Every child in the school was German; and no English was spoken on the playground or in the school except in class or in remarks addressed to me. I suppose that German is

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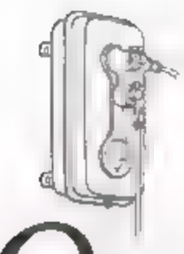
She Was My Lady Fair and I Was Her Knight. She Was a Princess and I Her Champion

1926 improvements

75 Horse Power

Duotone DUCO Colors



Oil filter

Fisher CLOSED Bodies
LATEST *and* MOST BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS

AND MANY OTHER DISTINCTIVE FEATURES

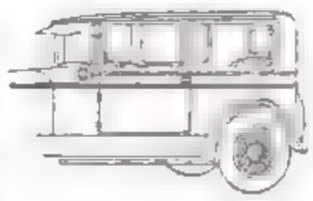
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Again

Buick has built a *better* Automobile

See it August 1st at any Buick showroom

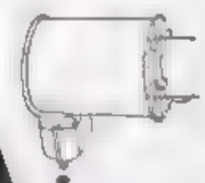
1926 improvements



4 AND 2 door sedans

4 APPROVED Wheel Brakes

Gas filter



Air Cleaner

AND MANY OTHER DISTINCTIVE FEATURES

(Continued from Page 30)

the language of everyday life in that neighborhood still; but even then children ten years old and over could read English with a fair degree of understanding; and the fact that the activities of the county, the township and the school district had to be carried on in English was slowly giving, even to the people who had come from Germany as adults, a smattering of our language; and these same factors were making them over into Americans. The process, however, was much more rapid and effectual along the edge of the German zone in localities like that of my father's farm. There the neighbors of the old stock Americanized our German friends.

I had now, all unassisted so far as advice was concerned, laid out my course for a while at least. I would teach both summer and winter, and thus have more time for study than I could have if I made a hand on the farm and taught only in the winter. My wages as a teacher would enable my father to hire such help as he needed in the early summer, and my summer terms always ended so that I could work at home in haying and harvest, and thereafter until most of the fall's work was done, except for a portion of the corn husking and the time when I should be at the teachers' institute. I had no idea that my wages belonged to me or that there was anything unjust in my turning them over to my father after my small personal needs were taken care of. Neither did he; nor was there.

Pedagogy and Pedestrianism

I DETERMINED to get a school nearer home so that I could save my board, which was two dollars and a half a week—a huge expense. But I must say that the good German woman who cooked for me that first winter gave me a regimen such as I might have had in a well-to-do household in Hanover or Oldenburg, and caused me to revise our general verdict that the Germans were not overclean. She gave me delicious food and plenty of it. Yet two dollars and a half a week meant two-fifths of my stipend. So I went four miles from home to the director of a school in our township and induced Mr. Schaefer, another German director, to hire me for the summer. I boarded at home and walked four miles each way every day. I did this while teaching this school, and for several terms I taught an equal distance away, over at the German church north of the present village of Holland.

Rain or shine, calm or blizzard, I was always at my school at eight o'clock in the morning so as to have the room swept out and a warm fire in the stove in winter when the pupils arrived. When I began this, a young lackbeard of sixteen, I was to all appearance not a very good physical risk. After four years of walking eight miles a day in all weathers, I had attained a ruggedness which lasted me most of my life. I believe that I have owed much of my ability to work to this period of rather easy labors coupled with enforced pedestrianism.

At the second institute I passed so good an examination that I was given a first-grade certificate and was no longer in the A Class merely by virtue of Professor Gaylord's decree. I had risen in the world, and had much secret satisfaction in it. I have never won any place which has given me more pleasure; and besides, I was now entitled to five dollars a month higher wages. That would cover my clothes for the year. It might mean going to college.

I have often wondered what the others in those gatherings thought of me. I was the prize greenhorn, the typical yokel of the institutes—at first, anyhow; of that I am sure. I was always in love with some girl; and though I usually concealed the fact, on one occasion at least, the others found me out. They did not discover my passion for Emma—and neither did she. She had a sweetheart whose addresses were frowned upon by her family, and she used to give me letters for him. I delivered them with a mixture of devotion to her and hatred for him that almost turned my head.

Ella, her successor, was a town girl who was the loveliest of the lovely. She was the favorite pupil of a town principal who did me the honor of according me his friendship, and as a pledge of this went somewhat out of his way to bring Ella and me together. I think he was trying an experiment. He wanted to see what I would do. I experienced a susceptibility to hot waves and fits of various sorts, and to functional paralysis of the nerves controlling the organs of speech. Yet in some way I made a date with Ella to take her to a social gathering at the house of Professor Gaylord.

Now Ella, in spite of her youth, was far from inexperienced—I can see that now. She was a little creature whom no one could have wished decreased in size, unless it might have been herself. She was inclined to be a flirt, and gave me such encouragement to approach her as was proper and within the rules. But, save in my theories, I could not. She was my lady fair and I was her knight. She was a princess and I her champion.

I wonder whether or not in these days of petting parties, and the problem of the conduct of our boys and girls, any of them will understand what I am about to write. I'll chance it, anyhow. There is in the idealistic boy a modesty, a shrinking from the passage of the barriers between the sexes, which is greater than the aloofness of the most modest girl; for he has an instinctive conception, which she lacks, of the relations to which those contacts lead. I possessed this boyish backwardness—or it possessed me. I could not make the slightest advance in the way of a caress—not even of the remotest sort; but when I was away from Ella I was in torment. On the evening of the sociable I walked the floor of my boarding house, waiting for the time I dreaded; and finally, as it turned out, I could not wait. I went to get her, and we found ourselves intruding on the family so soon after their evening meal that it aroused comment. In fact, when the institute closed with what we used to call a literary evening, a poem was read in which this unseemly haste for which I was to blame was made the subject of some good-natured banter.

I have never seen Ella since that last evening. I know that I was a source of disappointment to her. If she reads this, and remembers, I beg her forgiveness. I wish to assure her that if our meeting had been deferred a few years I should not have been found so entirely lacking in means of showing her how very, very greatly she attracted me. For I was deeply smitten.

By the time that my friend Professor Gaylord went out of our little educational circle, I was much better dressed. I wore what our village clothier called a real tony suit. Moreover, I had a boughten haircut and shaved regularly every Sunday. I had risen to familiarity with those on the higher levels, though still fundamentally an outsider. The Anti-Monopoly wave receded and the Republicans came back into power, as seems to be their habit. Superintendent Larmon went back to his farm and a gentleman named George T. Cowgill from the southern part of the county was elected in his place. I went to my third institute, took the examinations, as we had to do annually then, and was granted another first-grade certificate, which I think I still have.

My average was something above 99 per cent. On most of the branches I was given a perfect score. This, coupled with the fact that I had been engaged to continue in the school where my work was known, seemed to indicate that my position as a teacher was secure; and I began looking forward to something better.

Adding a Year to My Age

AND just when the world looked so rosy I came home one day only to have my mother hand me a letter from Superintendent Cowgill which threw my little universe into chaos. He asked her how old I was, thinking, I have no doubt, that she might remember the occasion of my birth.

The superintendent was in a position of some difficulty, as he took pains to explain in this letter. We had a state superintendent of public instruction named C. W. von Coelln, who had sent out instructions to the county superintendents to refuse certificates to boys under nineteen and to girls of an age somewhat less—I forget what. He was Prussianizing our school system by this attack on our Lancastrian system of setting children to teach children. Now Superintendent Larmon, either because he did not feel the state superintendent's instructions were binding on him or because of that selective deafness of his, ignored these mandates from Des Moines. He had taken Professor Gaylord's advice as to my case and allowed me to teach. But Mr. Cowgill felt that he ought to follow the Von Coelln instructions. So he refused a certificate to a fine young farmer boy under nineteen over in Lincoln township, and had been accused by the rejected candidate of partiality.

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I Have Often Wondered What the Others in Those Gatherings Thought of Me

Swift's
Premium Bacon

THOSE who know the distinctive goodness of Premium Bacon prize it not only for itself but for all the fine, rich flavor that it gives to other foods. That is why so many women buy it a whole piece at a time—to make sure of having enough for every cooking use.

Swift & Company

Premium Bacon also comes in pound and half-pound cartons, thinly and evenly sliced, free from rind, all ready to cook

Premium Hams and Bacon

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Samuel Insull Talks Opportunity

THE statement that Samuel Insull is the outstanding personality in the public-utilities field of America is no more subject to challenge than is the assertion that Thomas Edison is a genius in the field of invention. If there is a person in America who is qualified to speak with authority concerning opportunities in public-utilities service, Mr. Insull is that person. He has changed the light-and-power map of America and has made vital electrical history in this country.

According to this authority there is a very considerable group of men in this field who receive salaries of $50,000 or more a year; those who are paid $25,000 could man quite an impressive meeting, while those drawing $15,000 would make a very respectable convention. Those in technical, clerical and wage positions in the lower pay-roll brackets are about on an earning par with those holding similar jobs in other industries. When asked if opportunities in this field of public service are greater or less today than when he entered it, he paused to weigh his words carefully:

"Opportunities are greater for those who enter today than they were when I started, if you measure them in terms of money only—far greater. But probably they will not pay as heavy dividends in the coin of satisfaction on the score of pioneering achievement as in the past twenty-five years. Anyhow, I'm glad that I had my experience when the development of electrical light and power was in its pioneer period. But I would reënter it today if I could turn back the clock to youth. Undoubtedly the use of electrical power will be extended enormously in the quarter century just before us. Its commercial volume will, I believe, increase to proportions which no man of today, no matter how great his vision or his enthusiasm, would dare to express in definite figures.

"But there is one influence which may limit this expansion greatly. Put it this way: If there is not too much governmental interference this country will make greater progress in the use of electrical power in the next twenty-five years than in the past quarter century. This is the big peril which this industry faces and the American people are entitled to know it. Here is something for citizens gifted with sound common sense to think about."

On the score of the kind of equipment which will bring rich rewards in the public-utilities field, Mr. Insull said:

"No man can hope to achieve a really big success in this line of effort who is not endowed with three distinct qualities—engineering sense, financial sense and political sense. His judgment must be sound in all these lines or he cannot rise to the top. With one or two of these qualities he may become a major or a colonel, but he must have all three of them to become a major general.

"I'm inclined to think that a technical training is becoming increasingly valuable in the electrical world; but the lack of an academic engineering education will not greatly impede the progress of any man who has the right natural capacity, an inherently sound judgment as to engineering matters and things financial and political, and plenty of ambition. He can acquire enough technical knowledge as he goes along to see him through, but he cannot acquire natural judgment of the sorts I have indicated. Sound judgment is only another name for common sense, and there is no such thing as synthetic common sense. It cannot be created in the classroom and it is something wholly apart from a capacity to acquire the theory of engineering. No young man can go far in the public-utilities field without a rather generous equipment of this quality.

"Any survey of the opportunities offered by public-utilities employment which does not take into account its comparative stability and continuity overlooks an outstanding characteristic which affects equally the high and the low on the pay roll. Both employment and its rewards in this field are not subject to such sharp fluctuations as obtain in manufacturing or in commercial pursuits. The swing of the employment pendulum is less violent, less eccentric, in public-utility service than in almost any other field of work. This is a big consideration to those in lower positions; these are, of course, the most numerous.

"It is worth much to any young man to know that his position and the rate of his pay are reasonably secure against the fluctuations which beset the employe in ordinary industrial and commercial employment. This security enables him to settle himself to steady and undisturbed application, to self-development and self-advancement. And this stability of employment is not the only element of security by which workers in this field are surrounded.

"In my own companies, for example, careful provisions are made for taking care of sick employes and for giving substantial pensions to those who must retire because of age or disability. Again, we have a rather highly developed department which is devoted to encouraging employes to save and to make wise and secure investments. This carries a heavy responsibility—one from which many employers are inclined to shrink—but our employes need this kind of help and therefore we assume the responsibility. More than two-thirds of the employes of the Commonwealth Edison Company own stock in it.

Mr. Samuel Insull, Who Has Changed the Light-and-Power Map of America and Made Vital Electrical History

"Also we insure the lives of our employes at our expense and for the benefit of their families. Then we provide another plan of insurance for which the employe pays a merely nominal price. In many cases the same employe has both these kinds of insurance. This tendency to surround employes with unusual protection against anxiety for the future and the fear of unemployment is characteristic of the public-utilities field as a whole. The stable, unfluctuating nature of the light-and-power industry affords a fundamental economic continuity of employment; in addition to this, about every possible artificial protection to employes is provided as a matter of sound business policy.

"All these protections from anxiety for the future enable those employes who have the right stuff in them to develop their powers to the utmost. For example, no employe of any company under my administration need suffer a handicap from the fact that the necessity of earning a living prevents him from attending a technical institution. He can get a very good technical education without sacrificing current earnings. We provide many ways to help him. And our plan of supervision in the active work of the organization takes into account a liberal amount of technical, theoretical instruction on the job. The necessity of this sort of thing is widely recognized by virtually all the larger light-and-power companies."

FORREST CRISSEY.

Begin Early if You Would be Rich

BANKERS have always pointed out the value of ready money and the opportunities which it brings, but there is an entirely different side to the matter which is overlooked by the average young person. The young man usually tells you that he will begin saving later in life and that he will save enough extra to make up for what he has failed to save in the earlier years. But he will have to save, not just that extra amount that he failed to save earlier in life, but instead three to four or even five times that amount!

One thousand dollars saved and put out at 6 per cent interest when a young man is twenty-four years old is as good as $2000 saved when one is thirty-six, and as good as $4000 saved when one is forty-eight. In fact, that $1000 will have grown to $8000 by the time the young man is sixty years old, without adding a single penny to it.

The compound-interest route to more money is a matter that is not appreciated by most people because they cannot see far enough ahead to understand just what it will amount to in the future. A year's interest on $1000 looks pretty small by itself, but in twelve years, at 6 per cent, that $1000 will have doubled. The interest on the interest is what makes the money grow very rapidly later on.

Money pyramids in an astounding way over long periods of years. The young man who waited until he was forty-eight years old to put out his first $1000 at interest would have only $2000 by the time he was sixty, and only $4000 when he was seventy-two. But had he placed that $1000 out when he was twenty-four, he would have $16,000 by the time he was seventy-two years old. In other words, placing that $1000 out at 6 per cent compound interest at twenty-four years of age produces sufficient capital at seventy-two to pay one an annual income of nearly $1000 and still leave a permanent estate of $16,000.

Let us see for a moment what could be accomplished by saving $1000 each twelve-year period. How large an estate do you suppose you could build?

	AT 72 YEARS
$1,000 Saved at 24 years old	$16,000
$1,000 Saved at 36 years old	8,000
$1,000 Saved at 48 years old	4,000
Total	$28,000

Perhaps this seems almost unbelievable. Here you have saved only $3000 during your life, and yet at seventy-two years of age you find yourself with $28,000. But the important point, as you readily see from this table, is that you must begin early. These figures could be bettered to some extent by the fact that you would be drawing 6 per cent interest while you were accumulating each $1000.

It is not, of course, always possible to obtain as high a rate as 6 per cent on sound investments in all sections of the country, although occasionally in some sections a higher rate may be obtained, even on first mortgages. In order to determine approximately the number of years it will take for money to double, it is only necessary to divide the rate into 72, or vice versa. The result is the number of years required to double your money at the particular rate of interest. Money at 8 per cent, for instance, doubles in around nine years. With these facts in mind, it will be easy for anyone to construct his own table, based on the rate of interest obtainable and his own particular age.

R. P. CRAWFORD.

The Market for Newspaper Cartoons

IF YOU'RE a successful butcher or baker or candlestick maker with a longing to draw cartoons—don't! If you've taken a cartooning correspondence course and graduated with a handsome diploma and a desire to earn a living by being pictorially funny—pause! Pause, ponder—and then get yourself a steady paying job. For of all the professions, I know of none so capricious, so wayward, so utterly a gamble, as that of the cartoonist.

Why is it that perfectly successful barbers and shopkeepers and garage owners will sit up nights drawing impossible sketches to illustrate still more impossible jokes, and then write me that these represent their real selves and that they would rather be cartoonists than at the head of their unions?

Why is it that youngsters of eighteen and nineteen daily present themselves at my desk with an ambitious six-column comic strip which they fondly believe needs only a chance to be a winner?

As feature editor for some years of one of our largest newspaper syndicates, I have had to turn down regiments of hopeful, totally inexperienced boys and men who come to me with samples of their work or with recent diplomas from a drawing school tied round with a vast bow of confidence. Almost all of them have a comic strip, or the idea for one, not as yet drawn up.

It does not occur to them that no newspaper in the world has six columns of white space yawning wide open ready to welcome their particular insertion. They do not realize that, between even established comic strips, there is the keenest sort of rivalry, and that, in order to get theirs in, our salesmen would have to displace one of a competitor.

Frankly, trying to start on a six-column comic strip with a large newspaper syndicate is like attempting to be bank president before you've been office boy. No matter how well you may draw, there are certain matters of newspaper technic and policy which can be learned only by experience.

For instance, elimination of line is most important, since we supply all our customers with mats instead of cuts or original drawings. And the simpler the number of lines needed to express an idea, the more effective the sketch when reproduced on the comparatively rough newspaper stock. Also there are many questions of policy to be learned—not to make fun of various nationalities, not to put women or the clergy into ridiculous situations, not to mention trade names, and so on. All these must be burned into the consciousness in the furnace of daily experience.

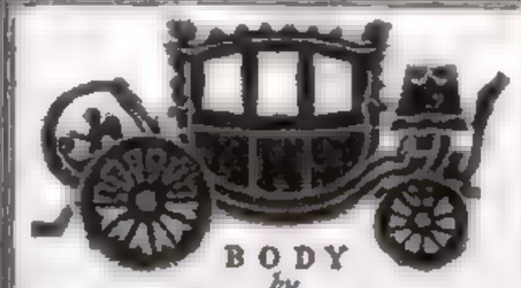
(Continued on Page 73)

FISHER BODIES

ANNOUNCEMENTS of new cars with Bodies by Fisher invariably forecast the finer body styles and refinements for at least a year to come

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

Watch for the first showing of new cars which carry the emblem—Body by Fisher



THE WAYS OF A RAT

In Him Man Fights an Organized, Disciplined, Warlike Animal

By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

ONE afternoon about a year ago the tower signals of a railroad yard in New Jersey suddenly went wild. When the proper lever was pulled to show green, permitting a train to pass, red would be flashed instead, stopping the train; and green showing instead of the mandatory red sent flagmen hurrying down the tracks.

Investigation disclosed that a dozen or more of the wires in a big lead-sheathed cable serving the signal system had been short-circuited. Presently a hole was found in the thick lead sheathing. This hole was about as large as a half dollar, and had been gnawed by a rat, whose sharp fore teeth had thereafter cut the insulation on the wires inside.

Why should a rat eat through an eighth of an inch of extruded lead sheathing, which certainly contains nothing appetizing, to gnaw electrical insulation, which contains nothing nourishing?

It is one of the ways of a rat. His teeth are not only his tools and weapons but are constantly growing. Therefore he is constantly gnawing to keep them sharp and from growing too long. Material like lead sheathing makes an excellent whetstone. This is why he will gnaw non-eatable materials in apparent wantonness, damaging walls, floors, furniture, wiring, water pipes. Only cement, glass and hard metals defy his tooth drill. The railroad spent $30,000 to rat-proof its signal system. Thousands of dollars' worth of damage is sometimes wrought by rats cutting lead water pipes, causing floods where merchandise is stored. And they will even mar concrete, though not cutting through it, in sharpening their teeth.

Beating the Tenants to New Quarters

SOME years ago a dozen old residences were razed in downtown New York and a fifteen-story apartment house erected. The building was not only brand-new but of fireproof construction, with practically no wood except hardwood floors. Yet people no sooner began living there than they complained of a plague of rats. Another of this animal's ways, illustrating his intelligence and adaptability. The old buildings torn down were rat infested. The human congestion on Manhattan Island is not nearly so great as the rat congestion; for the humans can get away by commuting, while the rats cannot, being hemmed in by water on three sides. The rat population of Manhattan Island is estimated at five rats per person. So when these old buildings were torn down the rats camped out in makeshift homes, utilizing lumber piles, sheds, cellars and sewers roundabout until the foundations of the new building were finished and the superstructure begun. Then they occupied the building as fast as it went up and were living in it before the paying tenants.

Here is a clipping from a New York newspaper, reporting incidents of a kind that have occurred with considerable regularity since the war:

"Two children were playing in a basement room near the East River water front, when screams brought their mother, who found them crouched in a corner and being attacked by a huge rat. Before the woman could drive the animal away it had bitten her as well as the children. From description, it was recognized as a wharf rat. Along the rivers, during the war, there were stored huge supplies of foodstuff in warehouses. These warehouses having been emptied, their rat population invaded homes in the neighborhood.

"In Brooklyn, also near the water front, a three-month-old child was sleeping. Suddenly its cries awoke the parents, who found a huge wharf rat gnawing at the baby's fingers. It, too, turned and fought before it was driven off."

Observers Have Actually Seen Other Rats Bring Their Young to Look at a Rat Caught Alive, and Squeal What Was Presumably a Cautionary Talk About Being So Dumb as to Monkey With Such a Device

Not very pleasant stories, but these things happen, because they are ways of the rat, as we shall see a little later; and those who know rats say that they will continue to happen in New York until New Yorkers realize that they are fighting an organized, disciplined, warlike enemy, and attack him with organization and determination along a battle front which is now being held in only a few places.

Organized rats? Yes. Judge for yourself by the observation of an exterminator who is also a naturalist and has devoted many quiet hours to watching the ordinary brown rat. In the war against rats it is necessary to do a great deal of what might be called observation-balloon work, studying the animals in places where they are to be attacked and exterminated, learning their habits and ways of working, and taking advantage of them. To make these observations, the student usually perches on some high point, like a rafter in a rat-infested warehouse or cellar. Lights are left burning, for they make little difference to rats as long as the observer keeps absolutely quiet. Anybody who has observed animals or birds in the woods could qualify in this kind of Nature study, and would probably find it even more interesting than outdoor Nature study, because the rat is pitting his intelligence against that of man and attacking man's goods. As long as there is no movement or noise, rats will come out in the light and carry on their usual activities, but let there be the slightest rustle or movement, and away they scamper, probably not to return again that night. They see the observer instantly and know that a strange object has been added to their familiar surroundings. But as long as the thing doesn't move they assume that it is harmless.

Providing a Fresh Meat Supply

ON ONE occasion an expert undertook to rid of rats a tract of about 160 acres of land upon which were more than seventy-five buildings, all infested—all except a single room in one building, where flour, meal, grain and other foodstuffs were stored in large quantities. That room had no rats, but was overrun with mice.

Now such a statement probably means nothing to you, because the words "rats" and "mice" have been linked together so long that the layman assumes they live together in harmony. But the harmony is that of the cat and the canary birds. Rats not only eat mice but hunt them as a delicacy. They will enter a mouse-infested building to get the smaller rodents as titbits. The mouse is found with the rat only as the lady was found with the tiger—inside.

Seventy-five buildings, overrun with rats, except a single room, piled with everything that a rat could possibly

(Continued on Page 74)

On the floor is Shown Pattern No. 534

"I never saw so many beautiful designs as there are in Congoleum!"

That's the outstanding feature of Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Rugs—variety of beautiful designs! Those women who like floral patterns can find many effects to please them. Chinese, Japanese and Persian motifs are just as numerous. The range of geometrical reproductions is noteworthy for its diversity.

And colors! Rich glowing shades, delicate pastel tones—color harmony at its best! You can always find just the right pattern to properly set off the furnishings of any room.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

When you buy Congoleum Rugs, you can be sure you are getting durability. For every rug is guaranteed by the Gold Seal label, to give satisfaction. Women who are careful buyers always look for this pledge. They know from experience that it stands for quality.

Only when you have these rugs on your own floors, can you realize what a saving of time and work they mean. No sweeping, no beating—just wipe them off with a damp mop. That simple cleaning removes every trace of dirt and leaves the colors as bright as new.

Congoleum Rugs are waterproof and seamless. And they lie perfectly flat without fastening of any kind.

Inexpensive and Durable

Congoleum Rugs not only save time and work but money, too. For they cost so little and wear so long that they are the most economical floor-covering you can buy. They are made in all the popular sizes up to 9 x 15 feet.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Atlanta Kansas City San Francisco Cleveland Minneapolis Dallas Pittsburgh New Orleans London Paris Rio de Janeiro

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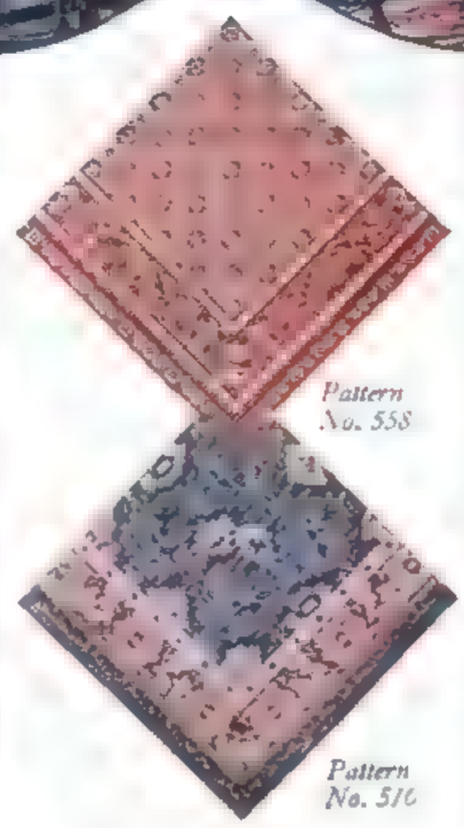


Pattern No. 558

Pattern No. 516

$100 Reward

There is only one "Congoleum." It is manufactured by Congoleum-Nairn Inc., and identified by a Gold Seal pasted on the surface of every piece. All "Congoleums" are [illegible]

As the sale or representation of any other make of floor-covering as "Congoleum" is a violation of the law, we will pay $100 to any person who will secure evidence that will lead to the conviction of any-one guilty of this practice.

If you want the genuine ask for it by the registered trade-mark name "Congoleum" and look for the Gold Seal on the goods you buy.

CONGOLEUM GOLD-SEAL ART-RUGS

Free Booklet

"*Things Every Woman Should Know About Congoleum Rugs*," [illegible] illustrated booklet, shows all the beautiful patterns in their full colors. A copy will gladly be sent to you free on request.

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL GUARANTEE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

How human nature affects manufacturing costs

FAULTY lubrication takes a tremendous toll from Industry.

This waste amounts to millions of dollars annually, apportioned as follows:

Wasted horse power—costing upward of $60 per h. p. per year.

Wasted time—while units of production-machinery are shut down for repairs.

Wasted wages—of men waiting for resumption of work.

Waste of capital investment—brought about by the shortened life of plant machinery.

The following is a situation that any executive can quickly appreciate.

In any plant that "seems to work all right" the operating executive is loath to change.

He will readily admit that the Vacuum Oil Company's world-wide lubrication experience furnishes a background for judgments that he cannot possess.

He will hesitate, nevertheless, to change lubrication unless a critical situation has arisen.

When breakdowns occur, production suffers a set-back. Overhead goes on. Obvious time and money wastes result.

But the same wear that eventually causes the breakdown may be going on now—taking its toll from plant machinery.

Experienced advice is far more important in the *prevention* of crises than in their correction after a breakdown has occurred.

The experienced advice of the world's leading authorities on lubrication is at your disposal. The oils which we recommend are designed to meet accurately and economically the peculiar and varying requirements of each type of industrial machinery.

With the co-operation of your personnel, we will gladly assume full responsibility for the correct lubrication of your entire plant.

A request to our nearest branch office will bring a representative to consult with the proper official in your company.

New York *(Main Office)*, Albany, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Dallas, Des Moines, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Haven, Oklahoma City, Peoria, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., Rochester, St. Louis, Springfield, Mass.

Vacuum Oil Company

IF the Vacuum Oil Company lubricates your plant, you use an organization which has specialized in lubrication for 59 years, whose engineers and field men visit over 200,000 plants yearly, whose treatises are recognized engineering text books. Gargoyle Lubricating Oils are approved specifically by 225 foremost machinery builders, and lubricate industries the world over.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils *for* **Plant Lubrication**

THE ROMANTIC 90'S

By Richard LeGallienne

IT IS always as misleading as it is tempting to compress a period into a formula, and to find for it a spirit in which its expressive figures are supposed to participate, to bear the seal of it, so to say, upon their foreheads. In spite of the great diversity of personalities and ideals, social and artistic messages and movements that were so actively going their several ways in those many-colored energetic years, the 1890's are usually spoken of as if they had only one color—the yellow 90's or the naughty 90's or the decadent 90's.

The Yellow Book has become the symbol of the period, and the two or three writers and artists to whom the word "decadent" may perhaps be applied have been taken as characteristic of a time which was far from being all yellow or naughty or decadent. Even that group of writers most closely identified with this aspect of the 1890's were only accidentally a group; and, being all of them strikingly independent individuals, had really very little in common. Indeed, when we examine their work, one might almost say that they had little in common but—a publisher. That publisher, however, was a remarkable one, no ordinary Barabbas. We are so accustomed to regard authors and publishers as natural enemies that we forget that a publisher may occasionally be something like a creative artist. By his selective encouragement of new talents he may be instrumental in setting new fashions in literature, and by the general character of his business be no little of a contributory creator of taste. Such a creative publisher was John Lane, whose recent death has removed not merely one of the best-known figures of the 1890's but the man who was chiefly responsible for that phase of them with which, as we have said, they are popularly identified.

Origin of the Famed Bodley Head

WHEN Oscar Wilde went arrogantly to his trial in a lordly carriage and pair, he appeared on the witness stand with a copy of The Yellow Book under his arm, and he gave the name of Lane to a valet in one of his plays. This was because he didn't like Lane. Nor did Lane like him. Perhaps it was because they were both exceedingly smart business men; for I remember Lane saying that, though he disliked Wilde personally, such was the magic of his voice and the brilliancy of his conversation that he was afraid of transacting any business with him, because he was sure to be charmed into getting the worst of the bargain.

Lane was a remarkable man, and it is a great pity that he did not live to make that record of his recollections which I understand he contemplated, for no man knew so intimately the literary and artistic London of his day and touched it at so many points. Lane was first of all a great collector, not only of books and pictures but of furniture and, indeed, all kinds of charming collectable things. He was particularly proud of his collection of old glass, with which his rooms in the Albany were perilously crowded, so that one was afraid to turn about for fear of bringing some precious thing with a crash to the floor, particularly on those genial evenings when guests as heterogeneous as the *objets d'art* which surrounded them would drop in for animated talk on their particular hobbies, with the usual humanizing accompaniments of tobacco and whisky and soda. There one met not merely writers and artists but generals and literary lords who collected bookplates and old china, and venerable scholars mysteriously learned.

Lane had great social tact, and usually these apparently incongruous figures were brought together because he was aware of mutual interests which would make them harmonious, and he always had some new find to exhibit, something picked up for a song in those old curiosity shops among which, like another Cousin Pons, he was continually on the prowl. His flair for such things was as unerring as his enthusiasm was almost childlike. Well do I remember nights when we have thus gone exploring together, returning home laden with various treasure-trove which his keen eye had unearthed from most unpromising rubbish heaps of the past; and one evening in particular I recall when we reached the Albany each with a Sheraton chair on his head, carrying our hats in our hands, oblivious of the amused passers-by. It was the same flair and enthusiasm that Lane brought to literature.

When I first knew him he was a clerk in a railway office near Euston, and I would sometimes meet him at the day's end and go with him on one of these expeditions. On one such occasion he told me that he had a friend in Exeter, named Elkin Mathews, who kept a bookshop in that city, and that he had influenced him to remove to London and set up business there. Soon after that a quaint little bookshop, with rare editions in its bay window, opened in Vigo Street, and before long a sign was swinging over the door with a painting of Sir Thomas Bodley on a panel. Such was the beginning of the famous Bodley Head, with Elkin Mathews, for a time, as its sole proprietor, though with Lane as its unseen *deus ex machina*.

Mathews was a little man, as quaint as his shop, with a face not unlike the popular representation of Punch. A gentle Lamb-like figure, he, too, was an ardent collector, and used particularly to pride himself on a cabinet which he believed had belonged to Izaak Walton, "Izaak Walton" being conspicuously carved on the front, a fact which shrewder collectors, such as Lane, considered as by no means confirming its vaunted association. Mathews had none of Lane's initiative, and had been content to remain a bookseller, a specialist in first editions; but Lane's ambitious spirit prevailed, and their two names soon appeared together as publishers, their publishing business beginning modestly enough with a volume of bookish verses by the present writer, a volume whose sole distinction nowadays—though, of course, it was a heartbeating matter to me at the time—is, as I sometimes see in booksellers' catalogues, that it was the first volume published at the Bodley Head, a fact in which I take proper pride. Lane's pace was a little too fast for the Waltonian Mathews, and it was not long before they parted company, Lane taking the since famous sign to other premises across the street.

It was not long before the new publishing house with the quaint sign, like a tavern's, began to be talked about, particularly for two things. The books published by Lane were original and charming to look at. Lane had a genius for format, and his books had a new distinction and luxury about them. One knew a Bodley Head book at a glance. Lane was the first to apply to general publishing the new ideals in printing and binding that were already in the air, and which, before William Morris had started his Kelmscott Press, had found expression in such beautiful esoteric magazines as the Century Guild Hobby-Horse, edited by Herbert P. Horne and Selwyn Image; and The Dial, published under the joint editorship of Charles Ricketts and Charles H. Shannon, who were presently to start the Vale Press, one of the earliest of those private presses that were just then coming into fashion, and the most influential of them all.

Lane had the advantage of the coöperation of Messrs. Ricketts and Shannon in several of his early volumes, notably in the exquisitely decorated edition of Father John Gray's Silverpoints, the House of Pomegranates by Oscar Wilde and the Poems of Lord De Tabley. There was a delightful aura of mystery about these early private presses, particularly about the Vale Press. Had Messrs. Ricketts and Shannon been alchemists, their operations could not have been veiled in a more thrilling secrecy or the results awaited with more hushed expectancy; and specimen pages of any new book on which they were cloistrally engaged were shown privately by Lane to a favored few as things sacrosanct and occultly precious, with that reverent solemnity which only characterizes the true collector. The times were very serious about Beauty.

The Passing of Minor Poets

THE other thing that soon became known of Lane and the Bodley Head was that he was strangely desirous of publishing poetry, was willing even to pay for it, and, moreover, was able to sell it. Till then the minor poet had been a figure for newspaper mockery, one of the favorite butts of Punch, which, indeed, did no little to advertise the Bodley Head Poets in the witty verses of Owen Seaman, since also a knight, who sang of

A precious few, the heirs of utter godlihead,
Who wear the yellow flower of blameless bodlihead.

We never hear of minor poets nowadays. Now, when we are not manifestly great poets we are at least authentic. And the removal of that stigma from the poetic craft is largely due to Lane, who was able to win newspaper respect for his poets—poets for whose recognition he worked both as a friend and as a publisher. Of course, he had poets to work for, who, whatever their size, were real, and, at all events, of greater poetic energy than any who had appeared since the days of Rossetti and Swinburne. At the same time, these men would have had a far longer fight for recognition had there been no Bodley Head, for the difficulty of getting a volume of poems published up till that time, unless the poet cared to pay the cost of it himself, seems hard to believe today, when poetry has become so flourishing an industry.

There were not so many poets in the 1890's as there are nowadays, when, indeed, half the population of the world seems to be made up of poets, and when—joking apart—there is such a general high level of poetic achievement; a phenomenon likely to suggest to the profane that the writing of poetry is much easier than used to be supposed. But there were already a great number compared with the record of the preceding generation; so many, indeed, that England seemed once more a veritable "nest of singing birds." William Archer turned aside from his militant dramatic criticism, which was one of the journalistic features of the time, and relaxed his usual austerity to appreciate thirty-three of them in his book, Poets of the Younger Generation. Archer put in a spirited protest against the term "minor poets."

"Criticism," he said, "has made great play with the supercilious catchword 'minor poet.' No one denies, of course, that there are greater and lesser lights in the firmament of song; but I do most strenuously deny that the lesser lights, if they be stars at all and not mere factitious fireworks, deserve to be spoken of with contempt."

This contempt, as Mr. Holbrook Jackson in his comprehensive and acute survey of the period has pointed out, carried with it a certain moralistic disapproval, implying an unbridled eroticism which was nothing like so characteristic of the poets of the 1890's as it has been of the poets who have succeeded them. In fact, as I have said, these poets had very little in common, as will be seen by running one's eye over a list of the names most prominent then and not yet forgotten: Francis Thompson, Ernest Dowson, Lionel Johnson, John Davidson, Oscar Wilde, Arthur Symons, John Gray, Theodore Wratislaw, Olive Custance, E. Nesbit, Graham R. Tomson—afterward known as Mrs. Marriott-Watson—Michael Field, Margaret L. Woods, Ernest and Dollie Radford, William Watson, Alice Meynell, A. E. Housman, Herbert Trench, W. B. Yeats, Henry Newbolt, Rudyard Kipling, Victor Plarr, Laurence Binyon, H. C. Beeching, F. B. Money-Coutts, A. C. Benson, Sturge Moore, Selwyn Image, Herbert P. Horne, Norman Gale, Stephen Phillips, Lord Alfred Douglas and Lord De Tabley.

The Wide Sweep of Lane's Net

THOUGH the free-verse, imagist and general anti-tradition poets of the moment, morbidly afraid of rhetoric—in which they would seem to include music—and fanatically insistent on every poet having his own "individual accent," whether he himself is possessed of a discernible individuality or not, poets who would do much better rather to go to school to one of the masters than attempt by willful eccentricity to "fake" a fictitious personality for themselves—though these and their sympathetic critics would relegate many of the poets in this list to the dust bin of superannuated song, there is little doubt in the minds of more catholic and central lovers of poetry that several of them have come to stay, and that all of them contributed something valuable to the general chorus. A large proportion of these poets, including nearly all the best, were fathered by the Bodley Head.

Among the names just cited the reader will have noted that of Lord De Tabley. He, too, was among the Bodley Head poets, though it was somewhat surprising to find him *dans cette galère*, and his presence there illustrates how inapplicable to them was any comprehensive formula. Long known to a few, a very few, lovers of poetry by distinguished work of power as well as beauty which would have made any other man famous, but which he did his best to hide under a bushel—was he prompted by the Time Spirit at length to emerge from his seclusion, or was it that he had been accidentally gathered in by the wide sweep of Lane's net? He was a shy, somewhat mysterious figure, who, in time, belonged to the older men of the period, but who thus by his emergence into the 1890's comes to be associated with the younger generation. As far back as 1859 he had published a volume of poems under the pseudonym of G. F. Preston; and between that time and 1870 he had published Præterita, by "William Lancaster," his fine classical drama of Philoctetes, under a third pseudonym, M. A., and his noble drama of Orestes, under the pseudonym, William Lancaster, under which name he also wrote two or three unimportant novels. Only to another volume of poems, Rehearsals, in 1870, did he append his real name, John Leicester Warren.

It was not surprising that, having taken such pains to hush it up, so great a body of fine work remained practically unknown. Indeed, such recognition as he had received was in another field altogether, for he was a learned botanist, and was one of the greatest authorities on the not very popular study of brambles in Europe. Therefore, when I first met him at one of Lane's evenings, some knew him as a famous brambler; but outside a few men of his own generation, and a critic here and there, such as Sir Edmund Gosse, who has written a vivid and

(Continued on Page 41)

Let *him* write the prescription

Your good friend the Doctor, spent a good many years studying the human mechanism before he wrote his first prescription. Don't attempt to use his tools without his knowledge.

The indiscriminate taking of drugs and harsh laxatives is dangerous. If your health is at stake consult a physician. Don't experiment upon yourself.

Because faulty elimination is such a universal condition thousands of men, women and children have contracted the "cathartic habit." This is dangerous. It brings temporary relief only to make matters much worse later.

Drugs and harsh laxatives should seldom be taken except at doctor's orders.

The cause of faulty elimination is improper eating. This condition can be corrected and prevented by eating regularly, a sufficient amount of the right kind of food.

Make this easy test

If you are troubled with improper elimination make it a point to eat Post's Bran Flakes at breakfast every day for two weeks.

See how quickly regular habits are restored and how much better you feel.

Your own doctor has undoubtedly advised you to eat bran because he knows that your intestine requires a certain amount of bulk if it is to function normally.

If you have tried the ordinary, dry, harsh, unpalatable bran do not be discouraged. There is a bran that's really made to eat.

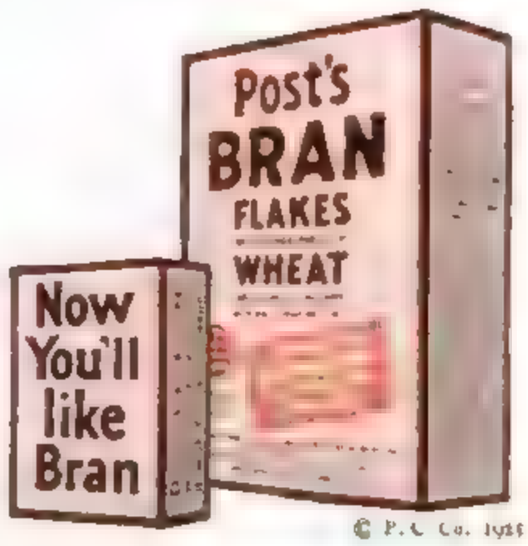
Post's Bran Flakes is delicious. You will enjoy it thoroughly as a cereal with milk or cream. You will like it with fruits or baked into bran muffins or bran bread.

Send for "An Ounce of Prevention," a free trial package of Post's Bran Flakes and our booklet showing different ways of serving Bran. Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Dept. 8-1, Battle Creek, Michigan. Makers of Post Health Products: Post Toasties *(Double-Thick Corn Flakes)*, Grape-Nuts, Post's Bran Flakes, Postum Cereal and Instant Postum. If you live in Canada address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., E., Toronto, Ont.

everybody
every day
eat

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of prevention



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(Continued from Page 39)

sympathetic portrait of him, practically no one knew him as a poet.

I shall never forget the impression his wistful reserved figure, as of a king in exile, made upon me that evening. There was something hierarchical, too, about his noble head, with its longish rippled gray hair, and there was a curious mingling of gentleness and sympathy, with something almost of fierceness in his melancholy but all-observant blue eyes. He was scarcely sixty, but he looked more like eighty as he sat there, with a detached, broken-spirited look as of a fallen Saturn. He seemed like a man who had never recovered from some early sorrow, and I heard it mysteriously hinted that such was the case. He was the lord of a great estate in Cheshire, with a lovely old moated grange going back to the days of Richard II, preserved like a dream in the park of a later Tabley House, a vast Georgian structure, with memories of the Prince Regent; but he seldom visited this home of his fathers, preferring to live elsewhere.

At the time I met him certain of his friends had been endeavoring to arouse his ambition, with the suggestion that he should republish some of his old work. I was aware of this, and ventured to urge him to do it, proposing that he should make a selection from his poems of what he considered best worth preserving. The idea seemed at once to please and alarm him. But he was such a poor judge of his own work, he said, and couldn't trust himself to know the good from the bad. Then, with an indescribable shyness, and as though he were asking me a preposterous favor, instead of, as I naturally felt, doing me a charming honor, he surprised me by saying that he would undertake it if I would help him make the selections. Of course I readily agreed, and thus I came to enjoy a measure of intimacy with him and gain some insight into his lonely nature, so full of charming simplicity and friendly humanity beneath its melancholy reserve.

De Tabley's Dustbins

OUR work on the selections entailed many meetings, and more letters, of which I possess a veritable stack. We would take volume by volume, each make his independent selections, and then compare them. There was also a quantity of new work to go through. The deference of that learned man to my humble opinion was touching—almost embarrassing, indeed, at times. A more gracious humility of nature—a rare thing, indeed, among poets—it is impossible to imagine, and I was constantly afraid of my own criticisms, because he was always sure immediately to accept them as the last word.

In one of his letters he says: "I have been so out of touch for many years with modern verse writing that it would have been imprudent for me in the highest degree to have meditated a reprint without having a younger mind to consult."

He had a quaint way of dividing his tentative lists of selections into what he called dust bins, labeling them, according to his idea of their relative excellence, as Dustbin I and Dustbin II. Thus he would write: "This is merely to inclose Dustbin the Second mentioned yesterday. On the whole, Suckling and The Spider seem to me the most promising items of the cargo, but this you can judge better than I can."

Again: "You have seen so many of my failures that it will not make things worse if you see some more. And if by any happy accident any of the five could just scrape over the admission level, it would be most acceptable just now. It is rather a forlorn hope, I know, whether any of these five unpublished pieces would do. Still one might, though I don't expect it."

And once more: "*Regret.* I am interested to see you have hesitated over this as I have. Except the Madrigal, no piece has given me so much difficulty in deciding upon. With much hesitation I have included it—mainly because Matthew Arnold liked it."

Of some new material, however, he writes in this unwontedly spirited fashion: "I find I have developed, as to this new material, after having been quite free from it in the old, that kind of obstinacy which affects, I suppose, at times even the humblest verse writer. I care very little how I alter a piece which I have written twenty years ago or more. It seems like the work of another man. . . . But I am sorry to say that with a piece which I have recently written this process of cutting out and altering is exceedingly painful. . . . Had I written them long enough to forget them, I would hack at them and cut their throats, bleed them to death, and generally Whitechapel them without the smallest remorse."

As will be seen from this, this work of selection was to him something like the travail of a new birth; however, the pangs were at last over, and when the volume appeared, with a remarkable *fin-de-siècle* cover by Mr. Charles Ricketts, its reception was so immediately and unanimously cordial as quite to dazzle with pleasure one who had been so long and so deliberately a recluse. It seemed to endow him with renewed youth, and I am happy to think I had a hand in bringing about that Indian summer of his fame.

Knowing that Lord De Tabley was interested in Hazlitt, I dedicated to him a reprint of the Liber Amoris which I had at that time edited. His letter in response will have such great interest for lovers of Hazlitt, and seems also so illuminative of De Tabley himself, that I believe the reader will thank me for printing it here. It will not be without interest, too, I imagine, to followers of the fashionable Freudian philosophy:

"I have, as you know, a strong personal interest in Hazlitt. Many better and more blameless men have failed to interest me as much. Coleridge is abler no doubt, but I don't care a brass halfpenny about him, as apart from two or three lyrics. Indeed, at times I loathe him. And having this personal interest, I accept the complete and inexcusable Hazlitt, failings and all, and I could not do without the Liber Amoris, tho' full of faults, vulgarities, absence of humour and all you note. Still, it is an honest record of a genuine and overpowering infatuation. We could not do without the Shakspere sonnets, but the greatest of men plays in them a most unworthy part in this earlier Southampton infatuation. Well, I believe that no men with the note of minority in their work have ever suffered from these infatuations. I believe they seldom

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Holbrook Jackson

come till forty is past, being quite apart from the superficial attractions of youthful passion. I believe they come at first sight, and are quite apart from attachments of gradual knowledge, juxtaposition and opportunity. I fancy they reveal in theological language some great mystery, and reach the very taproots of our personality; or if you prefer to express this in terms more acceptable to the Royal Society—1893—they indicate an elemental instinct seldom reached except in men of the highest attainments. In this view, what the woman is matters absolutely nothing. The man supplies the play and the candles and draws up his own curtain.

"I need hardly say that I am one of those who think far better of Hazlitt for having suffered these things. And I agree with you that all his Haymarket adventures of his earlier days can hardly have touched the surface of his nature, if at forty he was capable of laying himself and his talents, regardless of consequences, at the feet of a shallow and mercenary maidservant. W. B. Scott, with whom in old days I used to discuss the Liber, would have it that this love began in the sense of condescension and patronage which Hazlitt's position as Sarah's master gave Hazlitt. I disagree *toto cælo* from this. But Scott was an able man and his view should, now he is gone, be respected. I shall now read the text of the Liber again. Your reprint has made me wish to do this. It has given a freshness to the subject, and has revived a half-faded rose."

The Book of the Rhymers' Club, published by Lane in 1892, may be regarded as the first concerted attack of the Bodley Head Poets on the British public, though it was not conceived as such, and had no prevailing tone. It had no purpose beyond bringing together in friendly association, after the manner of such old miscellanies as England's Helicon or Davidson's Poetical Rhapsody, examples of the work of twelve poets, most of them young and recently arrived in London, who had constituted themselves a very informal club, which met casually, at odd times, at the houses of one or other of them, or at Doctor Johnson's old tavern, the Cheshire Cheese, in Fleet Street, for discreet conviviality, conversation on literary matters and the reading of their own newborn lyrics. It had none of the propagandizing significance of other such clubs of poetic revolutionaries before or since, and, as a body, was not an energetic institution, nor of long life. Its members lacked any common fusing artistic ideal such as has animated, say, the subsequent Imagist movement. Each was doing his own work in his own way, and the significance of the club was in its individuals rather than in any collective character.

Several of these chanced to be poets who were to become representative of their period, initiators of certain of its poetic trends, and the volume contained poems by them which have attained at least the tentative immortality of anthologies. The names of the twelve who contributed to the first Book of the Rhymers' Club—for it was followed by a second—alphabetically are: Ernest Dowson, Edwin J. Ellis, G. A. Greene, Lionel Johnson, Richard Le Gallienne, Victor Plarr, Ernest Radford, Ernest Rhys, T. W. Rolleston, Arthur Symons, John Todhunter, W. B. Yeats. I have not the book by me, but I am under the impression that printed in it for the first time were Dowson's Cynara, Lionel Johnson's By the Statue of King Charles at Charing Cross, Mr. Yeats' Innisfree and Mr. Plarr's Epitaphium Citharistriæ.

As Mr. Plarr's whimsical Epitaphium is even yet less known than it deserves to be, and as it is perhaps more characteristically "1890" in its mood than some of the others, I will indulge myself by quoting it:

Stand not uttering sedately
Trite oblivious praise above her!
Rather say you saw her lately
Lightly kissing her last lover.

Whisper not, "There is a reason
Why we bring her no white blossom."
Since the snowy bloom's in season
Strow it on her sleeping bosom.

Oh, for it would be a pity
To o'erpraise her or to flout her;
She was wild and sweet and witty—
Let's not say dull things about her.

The Boy Poet at the Rhymers'

DOWSON'S Cynara again would, I suppose, be considered even more characteristically "1890." Certainly no poem is more associated with the period, and perhaps of all the poems then written it is the one still found most often today on the lips of youth. I remember well hearing Dowson recite it, fresh from his pen, on one of those nights at the Cheshire Cheese. He was a frail, appealing figure, with an almost painfully sensitive face, delicate as a silver point, recalling at once Shelley and Keats, too worn for one so young, haggard, one could not but surmise, with excessive ardors of too eager living. A charming, affectionate, high-strung nature, capable at times of strange frenzies of excitement, deeply spiritual, and sensuous too, as such natures usually are, he was of those who passed untimely from the scene, finding peace at last like others of his generation, "too avid of earth's bliss," in the bosom of the Catholic church.

Lionel Johnson himself, prevailingly ascetic though he was, was another of those brief and brilliant figures of the time that followed one another so swiftly to the grave—Hubert Crackanthorpe, Aubrey Beardsley, John Davidson, Stephen Phillips. Fragile creature as Johnson was, his was perhaps the most definite personality of them all, the one that I can most clearly visualize, standing out in lonely relief more firmly as time goes on. My first meeting with him gave me that surprise which everybody experienced who saw him for the first time. It was a Rhymers' Club evening held at the house of Mr. G. A. Greene. Only three or four had as yet dropped in, and were standing about discussing some knotty question of the poetic art, when a boy of fifteen or so, as it seemed, leaning alone against the fireplace—a son perhaps, I had thought, of our host—suddenly struck into the conversation with a mature authority and an unmistakable Oxford accent, and continued to talk with an array of learning that put the rest in silence.

"Who the devil is that youngster?" I asked.

"Why, don't you know?" was the answer with bated breath. "Why, that is Lionel Johnson!"

Fresh from provincial Liverpool, how was I to know?—though I had heard of the recent advent in town of a young

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MISS SMITH OF NEW YORK

By Blanche Brace

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

HE WAS still there. Garbed more correctly than any clothing dummy stepped from a window, a bit weeping-willowish as to posture, but fiercely determined as to eye, that very British young commoner, the Honorable Egbert William Claude Reginald Harmon-Knox, of Chelsea, London, still stood on the northwest corner of two of the busiest streets of New York. Some day the Honorable Bill would probably be an earl; even now there was something of the coronet in the noble indifference with which he ignored the chill autumnal rain.

Traffic whistles assaulted his eardrums. Motor horns shrieked derisively. The hydra-elbowed, centipedular noon-hour throng battered at him from every angle, without leaving a dent in his armor of serene oblivion. Not one of those hurrying hundreds guessed the truth; that here, in supremely tailored English tweeds, was a knight-errant engaged in a golden quest.

Out of a little haberdashery shop opposite—a bally place, in the opinion of the Honorable Bill, with a dashing but obviously uninformed wax gentleman in the window, actually wearing a dinner tie with a morning suit, my word!—there stepped a girl. A lithe young creature, she was more like a boy, in her severe dark suit and her stark felt hat, as she nimbly dodged her way across the street, scorning to wait for the traffic signal. Like a boy's, too, was the frankly friendly, sexless smile which she flung at the Honorable Bill.

"No luck yet?" she inquired.

"My word, yes! Loads of it! All bad!" responded the Honorable Bill, his tone far from gay.

"Don't you dare tell me you're going to back down now!" sharply commanded the girl. "I'll never believe in any man again if you do!"

"Of course not!" hastily denied the Honorable Bill. "Er—not exactly, that is to say. The fact is—not just the place for confidences, this corner, what? I'll drop in after a bit and tell you all about it if I may."

"All right." She gave him a smile. "So long."

"Toodle-ah!" said the Honorable Bill. When he was in America, he tried to talk as much as possible like a Wodehouse character, finding that it was expected of him.

A little cheered in the midst of his despair, he went back to his occupation of watchful waiting. Passers-by eyed him curiously now and then. Two bravely fashionable little workaday flappers, shivering in their sleazily stylish frocks, nudged each other and giggled to see him there on the corner, where he had been when they went out to lunch forty minutes before.

"That guy desoives a medal!" applauded one.

"He's waitin' for his sweetie—that's what's the matter o' him!" the other opined.

She was right. The Honorable Bill was waiting for his sweetie. Many a young man had done it before him in that identical spot, for the intersection he had chosen for his vigil is one of the corners of the universe on which to stand and watch the world pass by. It is to New York what the Café de la Paix on the Place de l'Opéra is to Paris, what the juncture of Piccadilly Street and Piccadilly Circus is to London, what the union of Main Street and Center Avenue is to Squeedunk Corners.

All young men at some time or another wait on corners for their sweeties, yet it would seem that the case of the Honorable Bill is nevertheless unique. In all the history of the world, it is to be doubted if any young man has ever stood on a corner and waited for his girl with quite the fortitude and persistence which, further supported by his walking stick, he now displayed. He had stood there, subtracting a decent interval for sleep and meals, for three months, twenty-seven days, four hours and a few odd minutes. And he was perfectly ready—if he could find some way to circumvent starvation, and once more appease the traffic cop, who seemed to suspect that the Honorable Bill would presently throw a bomb when he got around to it—to stand there for eight months, three days and twenty full hours more. He was willing to throw in the extra minutes. Rash fools there are, and blind, who allege that romance is dead; and yet the Honorable Bill was doing all this for the sake of a girl.

"Think of its Being You!" She Cried Radiantly

"I'll make her pay up for this some day, the cheeky little devil!" he thought. The Honorable Bill might be romantic, but he was human too—also hungry.

It all began back there where so many things started and some, alas, came forever to an end, in France, during the World War. The Honorable Bill, in the uniform of a British captain, had volunteered to lead a scouting expedition into the enemy's territory, and had been dragged back with a shattered right leg and a severe case of mustard-gassing. He woke up tidily tucked into a neat cot in a huge crowded ward, up at the other end of which a girl with yards of bronzy hair and eyes impossibly blue stood singing by the door:

"It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go!"

"I don't know who she is or how she got there, but that's the girl I'm going to marry," instantly decided the Honorable Bill, perhaps still a little under the influence of the mustard gas.

"Is this bally place heaven, sister?" he demanded of the brick-colored, square-built British nurse who came up just then. "I ask you as a pal, is there really a girl there by the door? Yes? Quite! Then, by Jove, I want to talk to her, nurse! Matter of—of utmos' 'portance!" His voice trailed away tiredly.

"Not come to 'imself yet, 'e's not!" thought the nurse. But being a soothing soul, she explained that he was in —— Field Hospital, that they had saved his leg for him—she spoke as if it were a helpin' of puddin', the Honorable Bill thought hazily—that he would do nicely now, and that the girl was Miss Smith of New York, an American entertainer, in the hospital recuperating from influenza. Then she briskly blocked further questions by thrusting a thermometer into their source and he sank back into oblivion once more.

When he woke, he was sure that he had only dreamed the girl. They didn't make them like that, not in real life, by Jove! But at that very moment she came into the room; and responding to the look of frenzied appeal upon the burned and lobster-hued face of the Honorable Bill, came over and seated herself by his cot.

Followed an interval of sheer enchantment, so far as the Honorable Bill was concerned, during which they saw each other every day; and he urged his case with an ardor really praiseworthy in a young man who was chiefly a blister at the time. He had never been in love before. He had in fact regarded the tender passion as just so much tosh, not to say tush; and as he had been at least three removes from the title and a remarkably plain young man, in spite of an undoubted talent for clothes, with a face as bland and blank and expressionless as a fresh-laid egg still in its shell, no girl had thus far thought it worth while to change his mind for him.

"Don't be a silly boy!" murmured Miss Smith, with a glance out of long-lashed blue eyes, well calculated to make him sillier still.

But he continued to urge himself upon her, broken leg, mustard burns and all; family holdings, consisting chiefly of the ancestral acres, and a large number of debts, handed sacredly down from generation to generation; and a probable, though not certain, title. His eldest brother, Hugh, always a bit of a rolling stone, had rolled quite out of sight after a bitter quarrel with his father, the present peer, ten years before, and had never been heard from since. His intervening brothers, all three of them, had given their lives for their country during the war. Now there remained to that fiercely cantankerous, bedridden septuagenarian, the Earl of Blackshire, only the child of his old age, the Honorable Bill.

"So I'm the heir presumptive to his debts and the silly title!"

He blushed beneath his burns, for he wouldn't have believed that he could have fallen so low as to lug the bally earldom in.

"Presumptive is right, I guess," wisely thought Miss Smith. Being from New York, she didn't believe all she heard.

"I—er—love you, by Jove!" muttered the Honorable Bill, with a threatening glance at the sleeping officer in the next cot, as if daring him to wake and overhear. "I—er—adore everything about you—your lovely eyes and your gorgeous hair, and the cunnin' American way you talk through your dear little nose. You're goin' to stay over on this side the pool, as you American johnnies call it, and marry me."

"Pond," corrected Miss Smith abstractedly.

She looked at him with a queer expression upon her alluring face. The Honorable Bill was hardly a figure of romance at the moment. His bony wrists dangled a long way out of the sleeves of the army pajamas that had been issued to him, and his funny face was swollen and blistered and red.

"Silly boy!" she said. "Don't you know I couldn't live anywhere but in New York?"

"All bosh!" tenderly contradicted the Honorable Bill. "We'll live at Blackshire. London's all well enough for a bachelor, but you and I want the whole country to be alone in, don't we, darlin'? Rather! Just you and me, cunnin' thing, and the fields, and the bally flowers and birds, by Jove!"

Miss Smith was silent. She didn't like birds—they made such a mess around the flat—and when her admirers sent flowers, she always regretfully calculated on the back of an envelope how many pairs of silk stockings could have been

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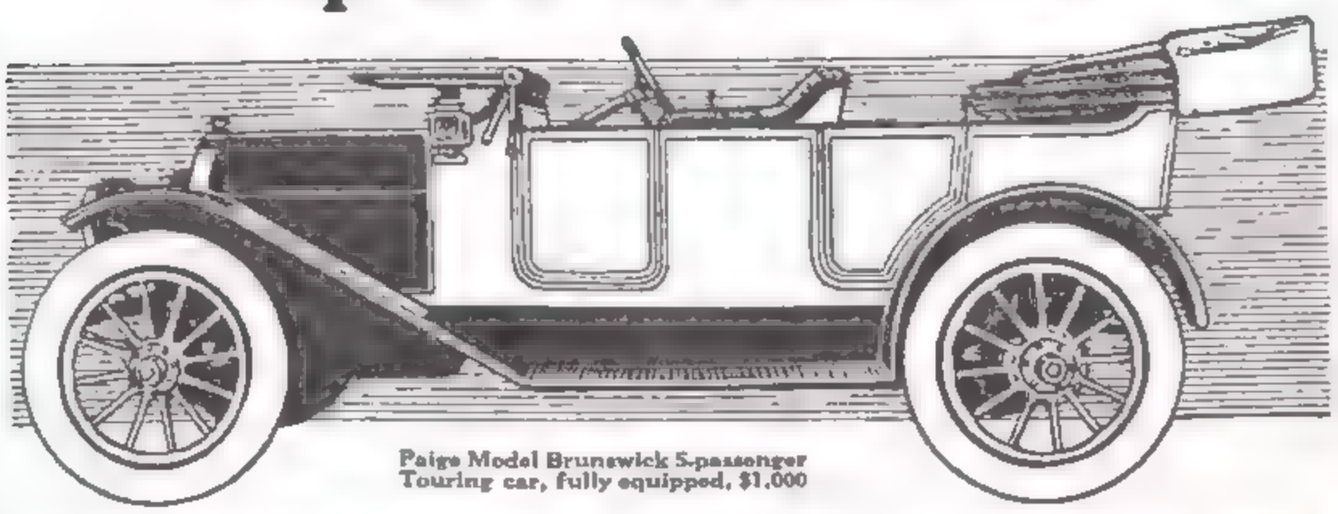
PAIGE

Regular Equipment Now Includes Top and Wind-shield



Paige Model Brunswick 5-passenger
Touring car, fully equipped, $1,000

WE ANNOUNCE with pleasure this last great addition in the equipment of the Paige car. We believe that every prospective purchaser of an automobile, conversant with what the market offers in motor cars at Paige prices, realizes the importance of this step—realizes the tremendous lead the Paige car now has, fully equipped with top and wind-shield included—realizes that in order to include this equipment with the already 100% value of the Paige it has been necessary to put a part—and a large part—of our profits back into the car.

It wasn't *necessary* to add either top or wind shield to Paige equipment to make it the best value in its field. No one complained because they were not given with the Paige. Purchasers of thousand dollar cars realized that the Paige gave the *essential* automobile values. They have shown preference for the Paige in the face of all alluring equipment offers of other manufacturers—shown such a preference that they have already bought *thousands* of Paige cars and have been satisfied to pay extra for the top and wind-shield. Our estimated and announced production of 3,500 cars for this year has already been exceeded. That's indisputable *proof* of Paige quality. Now with the top and wind shield added to Paige equipment without extra cost—carrying out our fixed determination of giving *more* and *better* than any other manufacturer—the Paige offers motor car value not even approached by any other car at its price.

The Paige policy in manufacturing and selling has always been to put back into the Paige car every year part of the Paige profits, but this year there is nothing we can do to better the car *down inside*. It is built as well as we or any other manufacturers can build a car of its size and its power. The materials used are as good as can be bought. The workmanship is the best that can be employed. There is no way to put more service value into the mechanism of the Paige. The only thing we can do is to increase its equipment. So now we are adding as a part of the regular equipment of every Paige Model this top and single-vision wind shield, two items of equipment which previously we have sold to Paige purchasers as extra equipment.

The Paige is the best automobile you can buy anywhere for its price. A well designed, well constructed car—comfortable, enduring and with more speed and power than its owners ever need. And beyond its quality merely as an automobile—this point is important—the Paige is built by an organization of the most experienced and reputable executives, behind whom is a directorate composed of some of America's biggest business men who hold themselves responsible to every Paige owner for their product.

There could not be a better guarantee of the honest construction of every Paige car

See the Paige—examine every detail of construction. Compare it with other cars selling at Paige prices—or more. Ride in it—test its power, its speed, its easy riding qualities, its simple operation. Note the sure, smooth engagement of its cork insert multiple disc clutch—found elsewhere only on cars selling for $1600 and more—study the many BETTER features of the Paige. Consider it just as an automobile, then consider the organization which produces it—the men back of it and make your own conclusions.

Models and Equipment

Paige regular equipment includes top, single-vision wind-shield, three black enamel oil lamps, two black enamel head lamps, generator, tool kit, jack, etc. Detroit Quick Demountable Rims on Models Beverly and Brunswick, including tire irons, $15. Same equipment on Kenilworth, $12.50. (Self-starter and Prest-O-Lite tank will be installed, if desired, at the factory for nominal charge of $25.)

Model Brunswick, 5-passenger touring car, fully equipped as above. **Price $1000.**

Model Beverly, 4-passenger torpedo touring car, fully equipped as above. **Price $975.**

Model Kenilworth, roadster fully equipped as above. **Price $1000.**

Model Brooklands, raceabout. Regularly equipped with Prest-O-Lite tank, self-starter, and demountable rims. **Price $975.**

Specifications

104 inch wheel base, full 25 horse power motor, **enclosed valves,** selective sliding gear transmission, three speeds forward and one reverse, **multiple disc cork insert clutch,** 32 x 3½ inch tires, front axles one piece drop forged I beam, rear axle semi-floating, shaft drive bevel gear, rear springs full elliptic transverse with six 14 inch span R I V annular bearings in transmission, Hyatt bearings in driving shaft and axles.

Arrange for a Paige demonstration at once. We can deliver your car immediately, with this new complete regular equipment.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

A Paige advertisement from the newspapers of 1912

True in 1912
True Today!

"THE Paige is the best automobile you can buy anywhere for its price. A well designed, well constructed car—comfortable, enduring and with more speed and power than its owners ever need. And beyond its quality merely as an automobile—this point is important—the Paige is built by an organization of the most experienced and reputable executives, behind whom is a directorate composed of some of America's biggest business men." The same executives and directors who founded the Company in 1909 continue in active charge.

PAIGE JEWETT

A New DeLuxe Sedan

$2395

[5-passenger]

In 1912 the Paige was a quality car, and today it is a quality car. Then, as today, it represented outstanding value. Today, as then, it offers unusually complete equipment included at the list price—five balloon tires, bumpers, trunk, snubbers, heater, Paige-Lockheed 4-wheel brakes. It's ready to drive at $2395, f. o. b. Detroit, tax extra.

Built by the PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY · Detroit, Michigan

(585)

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purchased for the same sum. Her silence alarmed the Honorable Bill.

"Then—I say—will you marry me if I come over to New York and become a bloomin' Yank?"

"Come on over and we'll see," laughed Miss Smith.

She rose and stood smiling down at him. For an instant she hesitated, and then she leaned over and swiftly dropped an audacious little kiss on the nose of the Honorable Bill, the only part of his countenance free from burns. As he reached for her, she fled.

"Angel! Wait till mornin'!" breathed the Honorable Bill.

But he waited longer than that, for that same night Miss Smith slipped away from the hospital without even telling him good-by, whereupon he first used language that would have made even the Tommies blink, and then suffered a setback extremely puzzling to the doctors, staring bleakly into space for days on end, his eyes bright with fever, his mouth set and grim. For a whole year after the Armistice, back home in London, he resolutely endeavored to put Miss Smith out of his mind. My word, what was the good of slopping around over a little blighter who could cut and run like that? But unfortunately she had been a very lovely little blighter, it was his first love affair, and he had one of those one-way heads from which an idea that has once found entrance has small chance of exit.

"Maybe she'd like me better without the blisters," optimistically thought the Honorable Bill. He took a dubious look into a mirror and abandoned the thought. "If my face was my fortune I'd have to go into bally bankruptcy," he ruefully admitted. "Still, she said to come over and we'd see—and I'm goin', by Jove!"

Hastening to Blackshire to break the news to his father, he found that peevish old peer, interrupted in perfecting a game of indoor golf on a counterpane course, with pills for the balls and a lead pencil for the club, even warmer in his vituperation than the Honorable Bill had expected. The earl was not troubled by the thought of the separation; of all his sons, he had loved only the eldest, Hugh, whom he had ordered out of his house. But America! The Earl of Blackshire cherished an insatiable hate for that bally land, because an American woman, week-ending in the home of a mutual friend, had upon her departure presented the peer with ten shillings, mistaking him for the butler. The incident had taken place forty years ago, but it still rankled.

"Don't be a silly ass!" he cackled at his youngest born. "If you must travel, go to some civilized land—the interior of Africa, or the Indian jungle, by Jove!"

"Poor old codger!" pityingly thought the Honorable Bill. "What does he know about love, poor old chappie!"

Knowing all about it himself, he blithely set forth upon a quest from which even Ulysses, a worthy wanderer in his day, might have shrunk, appalled—the finding of a girl named Miss Smith in the city of New York, and the winning of her love. Not until the craggy sky line of that city smote his view did it occur to the Honorable Bill that he had set himself a considerable task. He was impatient of the delay that the size of the city might involve.

"Ought to get there by tea time, at any rate," he radiantly reflected. "My word! Think of havin' her pour the tea with her own lovely little hands! Worth the journey? Quite!"

"Look sharp, cabby!" he urged, hailing a taxi.

"Look sharp, yourself!" grunted the driver, a true son of democracy, just as good as, if not rather better than, anyone else.

"My dear old son, be calm!" gayly begged the Honorable Bill. "I wouldn't put you to any trouble for the world—no, no! But if you're sure it's not out of your way, just take me to Miss Smith—er—that is—I mean to say ——"

He had counted on getting her address from the headquarters of the organization that had sent that most entertaining of entertainers overseas. But records are faulty things at best, and these did not hesitate to wipe a beautiful girl out of existence with grim finality.

"No such person as Smith," he was told.

The good old city directory—that was the thing! Or did they have city directories, he wondered, in this savage new land? They did, but the bally tome listed not one Smith of the profession graced by the bronze-haired girl of his heart; the Smiths appeared to be an unentertaining lot. And prolific? Well, by Jove, you know! The Honorable Bill wasn't going to brook the delay threatened by all those pages and pages of finely printed names, not if he could hurry matters. He hurried to the advertising offices of a great newspaper, the name of which was immensely reassuring, bringing to mind as it did the dear old London daily which made such a specialty of the kind of thing he had in mind; and disregarding the amusement of a snickering clerk, left the following personal for insertion:

"Miss Smith: Mustard-gassed British captain awaits answer to question asked in France. When and where can he meet you? Burns left no scar, eyelashes a decided improvement. Communicate X, the Times."

Endless days—they seemed to stick a lot of extra hours into the bally things here in America—went by, and no word came from Miss Smith. It speaks well for the discretion of all Smiths that the Honorable Bill received but two answers to his advertisement, one from a special writer named Baird, in search of a Sunday story, and the other from an alert landlady, desiring to call his attention to a lovely hall bedroom, elegantly furnished with a brass bed and what she described as a chiffon ear.

"Mahomet must go to the mountain, by Jove!" gallantly determined the Honorable Bill.

He inserted a carnation into his spruce buttonhole, and set forth upon his sentimental journey. Aaron Smith, Abner Smith, a never-ending round of Smiths, he visited, asking over and over his eternal question:

"I say, old chappie"—or "Pardon me, madam"—"any entertainers in the family, if you don't mind?"

Sometimes they did mind very much. There was a longshoreman with three sets of twins at home, the eldest aged six, who hotly demanded whether the Honorable Bill was looking for a fight. There was a genial Smith with two bootlegging brothers who answered merrily that he'd tell the world there were entertainers in the family all right! All sorts of Smiths, from archæologists to ashmen, mostly living up many flights of stairs, were viewed by the Honorable Bill; but nowhere among them did he find the unique and lovely Smith who was the object of his search.

"Cheerio, old son! What next?" he asked himself blankly when he had exhausted the directory list of Smiths

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Mr. Squiffins, a Baloony Little Man, Beamed Upon the Visitor. The Honorable Bill Did Not Return His Smile

Will the North Pole be Valsparred Next?

The famous Valspar boiling water test

BRAVING the frozen wastes of Alaska, this dog train bears food and supplies to our farthest North Army Post, Ft. Gibbon. Over mountains, lakes, and rivers, through swamp and forest, blizzards and unbroken trails, with the thermometer anywhere from zero to 72 degrees below—each trip is a battle royal with extreme weather conditions.

When the sturdy, though unbelievably light dog-sleds were made ready for their winter's work, four coats of Valspar clear varnish were applied over the natural wood. Even the webbing of moose rawhide was Valsparred to render it moisture-proof.

Here was a gruelling test of Valspar's preservative and wear-resisting qualities!

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ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

CYNTHIA STANDISH, a 1907 model, sitting beside her on a stone seat in the water garden of Beaudesert Court, the auntly residence, considered dispassionately in all its branches the case of Dorothy, her cousin, assembled in 1906.

The water of the water garden flowed on between flanking yew hedges a rectangle of water and three little steps leading down to a second rectangle of water and three more little steps, and so on by rectangular levels of water till the last flowed into a brick well, and thence who knows whither, according to the scheme of the sixteenth-century architect wherewith he designed it. So, in Cynthia's estimation, her own life flowed on, with little trickles of laughter, from one delightful episode to another, as customarily is the case with charming, slender young persons whose attractive faces are lit by blue eyes and framed in ripe-corn-colored hair shingled by inspired scissors.

Cynthia, in a sleeveless white tennis frock, a small white felt hat dragged scientifically over her eyes, considered Dorothy and said:

"My dear, what possesses you to love him so when it makes you all earnest and frumpy and squashy and gives you that decayed, moldy, afflicted look?"

And Dorothy, in her too voluminous frock with sleeves, her more substantial legs hosed in fine white cashmere, a larger hat perched on dark hair of unfashionable length, gazed, unpowdered and not ashamed of it, into the distance and answered:

"It's all very well for you. You're a flippant product of a restless age. I'm always reaching out after something deeper and more satisfying, and I find it in Henry. He took a brilliant degree at Oxford, he's the greatest authority on European politics among the younger men, he's writing what will be an epoch-making book; and he did it all by hard work, not being at all rich, when he might have spent his time kissing girls and fooling about on golf links. If I could make Henry Brandon fall in love with me I should have done something worth while, and the money I shall come into would help his career. Women mean nothing to him. If I were to make Marcus Holyoake fall in love with me I should merely be the jam in the sandwich between the girl he fell in love with yesterday and the girl he'll fall in love with tomorrow."

"Perhaps," suggested Cynthia, cuddling her tennis racket against her, "you and Henry have some tacit understanding." But Dorothy shook a mournful head.

"Oh, no; I've been hopelessly in love with him since we were children. He spent most of his holidays here. He's an orphan, you know. He'll never think twice about me and I shall never love anybody else."

"Personally I find him extremely tedious. He does nothing but stew over his book most of the day and then come down and get in the way on the tennis court, where he ought to be arrested for loitering."

"Do you," inquired Dorothy, "see anything wrong with me from a man's point of view?"

Cynthia surveyed her lingeringly and heaved a faint sigh.

"Well, if I were you I shouldn't worry about my face. One can do a lot with one's little up-pug face, only you need to take more pains. Your legs are rather different. You've got what I call serious legs, but with care over your shoes and stockings—those are more like battle cruisers than shoes; and, my dear, as for cashmere!"

"Anything else?"

"Somehow you always look to me bunchy round the hips."

"I shouldn't feel dressed if I didn't."

"I shouldn't feel dressed if I did. I should feel my mind was slipping. Men, however gifted, notice these things subconsciously. They turn to us for relaxation if we show a few attractive signs to point the way. Clever men are very much the same as other men, only more intelligent. If you were to shingle your hair, at least he'd take the trouble to look at you."

Dorothy rose from the stone seat and stood regarding Cynthia as Moses may have regarded the Promised Land.

"Strictly between ourselves," said Dorothy at last, "I am a rake at heart. But from my baby days governesses imposed goodness on me, and then I fell in love with Henry, who never did wrong in his life. Now it's too late to alter; and when I'm an old, old lady I shall never have anything to look back upon that I shall have ought to regret and shouldn't. Come on; it's teatime."

II

THE drawing-room of Beaudesert Court, built at the angle of one wing, looks upon two terraces, and there is always shade on one or the other. Cynthia and Dorothy found a table spread in the grateful shadow of three gray walls. At rest in a wicker armchair they discovered the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Crake, the widowed mother of Dorothy, the chatelaine of Beaudesert Court, a butterfly of forty summers and no winters, having passed most of these in the South of France, except for a month or so of hunting. She sat there looking like an angel from Deauville, faint fragrance of the touch of chypre behind either little ear censing her, and beheld Dorothy with wounded eyes, as some tall swan, hatching by chance a gosling, might, stricken, gaze.

From two more wicker armchairs arose in greeting Sir Marcus Holyoake, baronet, a subaltern officer in the Thirtieth Hussars, the pride of his squadron, very beautiful in white flannels, and Henry Brandon, M.A., his dark hair tangled with thought, in rather crumpled gray. Aloof, yet in some mute fashion assuring them to be clothed round by sweet art with the gracious warm heaven of his imminent wings, hovered Jenkins, the butler.

Marcus Holyoake, turning to Cynthia as one predestined, supplied her tenderly with a chair. Henry Brandon, vaguely polite, achieved as much for Dorothy. Jenkins moved certain items of the tea equipment half an inch to the right or left and withdrew.

"Ah!" murmured Mrs. Crake, alighting suddenly on the shore of some azure dream. "Tea, Cynthia? Dorothy darling, how warm you look! Your poor father was always a perfect martyr to the sun, but I adore it. . . . Marcus, do you think you could pour just a little more hot water in this teapot?"

Cynthia leaned back with a contented sigh.

"Thank you, Aunt Betty. Marcus dear, please come and stay me with sandwiches and comfort me with cream buns. I want to be all fussed over."

Dorothy pushed back her hat, twisted a damp curl brutally and said to Henry Brandon, "How's the book? Done any work since lunch?" And Henry Brandon replied as to a tiresome child, "The moth of endeavor still hovers round the candle of achievement."

Mrs. Crake gazed at him with gentle eyes. She liked him because he was earnest and hard working, and she could pity him and spoil him and perform a good work she did not find objectionable, and make her own butterfly existence seem more trivial by contrast.

"He's got to have a lovely tea today, because he won't be here tomorrow. He's going up to London to broadcast a lecture on European politics. He told me all about it just before you other people arrived," she announced. "We shall be able to listen in and hear him. Almost uncanny, isn't it?"

"Gosh!" observed Marcus, a simple soldier.

"My dear Henry!" exclaimed Dorothy, and worshiped. "We all knew he was wonderful; but this—I mean—it does bring it home to one, doesn't it?"

Henry registered patience and bravery.

"The difficulty," he explained, "is what not to say. Between what one knows and mustn't reveal, and what they wouldn't understand if one told them, the path one has to tread is strait and narrow and hedged with thorns."

He paused, and the clear voice of Cynthia intervened.

"Oh, Henry," she pleaded, "do at least tell me what you're going to wear."

Time, drifting toward sunset, took Dorothy, Marcus and Henry on some vague ramble.

In the enchanted hour before dinner Cynthia turned to her hostess and said, "What a delightful place this is. It was sweet of you to ask me, Aunt Betty."

"Speaking as one cat to another, I'm anything but unselfish," answered Mrs. Crake, who all her life had found truth simpler than fiction. "I wanted you to amuse Marcus and I thought perhaps you might put ideas into Dorothy's head. Dorothy is a grim sight for a mother like me. She takes after her father, of course. He was very distinguished and spoke five languages, and his head never came out of the clouds until he was buried, poor darling. But a girl can't afford to be like that, in spite of all this equality of the sexes. Doesn't she ever reveal to you, when she's brushing her hair and you're dragging a comb through yours, any signs of original sin, Cynthia, my dear? Is she all athletic underwear, body and soul?"

"I'm afraid she's genuinely in love, Aunt Betty."

Mrs. Crake answered with impatience:

"Of all the absurd, unnecessary handicaps a girl can have, the greatest is to be in love with a man instead of making him in love with her. It transfers all the stupidity to the one who can afford it least. As you know, a man's never such a fool as when he's in love; and I ask you, can a girl ever afford to be a fool? Of course she can't!"

"I suggested ——"

"I'm sure you did, and what's the good? No one in love has the use of his wits or her wits. Without naming any names, she ought to be walking about on the heart of that clever, self-satisfied young prig, and what chance has she in those clothes when she wilts in his presence?"

The very faintest shrug quivered along Cynthia's slight shoulders. Mrs. Crake glanced mournfully at her wrist watch.

"Well, it's time to go and undress for dinner. I'm afraid Dorothy's beyond the reach of anything except prayer; but if you can manage to reform her, don't hesitate to ask me for a car or a necklace or a winter on the Riviera, or anything you happen to want. I'm rich, even if I'm unhappy about my poor child."

Dorothy, eating with bitter relish, watched dinner saunter by. She beheld her mother, svelte and catlike, a woman bearing her forty years as lightly as a lover's kiss. Dorothy compared her own mournful yet costly frock with the drift of rose petals that clung imponderably to Cynthia. Dorothy compared Marcus Holyoake, divine with that indescribable something the Thirtieth Hussars instill into their young men, to Henry Brandon, physically a trifle soft, mentally a trifle overpowering, socially rather a lump, and asked grimly of Fate:

"Why am I like me instead of like Cynthia? Why have I got to love him instead of him me?" And Fate was dumb.

Later, descending from her bedroom to recover some forgotten trifle, she paused in the gallery that runs round the great hall of Beaudesert Court. Only one dim lamp burned.

At the foot of the stairs leading to the gallery Cynthia, in the arms of Marcus Holyoake, raised her blue eyes to his and said dreamily, "Oh, Marcus, how adorably you kiss one! Good night, darling."

And Marcus, with soldierly directness, answered, "Nothing like you do, Cynthia. You're simply marvelous."

As a wraith Dorothy turned and disappeared, grinding unwraithlike teeth.

"She doesn't care two hoots, and she gets—she gets darned well everything!" moaned Dorothy.

Still later, Marcus Holyoake, in silk pajamas, a foulard dressing gown and scarlet leather slippers, strode manfully into the apartments of Henry Brandon. Marcus found the sage yet in his dinner clothes, seated at a writing table correcting a pile of manuscript. Marcus dropped into an armchair and said:

"Excuse my interrupting, old dear, but do give me a cigarette. I've run right out, and where is a man without his night-night cigarette? And as he is still less without his early morning one, you might spare me a handful."

"Take the whole box," answered Henry bitterly, and threw it at him. "I've got another. I invariably have everything. I'm methodical. I know exactly what I shall do always, when, where and how. It's a curse some people are born with."

"Morbid fellow," retorted Marcus, lighting and inhaling gratefully.

"If you were to lose your collar stud," Henry went on, "you'd have to borrow from me, or the servants; but I keep half a dozen spare ones against an emergency."

"But then, Henry, you're a great man and I'm only a poor blighter of a soldier—cannon fodder, the country's last hope."

"Your motto is war, wine and women; and I am a worthy person and I hate it; and I envy you, and I should like to break out, but how can I? If you were found kissing Mrs. Crake's very charming French maid, they would just say boys will be boys; but if it were I, they'd think my brain had given way and send for the doctor."

"I'm not so sure they would. You've got a wicked look sometimes. Cheer up, my lad. Something's walking over your grave tonight," said Marcus. He went out fox-trotting, lifting the skirt of his dressing gown in the manner of a chorus girl. Henry Brandon glanced at his watch and sighed.

Half an hour later midnight twanged from the clock over the stables, the door opened silently and Jenkins entered, carrying a tray laden with decanter, soda water and a glass. He placed it on the writing table and Henry nodded. Jenkins poured out three fingers of whisky, opened a bottle of soda water and began to spill it in a restrained manner on the whisky. Henry nodded again and Jenkins cut off the flow instantly.

Henry drank, put down his glass, looked Jenkins in the eye and said, "Well, Jenkins, what about the 3:30 race tomorrow?"

Jenkins, two paces away, thumbs behind the seams of the trousers, arms slightly bent, answered gravely:

"I have considered the matter very carefully, sir, and in my respectful opinion you cannot do better than back Royal Sunset. What is his record, sir? On March second he beat Grey Lad by half a length, giving seven pounds; he also beat Scandal by a neck, giving five pounds; and

(Continued on Page 49)

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(Continued from Page 46)

later in the year he won by eight lengths from Hercules, to whom he conceded fifteen pounds, and by three lengths from Never Say Die at level weights. In spite of these successes, the odds are not, if I may say so, iniquitous."

"Well," said Henry, "get through to Major Fitzgerald in the morning and ask him to put on ten pounds for me, and—er—one for yourself, and wire that everything is O.K. and what price he got."

"Very good, sir. I thank you, sir."

"Of course, all this is very wrong; and if it were to leak out, my reputation would be blasted forever. I rely on you, Jenkins. I trust that you, at least, do not disapprove."

"A gentleman, sir, needs some kind of outlet for the emotions," responded Jenkins. "If I may take the liberty, when I glance back on your wonderful and industrious career, sir, and recall how, even as a child, you were laden with responsibilities, I look upon it as a mercy that you are able to take, strictly incognito, a little interest in 'orse racing."

III

IN THE somnolent hour after luncheon, when Henry Brandon had departed on his broadcasting mission, with Marcus Holyoake absolutely and entirely reserved to the amusement of Mrs. Crake, who considered it aging and tiresome always to give up to the young people, Cynthia, jaded by expensive chocolates, conceived a desire for those childish lollipops commonly sold by village confectioners. She therefore dragged Dorothy from her chair in the shade and they proceeded in a small car, with Cynthia at the wheel, to the village of Morton Barva, where there is a general shop and post office. And in due season the stout lady who conducted the business, having wrapped up the lollipops, merged into her other incarnation of state official and said:

"There's a telegram for Mr. Brandon, miss. I don't know as I ought rightly to give it you, but the boy's gone over to Mason's Farm and won't be back this hour or more."

Cynthia stretched out a little pink paw. The postmistress entered a cage sacred to government affairs, placed the message in its orange envelope, licked the flap, wrote the name and address, withdrew and handed the envelope across her counter.

In the car Cynthia thrust the envelope on Dorothy's lap.

"It's for Henry," she explained, and paused. Dorothy stared like an owl. "She's only just licked the envelope," pursued Cynthia. Dorothy raised inquiring eyebrows. "I mean, the lick's still wet," Cynthia elaborated.

"Don't be horrid. Supposing it is, what then?" retorted Dorothy.

Cynthia slammed the gear lever into first and snarled. "I mean you can easily open the envelope and read the telegram. You're in love with him, aren't you? S'posing it's from another girl. How do you know it's only broadcasting that takes him to London?"

"I wouldn't dream ——"

"Neither should I. It'll be dry before you've finished dreaming."

Dorothy gave her a long, long look. Then, with infinite care, she turned back the flap of the envelope, withdrew the sheet of flimsy paper and read:

"Got eleven pounds on Royal Sunset at ten to one.

"FITZGERALD."

Mechanically Cynthia drew to the roadside, stopped the car and took away the telegram. She perused it carefully and handed it back.

"He bets," she said, "and you told me he'd never done wrong in his life. Are you the sort of wife for a man who bets? My dear, give up all hopes of Henry and go into a convent or on the stage. The wrench will do you good."

"It must be a mistake, Cynthia."

That maiden pointed calmly.

"'Brandon. Beaudesert Court,'" she read. "Who is Fitzgerald anyway?"

"It must be Major Fitzgerald, a friend of Henry's."

"Worse and worse. He backs horses in secret through his friends. I wonder what else he does? You'd better stop being such a good girl, Dorothy. The trouble is you are too good, and as long as Henry possessed no vices you had a hope; but now, of course, goodness is ridiculous. It would bore him stiff."

"Well," said Dorothy in a gray voice, "what am I to do?"

"First replace the telegram in the envelope, moisten the tip of the forefinger, damp the flap of the envelope and reseal it. Then we'll go back and consult Jenkins. All butlers bet like blazes."

When luncheon is past and tea not yet in sight, even a conscientious butler may loosen the straps of his harness and pause to draw breath. Only persons devoid of tact would intrude upon an upper servant in his negligee, but a crisis needs desperate measures. Therefore Cynthia tapped firmly on the door of Jenkins' pantry and opened the door, to behold Jenkins still a butler as regards waistcoat and trousers, but clad as to the rest of him in an old shooting jacket of gay and pleasing pattern. He rose from his chair, spectacles on nose, endeavoring to conceal

"My Dear, What Possesses You to Love Him So When It Makes You All Earnest and Frumpy and Squashy and Gives You That Decayed, Moldy, Afflicted Look?"

a sporting newspaper. A sigh of satisfaction escaped Cynthia when her blue eyes beheld that sheet.

"Jenkins, dear," she began, softly as the cooing of doves, "do forgive us, but we're in a terrible mess and only you can help us." She drew the unwilling Dorothy within and closed the door. "Do please sit down again," she continued. "The floor will do perfectly for me." She sat at his feet, gazed up into his eyes and sighed. "Jenkins, when did Mr. Brandon first take to betting?"

"Betting, Miss Cynthia?" returned Jenkins, with only a faint start. "I fear I don't understand you."

"I mean the act of wagering money that a certain horse will win a certain race. As a reader of the Sporting Clarion, you ought to know something about it."

Jenkins gazed at her with dignified humility.

"Strictly between ourselves, Miss Cynthia, I take what I believe is called an academic interest in racing; but you were referring to Mr. Brandon. It is not the sort of thing, if I may say so, in which a distinguished university gentleman would be likely to indulge."

"We know all about it, Jenkins. Mr. Brandon has eleven pounds on Royal Sunset at ten to one, and Major Fitzgerald arranged the bet for him. The point is ——"

A deep sigh from Jenkins interrupted her.

"Ten to one, Miss Cynthia? I had anticipated twelve at least, and with luck, fifteen."

"Oh, Jenkins, Jenkins!" exclaimed Dorothy out of a full heart. "How could you have corrupted Mr. Brandon?"

"I was thinking of a little private wager I made myself, Miss Dorothy."

Cynthia got up and leaned negligently against the wall.

"The telegram was addressed to Mr. Brandon, not you. They gave it to us at the post office and the envelope came undone in the car. You may as well tell us everything," she said coldly.

Jenkins shook his head.

"The telegram should have been addressed to me. I pointed that out to Mr. Brandon, but he considered that a series of telegrams addressed to an upper servant might arouse suspicion. As for telling you all, Miss Cynthia, it is not my place to discuss the affairs of a gentleman staying in the 'ouse, but this much I will say:

"Mr. Brandon never 'ad what I call a fair chance to enjoy himself. As Miss Dorothy could tell you, he used to stay here in 'is holidays when a boy; and being 'ighly gifted, he was always working for some scholarship, or prize, whichever it might be. I recall that Mrs. Staines, the housekeeper, took particular trouble to provide his favorite puddings, being sorry for the lad, and I always selected a particular brand of ginger ale he fancied. And one day, not so many years ago, being very tired, Mr. Brandon said to me, 'Jenkins, you're like me, always at work. Why don't we damn well go out of our minds?' And it was then that I confessed to a little private interest in 'orse racing."

"Yes, Jenkins?"

"I shall always remember 'is first Lincoln 'Andicap, Miss Cynthia. The horse was a stone-cold certainty, only it got shut in by the others; but we pulled off the City and Suburban that year; and although we went down on the Derby, we did very well at Ascot. And so it's gone on, miss, just a little secret between ourselves, and it did him good, and where is the 'arm?"

Dorothy rose to her feet also.

"It's a little stuffy in here," she murmured. "I think I'm going outside." The door closed on her, and Jenkins shook his head.

"If you will excuse me, Miss Cynthia, there goes another one too much in earnest. And I beg of you to respect these confidences. Mr. Brandon considers that it would do him harm if it were known that he bets. Personally I call it a crowning mercy. He might have taken to drink. He might—pardon the suggestion—have acquired undesirable female acquaintances. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, as they say."

Cynthia inclined her dainty head.

"I am as the grave," she answered. "Strictly between ourselves, they had better marry, hadn't they, Jenkins?"

"A butler sees most of the game, Miss Cynthia. I would suggest they were very suited."

"It shall be arranged," declared Cynthia superbly. "Thank you very much, Jenkins. I've enjoyed myself immensely."

She went out and sought Dorothy high and low, finally running her to earth in her bedroom. Dorothy's frock hung gravely over a chair, her shoes stood parked neatly beneath it and she lay on her bed in a blue velvet dressing gown, with traces of tears about her eyes.

"But, my dear," inquired Cynthia, "why howl? Surely Providence has delivered him into your hand this day!"

Dorothy sniffed and answered, "Think of my wasted years! I've behaved as I thought Henry would like me to, in spite of my temperament, and now he turns out to be no better than any other man."

"A woman is emotionally a chameleon," declared Cynthia. "Put her on pink and she turns pink; put her on green and she turns green. It'll be amusing to adjust yourself."

A hissing sound escaped from Dorothy's unhappy mouth.

"You ought to talk!" she said scornfully. "You could adjust yourself to an emotional tartan. I think you said I had serious legs, among other things." She raised one of the offending limbs and regarded it critically. "Only let me get the right stockings! And now please go away. There's a revolution taking place inside me and I feel rather murderous."

When on the pale calm of evening there broke the announcer's voice requesting listeners-in to stand by for Mr. Henry Brandon's lecture, a tremor passed over Dorothy's frame. When Henry's faultless voice began, "Unless we desire a barrage of brained babies from Biarritz to the Black Sea, we must consider the strategic importance of the Rhine," she rose and glided unquietly from the great hall.

Mrs. Crake raised her eyebrows at Cynthia and Cynthia whispered back, "Be very gentle with her. Do anything she asks. It's the crisis."

Saying good night to Marcus Holyoake she commanded him:

"Take Dorothy out somewhere tomorrow. She suffers; she needs distraction; even kiss her if you must, and can; but please, Marcus darling, not quite like you kiss me."

IV

IN THE morning Dorothy awoke with the demoralizing conviction that her world had changed overnight. She drank her early tea, crawled out of bed, caught sight of her plain nightgown in a glass and hated it, put on her blue velvet dressing wrap and hated it more. Grimly she surveyed her face, framed in long dark curls; grimly she took stock of her wardrobe. At last she made her simple toilet and proceeded, clothed in a decent tailored suit, to her mother's room. Mrs. Crake, propped amid pillows, an indiscreet negligee frothing about her, beheld the cool vision of Dorothy saying, "Mother darling, I want fifty pounds, please," and recognized a girl at her crossroads.

Mrs. Crake murmured, "Check book—dressing-table drawer—s'pose I'd better make it out to bearer—fountain pen in hand bag," and traced words and figures in sprawled writing. Dorothy descended to the great hall and discovered Marcus Holyoake smoking an after-breakfast pipe.

"I wonder if you will do something for me, please? Will you motor me up to London now and bring me back this afternoon, after luncheon?" she asked.

And Marcus answered blithely, "Great scheme. I'll have the car round in five minutes."

As they crested the first hill she turned to him and said:

"Honestly, Marcus, you'd never feel you wanted to kiss me, would you?" and Marcus, desperately embarrassed, answered, "Really, Dorothy—old friend of yours—guest in your mother's house—one ought to resist temptation, however strong ——"

"You wait a few hours, that's all!" answered Dorothy, gritting her teeth.

In Bond Street she dismissed him, refused the offer of lunch and undertook to call for him at the Cavalry Club at three P. M. Mystified and forlorn, he left her.

Remote from them, at Beaudesert Court, Cynthia and Henry Brandon lunched alone, it being Mrs. Crake's appointed day for that milk-and-potato diet which, absorbed one day in seven, kept her graceful as a willow wand.

"Be an angel and spare me the afternoon," besought Henry, with the air of a faun tempting a nymph to folly. "After all, Dorothy has forsaken me for Marcus, and Marcus has forsaken you for Dorothy."

"You take Dorothy's desertion very lightly. They may have eloped for all you know," she replied, aware that she held him, from secret information, in the hollow of her hand.

"I can view the prospect lightly. I am beloved of many this morning," Henry declared, producing a handful of letters from his pocket. "The broadcasting people sent these down. They are from ladies who admired my remarks. Listen to this from Hilary St. Vincent Jones:

"'I adored your lecture. You revealed an iron purpose and I love strength in a man. Why are you not made Prime Minister?'

"And here is another from Germaine Redmond, who writes:

"'Why do we not have more great men like you to address us? I am so weary of ragtime and long for higher things.'

"Behold in me a popular idol."

"We will wander out and sit in the woods and you shall talk about yourself. Men love it," Cynthia assured him.

But when in the shade of a beech tree he put his arm round her and kissed her, she drew away and struck him to the ground with words.

"Henry," she said, "make no mistake because you put eleven pounds on Royal Sunset at ten to one and two hysterical flappers have written you absurd letters. You are not a man of the world. You are a student of European politics, essentially serious-minded, and the likes of me are not for you. It would have been better to stick to Dorothy, who once loved you, but she has found you out and gone up to London with Marcus. You are a revolting mixture of earnestness, deceit, vanity and vacillation this afternoon. If I had done my duty, I should have boxed your ears."

"Royal Sunset? Ten to one?" stuttered Henry.

"They gave us the telegram at the post office and it came unstuck in the car. We made investigations and we know everything. It all serves you right."

"How does it all serve me right?"

"Because at heart you're respectable and so is Dorothy, and she admired you and she would never have given you a moment's anxiety, since she has a kind heart and serious legs. But now you've ruined her confidence by this feeble attempt at gambling—mere affectation in your case, because you don't really like it—and in sheer self-defense she's gone away to flirt with Marcus. Her conscience will rebuke her and Marcus will be intensely bored, and probably he will have to take her to a matinée of a very advanced play. Meanwhile you're copying her by trying to flirt with me, and a more sorrowful exhibition I never suffered in my life."

"I don't want Dorothy. I want you. I've been good all my life and I refuse to be good any longer. Listen, this is how good I've been!" shouted Henry, and went on and on. Cynthia leaned against the tree, her hands idle in her lap, and wondered if Mrs. Crake would give her a car, a bracelet or a winter on the Riviera.

"When you are safely married to Dorothy you will thank me," she answered as he got out of breath. "That is, I don't imagine she will look at you now; but supposing she does. You can pursue wickedness together and be thrilled to the bone. I am so far ahead of you, my poor Henry, that for me life with you would be a perpetual yawn. I think, if you please, we will now go back to the house. After this exhausting conversation I should like to rest before tea."

At that very moment, with one foot on the running board of a taxicab outside the Cavalry Club, Marcus Holyoake encountered the shock of a lifetime. Truly the name of Miss Dorothy Crake had been sent in to him; yet he beheld an enchanting vision seated elegantly in the corner of the cab. A perfect small hat clung to her shingled head, a costly little frock outlined her attractive figure; the frock, reaching merely to her knees, revealed two extremely passable legs veiled in the thinnest possible silk; the vision, gloved and shod to admiration, tilted her admirably made-up face toward him and murmured casually:

"Sorry I'm late. Shall we take this cab on to the garage to get the car? We can be home by teatime."

(Continued on Page 138)

"My Dear Henry!" Exclaimed Dorothy, and Worshiped. "We All Know He Was Wonderful; But This—I Mean—It Does Bring It Home to One, Doesn't It?"

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Bill the Scout

OFFICIAL WASHINGTON—by which is meant all temporary and permanent residents of the capital city who hold office, who have held office, who hope to hold office, or who are inextricably tangled with present, past and future officeholders by ties of marriage, blood, salary or social relationship—is divided, like the old-fashioned New England pie, into four parts.

The first part is composed of those who know very little, talk a great deal and say nothing. The second part is composed of those who know a little more but are afraid to talk at all. The third part is composed of those who talk only a little but say too much. And the fourth part is composed of those who know a great deal but divulge no more of it than they must in order to obtain the proper sort of publicity.

Owing to the fact that these four parts of official Washington are bound in mental peonage to one of three political parties, their opinions and remarks, when discovered, are usually about as valuable as a used paint pail. The published pre-election opinions of the well-informed and supposedly super-intelligent chairmen of the national committees of the large political parties almost invariably read—after the election is over—like fantastic bits from The Hunting of the Snark.

It is only occasionally that one encounters in official Washington a gentleman who is not pulling an oar or swinging a hammer for one of the parties. Usually any such gentleman is dead, and consequently useless to the seeker after truth. Occasionally, however, he is alive; and when discovered alive, he is so much alive that his mental activities are as distressing to the well-ordered and bunk-impregnated political dopesters and official Washingtonians as is a large bull flea to a fat and otherwise comfortable lap dog.

Thus we are led gently but inescapably to a consideration of William B. Hibbs, of Washington, D. C., sometimes known as Wall Street's Washington scout, who may be recognized by his pink cheeks, his white hair, his neat white mustache and his immaculate necktie, and who has been actively engaged in rubbing up against temporary and permanent Washingtonians for so many years that he has become a connoisseur on their source, probable value, purchase price if any, depth of veneer and patina, period of manufacture, school of thought and architecture, and probable ultimate destination.

Reaching Fame Via Wall Street

THE late Horatio Alger, Jr., author of elevating and stimulating books for the younger set of the late eighties and the early nineties—a period when books of the sort that are avidly devoured by the younger set of today were sold only secretly in dark alleys by pasty-faced individuals—frequently incorporated into his books young men of the William B. Hibbs type. He started them blacking boots or selling papers at the corner of Broadway and Twelfth Street, New York City; had them dash up and rescue wealthy Jasper Knucklebone, the benevolent pickle king, when said pickle king inadvertently got his whiskers tangled in a rapidly moving horse-car wheel; and made them marry beautiful Martha Knucklebone and rise to the superintendency of the great pickle factory at the advanced age of twenty-three. The chief differences between William B. Hibbs and an Alger hero are that William B. Hibbs always talks like a human being, which an Alger hero never did, and that he never progressed onward and upward by politely assisting a wealthy pickle manufacturer or banker to untangle his side whiskers from a horse-car wheel.

Like the conventional Alger hero, however, he sold newspapers in his tenderer years—years so tender, it might be remarked in passing, that he was not only able to but did carry in person all the New York papers that were shipped each day to the city of Washington. Some of the papers he delivered to the homes of prominent Washingtonians of the early seventies, and the remainder he sold on Fifteenth Street a little north of the Treasury Building—a spot which early appealed to him as a reasonable and pleasing location. The value of his youthful judgment may be gauged from the fact that his present residence occupies the top floor of a white marble office building known as the Hibbs Building, and that a silver picture frame tossed or knocked out of a front window of this residence will fall ten stories and land either on a tourist, a prominent Washingtonian, a bride or groom, or the exact spot where the youthful Hibbs peddled his papers fifty years ago.

William B. Hibbs, Purveyor to Wall Street of the Low-Down on Washington

The reason that young Mr. Hibbs became entangled with the widely celebrated Wolves of Wall Street, instead of pressing onward and upward in the newspaper business, is somewhat at variance with the reasons that usually led an Alger hero to adopt the profession or pursuit in which he ultimately attained fame and fortune.

The story goes that young Mr. Hibbs, in distributing New York papers to his regular customers, had occasion to leave a paper in a small shop opposite the Treasury Building in which quotations on some ten New York Stock Exchange stocks were marked up—or down, as the case might be. Being of a friendly and helpful disposition, he would momentarily desist from his newspaper carrying and assist the proprietor of the shop by chalking the quotations on the board. One day a thought entered the head of the proprietor of the shop, and he asked young Mr. Hibbs if he wanted a regular job marking quotations. Young Mr. Hibbs cannily remarked that he was already doing pretty well. Pressed to reveal how well, he admitted to clearing a cool, as the saying goes, four dollars a week. The proprietor incautiously remarked that he'd give him five; whereupon young Mr. Hibbs, without waiting for the proprietor to enunciate the word "dollars," hastily stated in a frank, manly fashion: "You're on!"

So he became a Wall Street wolf, and chalked up stock-market quotations. He displayed such aptitude at quotation marking that he went into business for himself at the ripe age of nineteen, and bought himself a seat on the New York Stock Exchange when seats were selling at the price of an ordinary early American antique—that is to say, for sixteen thousand dollars—instead of at their present high price of one hundred and sixteen thousand dollars. Following this, he began to collect seats in other stock exchanges with the same eager abandon with which prominent editors and authors accumulate comb-back Windsor chairs; and by 1905 he was such a flourishing banker and broker that he built his white marble building on Fifteenth Street.

Many persons have attempted to persuade him to purchase a few genuine antiques in addition to his stock-exchange seats, and all such attempts have merely elicited from him the observation that he wouldn't give two dollars for all the old furniture that the most ardent collector could accumulate in a day. Nevertheless, he is unconsciously in process of developing a large number of valuable antiques according to Washington standards, which are based more on association than on age, rarity or beauty of line.

Being an old-timer, a good mixer, and what is technically known as a straight shooter, having no political leanings except toward sanity and honesty in government, and being deaf, blind and dumb concerning the source of any remarks that might be made before him, the names of his prominent friends and regular visitors, if placed end to end, would make the Hall of Fame look like a packing case.

Presidents, cabinet officers, commission heads, financiers, bureau chiefs, editors, admirals, generals, senators, newspaper correspondents, ambassadors, consuls, authors, representatives, governors, railroad presidents, labor leaders, manufacturers and what not have sat in his big front room, ten stories above Fifteenth Street, and unburdened themselves of various important pieces of information while wrapping themselves appreciatively around his terrapin Maryland or dropping the ashes of his Metropolitan Club cigarettes on the rug; and as a result almost any chair in the room could be sold at a staggering price as the chair in which Senator Firbolg wrote his famous attack on Senator Crumbell, in which Henry G. Blank first told the complete story of the manner in which he received the presidential nomination, in which Secretary Beeler drafted Section Thirteen of the Income Tax Law, in which Samuel G. Blythe, at five P.M. on March 4, 1912, took his last drink of hard licker, and so on, and so forth.

A Perfect Score in Political Predictions

AS A FURTHER result he has been able to piece two and two together and get four, after a series of visitors have concluded their remarks, instead of getting three or five, as most of the rest of official Washington is apt to do with great regularity. Until the last presidential election any such statement as the foregoing would have been purely a matter of opinion. Prior to the last election, however, there was great anguish in New York financial circles over the prospect of the election being thrown into the House of Representatives and the possible naming of Brother Charley Bryan as President of these United States. The La Follette crowd claimed this and that; the Davis crowd claimed thus and so; the Coolidge crowd, with slight tremors in their voices, claimed these and those. Wall Street, not knowing whom to believe, but half convinced by the fierce bellowings of the La Folletteites as to the large number of Western States they were going to carry, moaned like a stricken thing and feared a panic.

At this juncture it occurred to the New York correspondents of William B. Hibbs' banking house to cry a cry of distress to Hibbs himself.

On receipt of the cry he accumulated information from a number of prominent sources, added them together and telegraphed his quaking New York correspondents that La Follette and Wheeler, in spite of their claims, would be unable to carry more than three states. Wall Street reporters got hold of the telegram and blithely sent it to all parts of the country.

He telegraphed his Wall Street correspondents what the vote of the electoral college would be—and, it might be added, he called the vote to a man—and the Wall Street reporters got the information and spread it abroad.

He telegraphed further that the Republicans would carry several border states that had been generally conceded to the Democrats; and when this telegram arrived in the New York office the Wall Street reporters were waiting to get it.

Telegraphic queries from New York concerning the chances of John W. Davis caused Hibbs to seize a telegraph blank and reply tersely that John W. Davis would be unable to carry his own state of West Virginia—a reply that was particularly noteworthy because of the fact that William B. Hibbs himself was born in Virginia, and no Virginian is ever supposed to admit defeat for a native son until after the defeat has taken place, and frequently not even then.

Prior to the publication of these dispatches, contributors to the Republican campaign fund had dwindled to a pitiful trickle. Wall Street's fears had made it so tight that it squeaked whenever it stooped over, and not a Republican was able to start the golden stream to flowing again. But with the publication of the Hibbs predictions, confidence returned to perch on the old nest and gayly preen its feathers, while contributions again poured musically into the Republican treasury.

On the morning after the publication of the Hibbs prediction concerning John W. Davis, official Washingtonians came to Hibbs in platoons, companies and regiments, and bet him a hat that he didn't know what he was talking about. He accepted all bets and is now in a position to

(Continued on Page 134)

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Hudson-Essex Now World's Largest Selling 6-Cylinder Cars

THE ROMANTIC 90'S

(Continued from Page 41)

prodigy of learning, whose name was now brought back to me. There was always some phœnix just come up from Oxford in those days, as probably there is still. I looked with wonder at the young scholar, who, it proved, was but a year younger than myself, being twenty-three. Not an advanced age, indeed; but not even the knowledge that he was Lionel Johnson could make him look more than fifteen, and he never seemed to look older as long as he lived, which was only two years longer than his friend Dowson, for he died when he was but thirty-five.

His little, almost tiny figure was so frail that it reminded one of that old Greek philosopher who was so light of weight that he filled his pockets with stones for fear the wind might blow him away. It was hard to believe that such knowledge and such intellectual force could be housed in so delicate and boyish a frame.

As I recall him, his face had no little resemblance to De Quincey's, though it was finer, keener, more spiritual. When I first knew Joyce Kilmer he reminded me very much of Johnson, with his then thin austere young face and strangely strong and gentle eyes, eyes that seemed to have an independent, dominating existence. Johnson's eyes were like that, too, and his very concentrated, intense young presence had an amazing carrying power. But beneath his ascetic intensity, and behind that battery of learning, there was a deep and warm and very companionable humanity, as my subsequent friendship with him was to discover.

He had a genius for friendship, and no man was ever more devoted and loyal to his friends. By the end of that evening Johnson and I seemed to have known each other for years, and as he lived in Gray's Inn and I in Staple Inn near by, he proposed our walking home together. As we neared my domicile, he proposed that I should repair with him to his rooms for a final libation, and as we mounted his stairs he made a remark which makes me smile as I write, for it was so very "1890."

"I hope you drink absinth, Le Gallienne," he said, "for I have nothing else to offer you."

The Age of Little Giants

Absinth! I had just heard of it, as a drink mysteriously sophisticated, and even satanic. To me it had the sound of hellebore or mandragora. I had never tasted it then, nor has it ever been a favorite drink of mine. But in the 1890's it was spoken of with a self-conscious sense of one's being desperately wicked, suggesting diabolism and nameless iniquity. Did not Paul Verlaine drink it all the time in Paris? And Oscar Wilde and his cronies, it was darkly hinted, drank it nightly at the Café Royal. So it was with a pleasant shudder that I watched it cloud in our glasses, as I drank it for the first time, there alone with Lionel Johnson, in the small hours, in a room paradoxically monkish in its scholarly austerity.

As I looked at his almost diaphanous frame, I could not help even then thinking that absinth was too fierce a potion for one so delicately made, so lacking in protective phlegm; but that Johnson was in any real danger never, of course, occurred to me, and the day was yet far off when he was to make that tragic end in Fleet Street, stupidly knocked down by a hansom cab, when, poor fellow, his good wits were not all, for the moment, at his service. A drunkard, in the ordinary sense, or even a drinking man, Johnson was not, and could never have been.

Probably Johnson, like too many men who work with their brains, not all poets, had been tempted to risk that dangerous experimentation with alcohol because, particularly in the form of his favorite absinth, it has for a time so quickening and clarifying an effect on the intellectual and imaginative faculties. But he was weak of body, and the thing was stronger than he. It was, I am convinced, but a passing phase with him, and but for that fatal accident, his firm will would undoubtedly have prevailed. He was sincerely religious, too, and, as we have seen in the case of Dowson, though, of course, no proselytizer, was solicitous for the spiritual safety of his friends and anxious that they should find refuge where he himself had found it. After his death, I was touched by coming upon, in a bookseller's catalogue, a copy of my own Religion of a Literary Man in which he had written a prayer for the safety of my soul.

Johnson was an exquisite letter writer, and I wish that a volume of his letters could be brought together. Perhaps that will some day be done. Meanwhile the reader will like to see this beautiful letter, characteristically written on the subject of his "learning." It was apropos his book on Thomas Hardy, which some critics considered overladen with erudition:

"20 Fitzroy Street.
"Thursday.

"*My Dear Le Gallienne:* Very many thanks for your kind and welcome praises of my book; they are refreshing, after the somewhat savage and slightly silly utterances of our friend, the Chronicle. What do these dear people mean by 'learning'? Some of my critics, while saying pleasant and cordial things, yet raise hands of amazement at my 'learning,' or bend brows of reproach at my pedantry. And yet I am neither learned nor pedantic, but simply fond of literature. It is as natural to me to quote Aristotle or Æschylus as to quote Stevenson or Bridges, just because I like them: but I begin to believe I must be lean, pale, spectacled, stooping, bent over dusty folios, great at Arabic and hating frivolity. It must be a dream that I love walking tours, whisky, dogs, the Alhambra and a joke. Seriously, I am the poorest of scholars; to take the Oxford test, I got a first in 'Greats,' but a bad second in 'Mods.' I read the classics and foreign literatures for mere love of them; my memory is good, and when I sit down to write, quotations pour in upon me; Pascal jostling Mr. Sims, Goethe tumbling over Zangwill, Cicero elbowing John Morley. I was lately walking at the Land's End, and found myself unconsciously declaiming Vergil and Arnold to the sea gulls. And this perfectly natural instinct, neither a merit nor a fault, is put down as laborious and affected pedantry. One would think a writer were bound to apologize, should he dare mention an author of more than fifty years since; and that, if he do so dare, it must be the result of painful research. No one ever reproaches an architect, painter, musician, for being decently acquainted with the history and triumphs of his art; it is only natural that he should be. Doubtless I overdo quotation; but it is from mere exuberance of delight, not in any spirit of pedantry. How can one help knowing things so delightful or making use of them? I won't say that my reproachful critics are ignorant; but, assuredly, I am not learned. I will only say that they do not know what learning is; I do.

"'Casual commas'; I thank you, no, you are right; my commas, heaven be praised, are not casual. What right has anything, in any work of art, however slight, to be casual? Oh, for the scholarly graces of Addison and Goldsmith!

"But, my dear Le Gallienne, I did not mean to inflict upon you this harangue. Vivas; Floreas; Valeas.

"Ever yours,
"LIONEL JOHNSON."

Was the joyous soul of the scholar ever put into words with more convincing charm?

Someone has said that the 1890's was a time of "little giants." The expression is a good one, and the man whom perhaps it especially fits was John Davidson, whose personality was rocky and stubborn and full of Scotch fight, with no little of Scotch pigheadedness. But with him, as with the lion in Holy Writ, within whose jaws the wild bees built their honeycombs, it was a case of *ex forte dulcedo;* for beneath his proud, rather pragmatic exterior, and that Highland manner which brings a suggestion of always going armed against offense, his nature was full of human kindness and repressed tenderness. His life was hard from boyhood, and even when recognition of his gifts came to him, he continued, at least, to regard it as hard, because he found, as many another poet has done, that fame was more cry than wool and that earning his livelihood continued as difficult as ever.

Davidson's Pathetic Career

In this he was really no worse off than several of his famous contemporaries; but he had no bend in him, would not, or could not, stoop to journalism. A poet who insisted on reality in his work, he was incapable of adapting himself to those materialistic conditions with which the most inspired poet must compromise if he is to continue to exist. His consciousness of genius made him unpractically scornful of the doubtless exasperating limitations of "the nation of shopkeepers" among whom his lot was cast; and his sense of grievance, rather inflamed than mitigated by a yearly pension of one hundred pounds from the far from inexhaustible Royal Literary Fund, grew into a permanent grudge against society and gave a Nietzschean ferocity to the Testaments in which toward the close of his life he labored to shatter it to bits and remold it nearer to the heart's desire. Then he had bad luck with the theater, the plays which he wrote or adapted for Mrs. Campbell, Forbes-Robertson and Beerbohm Tree gaining little more than an artistic success. These disappointments and the threat of cancer were eventually too much for his endurance, and he ended his life by throwing himself into the sea from the cliffs of Penzance, in Cornwall, his body not being found till six months afterward, and then, according to his wish, buried at sea. In a tragically outspoken preface to his last book of poems, Fleet Street and Other Poems, he had given this warning:

"The time has come to make an end. There are several reasons. I find my pension is not enough; I have therefore still to turn aside and attempt things for which people will pay. My health also counts. Asthma and other annoyances I have tolerated for years; but I cannot put up with cancer."

Cancer is perhaps a sound and terrible argument; but at the same time to attack society and to expect it to support us, as others besides John Davidson have done, is at least unphilosophical.

My emigration to America prevented my knowing Davidson in this last dark period of his life. My intimacy with him covered only the years of transient brightness when, after a long grind at schoolmastering in Scotland, he came up to London in 1890 definitely to embrace a literary career. He had already published one or two plays without success, particularly his brilliant fantastic pantomime, Scaramouch in Naxos, as well as a remarkable prose romance, Perfervid, both of which ought to be republished; and in 1891 he published a volume of poems called In a Music Hall which made the critics aware of him, paving the way for the enthusiastic reception in 1893 of his Fleet Street Eclogues, which I had the honor of accepting for Lane. It was through this book that I came to know him, and his recognition of such service as I was able to do him in the newspapers was as generous and whole-hearted as it was unusual.

I remember with gratitude that when there was a concerted attack upon me and my logrolling propensities, which lasted no less than a fortnight in the Westminster Gazette—to me a joyous and exhilarating all-in-the-day's-work experience—Davidson stood manfully by me, and I quote a letter he sent me on the occasion—rather personal though it is—as an example of his energetic fighting spirit, as well as of his chivalrous loyalty to a friend:

"20, Park Ridings, Hornsey N.
"29 January, 1895.

"*My Dear Le Gallienne:* I had no idea until today, as I dropped my brief connection with a press-cutting agency a fortnight ago, that the logrolling logomachy had assumed such proportions and hustled with such prodigious theatrical thunder about your ambrosial locks. Of course, you would never deem me so wanting in regard for you as to suspect me of suggesting sympathy in any such connection, but I thought you might care to know how I also have been somewhat amazed, not a little amused and finally altogether 'scunnered' by the pertinacity, the utter unintelligence and bitter venom of these impotent and inept scribblers, who, having nothing in them deserving praise, are utterly unable to comprehend the laudable in others, whether it be the capacity of producing that which merits applause or the rarer capacity of bestowing exquisite commendation on the works of their friends and enemies: in both capacities I might ask you to tell Narcissus some have considered that he excels. It hardly becomes me to say even this much, because until Narcissus struck the flint there was no welcoming fire anywhere for me, and yet even for that reason it more than becomes me to say how much I admire him and the lonely appreciative height where he stands barked at by scavenging dogs of depreciation.

"Yours ever,
"JOHN DAVIDSON.

"On impulse have sent gist of this to Westminster for publication."

So John Davidson, at all events, stood the test suggested by Mr. George Moore: "All very charming indeed . . . but why not in a newspaper?"

Davidson once sent me a couplet running:

What is between us we two know;
Shake hands, and let the whole world go.

This appeared afterward in a dedication To My Friend, accompanied by this delightfully savage dedication To My Enemy:

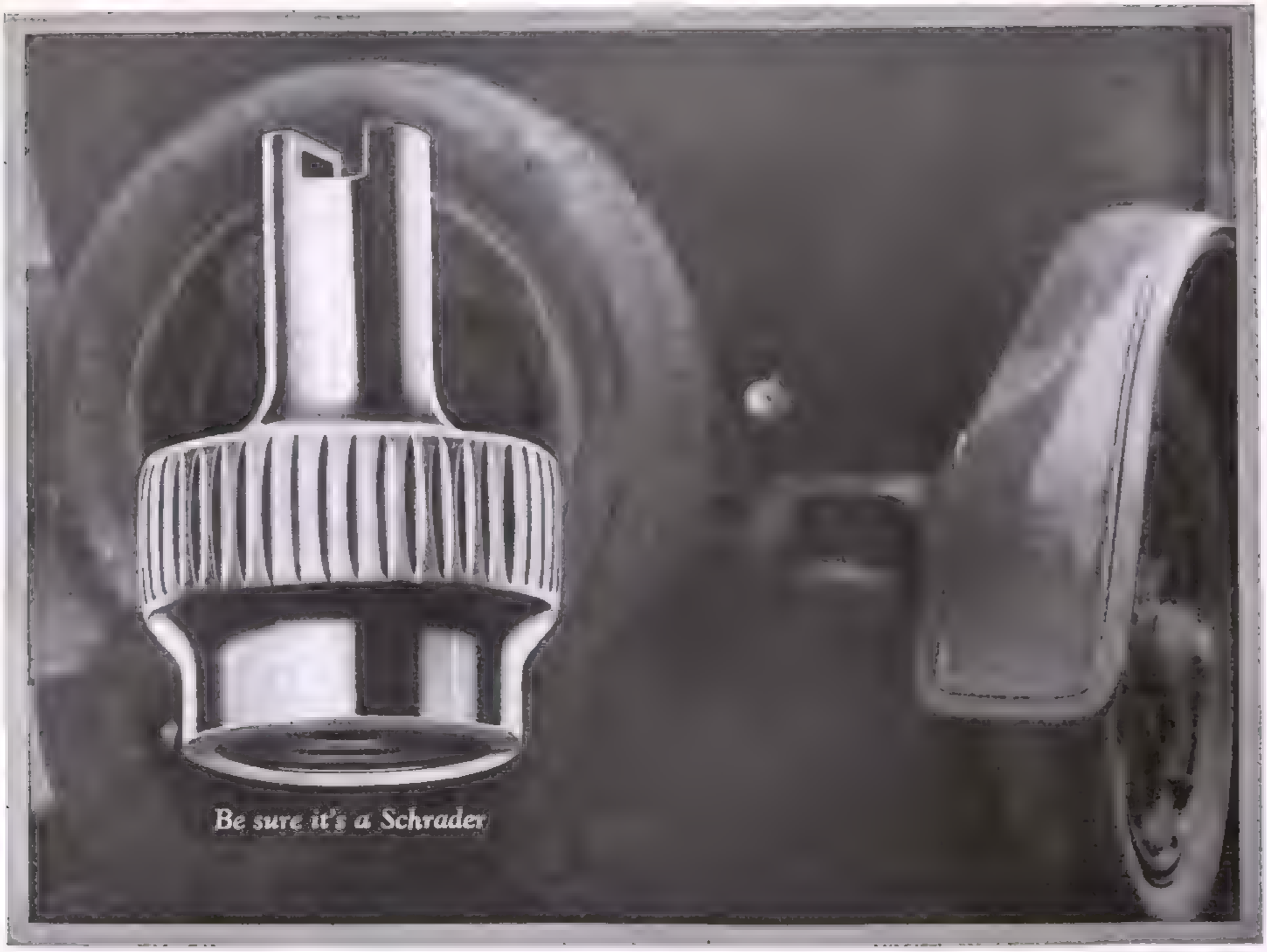
Unwilling friend, let not your spite abate,
Feed me with scorn and strengthen me with hate.

Davidson's was a noble nature, and his death was a real loss to literature, as well as to his friends, for he was in stature perhaps the biggest of all the poets of the 1890's, and had in him the greatest potentialities of a many-sided genius, at once poetic, dramatic and fantastic. His Ballad of a Nun, with such unforgettable lines as,

I am sister to the mountains now,
And sister to the sun and moon ——

had a larger accent than any other poems of his time, as his Fleet Street Eclogues had a spontaneous loveliness in its rural pictures such as will be found nowhere else. In his combination of modern realism with beauty, the apprehension of beauty, that is, in contemporary realities, as in his note of revolt against conventional hypocrisies, and his vindication of the free play of human vitality, he was expressive of the best energies and ideals of the 1890 Renaissance.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Le Gallienne. The next will appear in an early issue.



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TIRE VALVES — TIRE GAUGES

MISS SMITH OF NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 44)

and a visit to the British consulate had yielded nothing more than an excellent cup of tea. "The detective bimbos say they can't do anything without details. As if a chappie went around carryin' photographs of the thumb prints of his lady love!"

He was nearly at the end of his resources in more senses than one. The good old remittances from home weren't coming through as they should. The Earl of Blackshire's secretary, a poor, white-faced, cringing worm of a lad, had written, conveying His Peership's imperative advice that the Honorable Bill set sail immediately for his native shore.

"Without Miss Smith? Never!" declaimed the Honorable Bill, stopping short in his passage across Fifth Avenue. "I won't be a stopper, as they say in the bally American slang!"

A great gray Juggernaut bore down upon him as if determined to make him a stopper, whether or no.

It screeched to a protesting stop, its door snapped open and out popped a smartly hatted head.

"Billy Harmon-Knox! Mooning around in the middle of the street! This isn't London, you know!"

"Mrs. Burke Pemberton!" The Honorable Bill got into the limousine and looked with affection at the hennaed and shingled head that had been quite gray when he saw it last. "Not a day older, by Jove! Not a wrinkle to the lovely face!"

"A stitch in time saves nine," frankly confided Mrs. Burke Pemberton. "Home, Jenkins. . . . Now then, why did you try to commit suicide in front of my car, and why haven't you been to call?"

"I had such a lot of callin' to do, by Jove!" groaned the Honorable Bill. "Tell me, dear old thing, know anyone named Smith?"

"One doesn't know persons named Smith!" remonstrated Mrs. Burke Pemberton, of Park Avenue. "Stay! We had a colored chauffeur on Long Island who had a cousin—at least he said she was, when we found he'd been taking her out in the car—named Ethel Barrymore Smith."

"Not the right one, I fancy," regretfully returned the Honorable Bill. "It's—er—quite another shade of young lady I'm lookin' for, don't you know."

"So you're looking for a young lady!" Mrs. Burke Pemberton delightedly clapped wrinkled old hands that had not been able to keep up with her other members in the treadmill race for youth. "While we have tea, tell me all about it."

She wiped her still beautiful eyes quite frankly at the conclusion of his tale. Indestructible Eve that she was, Mrs. Burke Pemberton at seventy was deeply in love with love. She pondered.

"You'd do anything to find her again?" she demanded. "Go through rain and snow to win her? Do men really love like that nowadays? I wonder!"

"Rather!" indignantly declared the Honorable Bill.

"We'll see." Mrs. Burke Pemberton's tone was grim. "I could put you in charge of Ann, my granddaughter." She made a charming little face over the ugly word. "She'd lug you around to all the society affairs and pretend to help you find Miss Smith, but I warn you, she'd marry you herself in the end! Ann knows her game—she isn't my granddaughter for nothing—and it isn't every day she gets a go at a coming earl."

"But, I say!" ejaculated the Honorable Bill in alarm.

"Quite!" mimicked Mrs. Burke Pemberton. "Here's a much safer and surer plan, Billy boy, if you're enough in love to see it through. Everybody in New York passes that corner where I sit but ran over you today at least once in the course of a year. It's the hub of the wheel on which the city turns. If you stand there long enough, all day, in all sorts of weather, your Miss Smith will go by in time and you'll see her. But you won't do it. No man would!"

"Won't I, by Jove!" The Honorable Bill sprang to his feet. "Thanks for the tip, old thing. I'm off! Toodle-oh!"

He had stood on the corner for some two weeks when he was shocked to note one day that his gloves were no longer in their pristine glory. Funds were getting lower every day, but still it wouldn't do not to be simply in the pink when Miss Smith happened along. He disappeared into the little haberdashery shop opposite, and there, behind the glove counter, saw the slim, dark, boyish girl whom he had already observed crossing the street. She fitted him to a pair of fog-colored gloves in a brisk and businesslike manner, and then, as she handed him his change, looked up at him with a frankly mischievous smile.

"I know it's none of my business, of course," she admitted. "But would you mind telling me why you do it? Is it a bet?"

The Honorable Bill's countenance was a red-dyed Easter egg as to shape and hue, but he didn't resent the question. On the contrary, he found himself eager to tell his troubles to this frank-eyed girl. Standing on a corner gets to be a lonely task in time, and he felt the need of a little human sympathy.

This girl wasn't beautiful like Miss Smith, of course, but she was a cunnin' little cove, at that, with a heart-warming friendliness about her.

"You've noticed? Awfully nice of you, by Jove!" foolishly blurted the Honorable Bill. "It's—er—rather a long story, don't you know. If you could toddle out for a cup of tea ——"

She gave him a direct look out of brown eyes.

"Do glove-counter girls in England go to tea with young men they've never seen before?" she demanded. "You don't even know my name!"

"Sorry," he abjectly murmured. "I really couldn't say about the glove-counter girls in England; I—er—really don't like girls, you know." She smiled a little in spite of herself. "Fact!" insisted the Honorable Bill. "And I do know your name, 'pon my honor! I overheard that chappie over there call you Miss Joyce. I'm Harmon-Knox, by the way."

She laughed outright.

"No tea," she said. "It's only in dear old England that the woiking goils are four-o'clock ladies. But if you're still on the corner when I come out from work ——"

"My word, I'll be there!" interpolated the Honorable Bill.

"—— you can walk a little way with me and tell me all about it. I don't mind owning that curiosity is simply killing me."

They walked all the way to Central Park, where the end of the story found them cozily ensconced on a bench. The glove-counter girl's eyes grew misty as the tale went on, and she stared raptly into the dusty heart of a lilac bush. She was silent when the Honorable Bill brought the Odyssey to an end.

"Awfully good of you to listen, by Jove, Miss Joyce!" he told her feelingly. "I dare say you think I'm cracked—eh, what? But you do believe she'll pass sooner or later, don't you now?"

"I think you're a perfect lamb, and of course she'll pass, if you only keep the tryst," she said with vehemence. "To think I should live to see a man who thinks more of a girl than of his own convenience! Why, Howdy Carter my young man was cross just because I kept him waiting half an hour at the Staten Island ferry!"

"Only because he was so keen on seeing you." The Honorable Bill stood by the absent member of his sex. "So you've got—er—a young man?"

"Oh, several!" airily returned Miss Joyce. "But put 'em all together, and the lot of 'em wouldn't wait a week for me. It must be wonderful to be loved the way you love Miss Smith. Is she very pretty?"

"The most beautiful girl in the world!" declared the Honorable Bill.

Days and weeks and months went by, while he stood there on his corner, keeping tryst with love. Thousands of girls daily passed him there—tall girls, short girls, fat girls, thin girls, all kinds of girls, except the one girl he sought. It seemed to him that his satiated eyes had looked upon every face in New York, with the single exception of the lovely face of Miss Smith.

On one occasion he had caught a tantalizing glimpse of the retreating back of a girl who seemed to him of precisely the same height and the same unusual hue of hair that he remembered so well in Miss Smith, and he had sprung forward with a joyous cry.

"Miss Smith! I say, how jolly, you know! I just happened to see you passin', and ——"

The sentence had ended in a gasp as he had looked up into a hard, elderly face, with a cast in one eye and a look of dark suspicion in the other. Nothing in all his weeks of waiting had so dashed the spirits of the Honorable Bill. He glanced wistfully across at the haberdashery shop, wishing that it were time for Miss Joyce to emerge so that he might relate the incident to her and receive comfort.

"Jolly little kid!" gratefully thought the Honorable Bill. "A chappie can tell her things. She's the understandin' kind."

Assuredly she was. She listened by the hour, during subsequent walks, to his scanty, threadbare memories of Miss Smith, and kindly demanded the stories all over again.

Nor would she let him weary of well-doing. When he was downcast and doubtful whether Miss Smith ever would pass his corner, she cheered him with her resolute faith.

"She said she couldn't live anywhere but in New York, didn't she?" Miss Joyce reminded him. "Well then."

"My word, that's true!" The Honorable Bill came up to the surface, out of the depths. Then his face fell. "Yes, but—er—one thing!" She had never heard his tone so troubled before. "Have you thought of this, my dear old thing—pardon me, I mean, Miss Joyce—there may not be a Miss Smith any longer, by Jove! She may be Mrs. What-Not by now."

He had wrestled with this dragon alone till now and felt that it was downing him.

"I don't believe it!" stoutly denied the little glove-counter girl. "It just couldn't happen that way!" she cried hotly. "After you've loved her all this time, and come clear over to America, and sifted the city for her, and stood on that corner all these weeks—it just couldn't be! It wouldn't be fair! I won't have it so!"

"Pardon me for mentioning it, but, by Jove, you're a little bit of all right!" fervently declared the Honorable Bill.

He hated to think what all those terrible weeks while he stood on the corner, with falling arches and red-rimmed eyes, would have been without her. She had let him talk to her, she had let him walk with her, she had gone with him to the cinema several times; and she had permitted him to take her to Coney Island the Sunday before it closed for the season, feeling that he was more apt to meet Miss Smith there at that time than on his corner.

Once she'd even taken him home with her to dinner, where he'd met her father and mother, two amiable, middle-aged beings, and been ashamed of his appetite, as he devoured a highly palatable meal, and made rather a hit singing jazz to her accompaniment. The Honorable Bill had had no idea that glove-counter girls enjoyed such pleasant homes.

Glove counter or not, he'd never met a girl that he liked a hundredth part as well—with the single exception of Miss Smith, of course; that went without saying. She was a million times too good for those callow chappies that she played around with; it rather hurt him to think that she would probably marry one of them some day. She was as square as another fellow, by Jove; she was so straightforward that you never had to wonder what she was up to, as you usually did with girls; she was so gay and merry that she made life seem a thoroughly intriguing affair.

"And above all, she isn't a cat, by Jove!" he thought.

Miss Joyce was certainly very different from Mrs. Burke Pemberton's granddaughter, Ann, whom he had finally met, not without misgivings, at a dinner dance at their home.

"I had to do it, Billy boy," Mrs. Burke Pemberton had apologized. "She was hounding me to my grave. But I advise you to follow a classic example and stuff your ears with wax."

Ann turned out to be a delectable little slice of sophistication in a dancing frock that clung to her like a wet bathing suit, with big black eyes and lips of geranium red, openly retinted. She had jeered mercilessly at the love idyl of the Honorable Bill, assuring him that she had never heard anything so mid-Victorian in her life. If he did find Miss Smith in the end, warned Ann, so much the worse for him—he was sure to discover that she chewed gum and said "ain't."

Ann was of the vociferous opinion that the Honorable Bill would do far better to turn his eyes toward her.

"Though I warn you I will not name our oldest son Egbert!" declared the terrible child ten minutes after she had met him.

Undoubtedly, Mrs. Burke Pemberton had made no idle boast when she asserted that Ann was an adept at her game. The Honorable Bill returned to his chaste hall room that night with two faint reddish new moons on his embarrassed cheek. Miss Joyce, he thought foggily, as he drifted off into slumber, would never have dreamed of doing such a thing—not that it wouldn't be rather pleasant, by Jove, if she did!

"My word, she's goin' to be beastly disappointed in me!" disconsolately thought the Honorable Bill, watching Miss Joyce's slim shoulders, as gallantly carried as those of a lithe young boy, disappear in the crowd. "She said she'd never believe in any johnnie again if I stopped waitin' for Miss Smith. And—no two ways about it—I've got to stop, by Jove!"

It was the desperate fact. This was, indeed, his last day—for a time at least—on that familiar northwest corner. It seemed like forsaking the old homestead to leave it now, but cruel necessity prodded. There had been no remittances for weeks now from the irate old Earl of Blackshire. The Honorable Bill found himself totally without funds and practically friendless in a strange land; for the past twenty-four hours he had not even eaten. He couldn't, of course, confide his plight to Mrs. Burke Pemberton; a chappie didn't do that sort of thing.

No; he must go out and look for work—he'd never done any and wasn't very clear on just how to begin—definitely abandoning his sentimental vigil on the corner. He had sworn never to give up his search for Miss Smith, but he knew that he must break that vow.

"All very well for the old son in the Bible to wait seven years for his girl—he didn't do it on an empty stomach," resentfully thought the Honorable Bill. "My word, I hate to be a beastly stopper, though! If only she'd turn up today!"

The hours went by, however, and no Miss Smith—at least, not the one Miss Smith of importance—appeared in the hurrying multitude. In the language of the poet, she came not, no, she came not; the night

(Continued on Page 58

CHRYSLER SIX

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(Continued from Page 56)

came on alone. All was over. The Honorable Bill heaved a great sigh, pulled himself together, kicked one uneasily slumbering foot against the other and strode across the street. Might as well tell Miss Joyce now and get it over with; but, my word, he'd rather take a beatin', by Jove! It would be like tellin' some bloomin' big-eyed kid there wasn't any Santa Claus!

"I don't believe it!" declared Miss Joyce flatly. "I won't have it! This is the only real romance I ever had anything to do with, and I'm not going to have it fall through! You haven't stopped caring for Miss Smith, have you?" she accused.

"No, no!" The Honorable Bill hastened to appease her. "'Pon my word, not at all!"

"Then why do you throw her over like this?" demanded the little glove-counter girl. "You've got to tell me why!"

"Bally old exchequer!" explained the Honorable Bill, with a feeble grin. He hadn't meant to tell her, but the candid brown eyes wrung the truth from him. "Got to stop and stoke up the silly old pocketbook."

"I thought so!" exclaimed Miss Joyce. "Now see here —— Oh, did you want me, Mr. Squiffins? This is Mr. Squiffins, my boss, Mr. Harmon-Knox."

Mr. Squiffins, a balloony little man, pathetically like one of those air-inflated toys that are sold on the street, beamed upon the visitor. The Honorable Bill did not return his smile. On the contrary, he regarded Mr. Squiffins with a certain sternness.

"Been wantin' to meet you," said the Honorable Bill. "Felt someone ought to tell you about that chappie in the window—a good-lookin' bimbo, of course, but all off, you know! He never in the world should wear that tie with that suit! I don't know what he can be thinkin' of, 'pon my word, I don't!"

"So!" Mr. Squiffins, attacked in his tenderest point, bristled with indignation. "You know more about wearing clothes, maybe, than one of the best dummies in the trade?"

"Quite!" imperturbably agreed the Honorable Bill.

Mr. Squiffins turned an ironical look upon the visitor, which slowly changed to one of admiration and of envy, as he noted the young man's clothes. For Mr. Squiffins, his contour to the contrary, was an idealist where his shop was concerned. He aspired to the latest and best innovations, and he thoroughly believed in the adage which asserts that it pays to advertise. Moreover, he had on hand a large stock of imported English garments which had failed to catch hold of the popular fancy as they should.

"Maybe I fire this dummy and give you his job?" he queried tentatively, the sarcasm gone from his voice.

There was an instant's startled silence in the shop. Miss Joyce nervously smoothed a fawn-colored glove. The Honorable Bill stared questioningly at Mr. Squiffins. A smile succeeded the blankness of his face.

"Bally good of you, old chap!" he declared

"You sure look like the real thing—all but the face," appraised Mr. Squiffins. "If you just stand in the window in those clothes, and hold that stick the way you do, like it was a fifth limb—us Americans don't get the trick of that—it 'ud be a big drawing card, I shouldn't wonder. I bin thinking some of advertising an advising expert on gents' clothes who could tell customers what colors suited 'em best, and whether checks or pin stripes went with their figgers—all that kind of thing. You could be the dummy and the expert too," he added thoughtfully. "I could fix you up a desk in the window there, an' ——"

"In the window! The very thing!" suddenly exclaimed Miss Joyce.

So, for the first time, a Harmon-Knox went into trade. The Honorable Bill henceforth sought the face of Miss Smith in the hurrying Fifth Avenue throng from behind a sheet of plate glass. Sometimes a crowd congregated outside his window, debating whether or not he was real. And sometimes he smiled broadly, as no dummy should do, hearing in fancy the profane vociferations of the Earl of Blackshire if he should chance to pass just then. For the most part, however, he liked his job very well; it was the first job he had ever had, and he was rather like a small boy with a new velocipede. It was interestin' to have a hand in keepin' chappies with none too much of the old spondulix from makin' scarecrows of themselves in their clothes. It was interestin' tryin' to think up ideas for makin' the stock sell better, and passin' them on to Mr. Squiffins; the Honorable Bill had never been so flattered in his life as he was when that worthy declared that his new employe might not look it, but all the same he had a head. And it was interestin', too, bein' right there in the same shop with Miss Joyce. She was certainly a cunnin' little cove, no doubt of that—even if there were times when the Honorable Bill felt that she held him almost too rigidly to the subject of Miss Smith.

"You mustn't forget to watch for her every minute," Miss Joyce commanded the Honorable Bill. "Keep your eyes on the crowd, even when you're consulting with customers. They won't mind; they'll only think you're studying their possibilities, if any. If you don't watch all the time, Miss Smith may go by unseen. Think how dreadful that would be!"

"Rather!" agreed the Honorable Bill.

"Don't get discouraged!" comforted the little glove-counter girl. "By the way, I want you to bring me your photograph."

"Do you, really, dear old thing?" The Honorable Bill was no end pleased, if a little astonished. "Right-o, and I'd like one of you, if you don't mind."

"What?" ejaculated Miss Joyce. "Oh, I see!" She laughed, an appealing small-boy chuckle. "Don't be an idiot, my dear! Your picture's to put in the paper. One of my young men's a newspaper reporter, and I'm going to make him make his editor put you in the Sunday rotogravure section, with a word about the title. Maybe Miss Smith will see it, you know."

"Right-o!" agreed the Honorable Bill, but his tone was not quite so jubilant. It occurred to him that Miss Joyce had a simply frightful lot of young men around underfoot. And though he wanted to see Miss Smith as much as ever—my word, of course he did—he wouldn't mind having a little fling at the new job first.

"No need rushin' things," thought the Honorable Bill.

However, the photograph in the rotogravure section brought no immediate results beyond an accession of trade that greatly gratified Mr. Squiffins. Busy, happy weeks rushed by, punctuated by such insignificant trifles as a Sunday walk in the snow in Central Park with Miss Joyce. The Honorable Bill continued to be singularly content with his double life as expert and dummy. He popularized the Piccadilly cap and invented a cravat, a hybrid child of the dignity of England and the snappiness of the United States, that caught on at once.

He took an intensive course in motion pictures, with Miss Joyce at his side; became capable of swallowing American oysters, learned to fox-trot and to eat hot cakes for breakfast, and in every way conformed to the best traditions of the bally new land that the Earl of Blackshire had so hotly condemned.

"Well, Billy boy, how are things with you?" Mrs. Burke Pemberton asked, putting her aristocratic old nose, a little wrinkled with distaste, in at the door of the haberdashery shop one day.

"Couldn't be better, by Jove!" declared the Honorable Bill.

"Really? Then you have some clew as to the whereabouts of Miss Smith?"

"Well, no, not exactly. That is to say, not at all, dear old thing." The Honorable Bill drew his face down into an expression of appropriate gravity. "But after all, she's sure to go by some day."

"Ann is always nagging at me to have you up to dinner again."

"Jolly nice of both of you, by Jove! But, of course—er—now that I'm in trade ——"

"I see," declared Mrs. Burke Pemberton gravely. "Who is that pretty little thing over at the glove counter?"

There arrived, one day, a cable that should have crushed the Honorable Bill. Miss Joyce found him regarding it with a queer grin on his expressionless face. Hugh was back at Blackshire, having dropped casually in to tea one afternoon, after ten years of silence in China. The Earl of Blackshire considered that he now had no other son, after his youngest-born's disgraceful goings-on in the States, as revealed in a picture copied by a London daily.

"My word, he must be ravin' mad to lay it on so thick in a cable!" commented the Honorable Bill. "This means kissin' the bally title good-by, you know! Just as well I'm learnin' to earn my livin'—what?"

"Don't you care!" Miss Joyce was fiercely protective. "Who wants to be an earl anyhow? Anybody who knows as much about cravats as you do ——"

"I say! Miss Smith!" exclaimed the Honorable Bill in a curious tone. "Only fair to stop lookin' for her now, isn't it, by Jove?"

"Don't be a sap!" The little glove-counter girl seemed oddly disturbed. "Do you think for a minute that the idiotic title's going to make any difference to a real American girl? Don't you know Miss Smith will care just as much about you as—as ——"

"—— as a dummy," helpfully interpolated the Honorable Bill.

"—— as she would if you were an earl? Don't you know that if she really loves you, it won't make any difference to her whether she's an—an earless, or whatever you call it, or a plain Mrs.? Don't you know the title won't matter at all?"

"Sorry," humbly apologized the Honorable Bill. "Always understood American girls ate the bally things. Then you think I'd better go on with it?" His tone still sounded depressed.

"Of course I do!" Miss Joyce gave him a mothering look. "Don't worry!" she said, and patted his arm. "Everything's going to come out all right. It's got to in the end!"

Another week passed. The Honorable Bill, apparently rallying from the loss of his earldom, dipped as zestfully as ever into that low occupation known as trade. At his desk in the window he continued to counsel anxious searchers after the beautiful on such momentous matters as whether midnight blue or smoke gray best matched green eyes and a small waxed mustache, and to check elephantine customers in their tendency toward checks. And always and ever, while he talked to them, his eyes almost automatically sought the faces of the thronging multitude that hurried past.

It was closing time—half a minute after, to be exact. The clerks, as always, had disappeared through the door as the clock struck 5:30 as if shot from a cannon. Mr. Squiffins was in the act of leaving. Miss Joyce was powdering her nose, preparatory to putting on the little felt hat. The Honorable Bill got up in a leisurely way from his desk at the window and prepared to depart. And then it happened—the thing for which he had waited so long! Outside the plate-glass screen that separated him from the world went a bronze-haired girl, vivid of coloring, opulent of curves.

"By Jove!" gasped the Honorable Bill, his mouth falling open.

"What's the matter?" Miss Joyce paused with her hat poised over her little shingled head to look at him. She saw at once what had happened. "Miss Smith!"

"My word, yes!" agreed the Honorable Bill, in a dazed voice. "'Pon my honor, yes!"

"Well, what are you standing there for then?" cried Miss Joyce. "You'll lose her in the crowd! Go after her! Here's your hat! Hurry! Why don't you go?"

Her will fairly propelled him through the door. Then Miss Joyce finished putting on her hat, and went over and aimlessly covered some things already sufficiently covered on the counter, and—if you must know—dropped a tear on a number eleven and a half pearl-gray kid.

"If you aren't good to him, I'll wring your n-n-neck!" sobbed Miss Joyce.

Outside, the Honorable Bill was hurrying, though hardly as fast as she had urged. The crowd was in his favor, however, and he very soon brought himself to the very elbow of Miss Smith. There could be no doubt about it it was she. That same wonderful bronze-colored hair—into his mind there drifted a passing wonder whether its hue could be entirely natural. Her face, extremely pretty, no one could deny, had plainly been a little assisted in its charm by lipstick and rouge pot. And—had Miss Smith been quite so plump as that in France?

He was very near her now, but a shadow fell between them—the shadow of a straight little boyish figure, lacking these rich feminine curves; the shadow of a dark cropped head and a small pert face, not nearly so pretty as Miss Smith's, but—suddenly he knew it—a hundred times more dear. The Honorable Bill stopped short.

At that very instant Miss Smith stopped, too, and turned. Call it chance, or feminine instinct, as you will. She smiled, that dazzling smile that he remembered so well.

"Think of its being you!" she cried radiantly. "I heard your picture was in the paper, but I hardly hoped to see you, Mr. Harmon-Knox. I beg your pardon," she amended prettily. "Maybe I should say the Earl of Blackshire."

"Sorry," said the Honorable Bill, with a blank face. "A mistake. Some other chappie perhaps."

He touched his hat and turned back toward the haberdashery shop. In half a dozen prodigious steps he had reached it again. He rushed in with a beaming face.

"I see everything's all right!" exclaimed Miss Joyce. She was powdering her nose all over again, and would not meet his eyes. "You've found your Miss Smith, and are going to live happy ever after? She's going to marry you?"

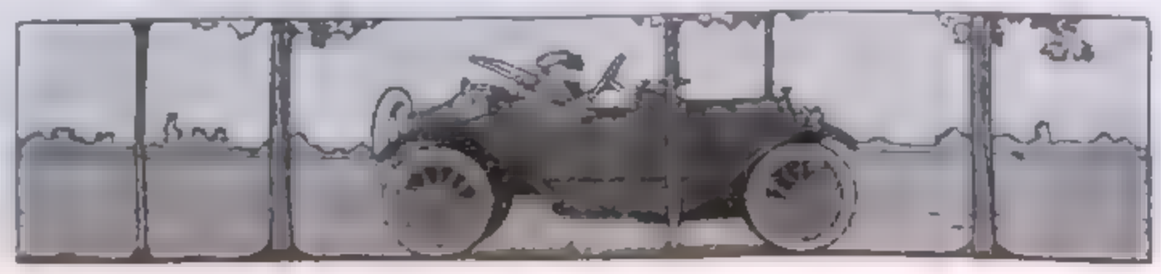
"Not if I know it, she won't!" surprisingly asserted the Honorable Bill. "Oh, what a bally ass I've been, by Jove! It's you that's going to marry me, dear old thing! Kiss me, Miss Joyce —— Though I do think I ought to be told your first name, now that we're engaged," he added plaintively, after a time.

Miss Joyce seemed strangely reluctant to tell him.

"Well, don't blame me," she said at last. "Joyce is my first name, Bill dear. The men here all call me Miss Joyce—Mr. Squiffins is my uncle, you know—and when you thought it was my last name, I wouldn't let them tell you. I hope you won't mind, but—but ——"

"But what?" demanded the Honorable Bill. He kissed her once more to reassure her as to the effect of the revelation, whatever it might be. "If Joyce is your first name, what's your last one, by Jove?"

"Smith," murmured the glove-counter girl in a small voice.



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TAXI! TAXI!

(Continued from Page 23)

And then—the house door was opened, and flicking a quick glance from the corner of his eye, all at once Ben saw her, as beautiful as the morning, as radiant as the spring; and jumping up a time or two on the springboard, his heart made a mighty leap that cleared everything below it and left him so dizzy that he couldn't speak.

She was wearing a black traveling suit with a collar of fur; and over her arm was one of those small pin-seal bags in which traveling girls sometimes carry their mysteries. This may not sound chromatic, but if she had been dressed in every color of the rainbow she couldn't have made more of a crash in Benny's consciousness. She was smiling a little and looking at the window of the taxi as though expecting to see a certain young draftsman waiting for her inside.

Ben, on the driver's seat, reached his arm around and opened the door for her, still staring straight ahead and keeping his head in his collar as much as he could.

"Oh!" said Rose, seeing the taxi empty; and then, an indescribable echo of the first, she said "Oh-h-h!" again, and Ben knew that he had been discovered.

His heart ran back to the springboard. Would she get in?

Indeed she got in! She almost sprang in, and smartly shut the door behind her. And though he wasn't quite sure, Ben thought he heard an excited little bubble of laughter from the cabin on the Turtle's back.

He started forward, heading west for Fifth Avenue, and perhaps you can guess how long it was before Miss Parrish was sliding back the panel of glass which separated the cabin from the captain's seat in front.

"Ben!" she gasped—the first time, *nota bene*, that she had called him that. "If you only knew—how funny you looked—and how terribly you surprised me!"

He had to wait then till she had had her laugh out—a laugh which wasn't far at times from the border line of hysteria; and such is man that Ben drove along in a rather dubious spirit, wondering what had made him look so funny that she should laugh like that.

"Well!" she said, leaning forward again as soon as she could get her words out. "You said you had a surprise for me, but never in the world ——" And then, "Where on earth did you get this taxi?"

"I bought it," he said, just the least bit shortly.

"You bought it!" she exclaimed, rounding her eyes. "You mean you're going in the taxi business?"

"No," he said; "only to drive you."

"But, Ben," she said, "I don't understand. When did you buy it—this morning?"

"No," he said, "the other night." And still a bit down at the mouth because he had looked so funny, it may be that without knowing it he wished to reproach her a little for her mirth. "The other night," he said, "when it was raining so, and I wanted to get you home by half-past eleven. I couldn't hire a cab for love or money, so—well, I bought one, and I haven't had time to sell it again yet."

"B-e-n!"

She had turned down one of the little front seats while he had been telling her this, and had now moved over to it, her elbow on the sill of the sliding panel, her face very near to his. And when she spoke his name like that, Ben couldn't help turning to look at her—couldn't have helped it if they had been going seventy miles an hour on the edge of the Grand Cañon with only an inch between their wheels and the cloud-filled drop below.

He had never seen the tears fill in a girl's eyes before, and he had to look away quickly, his own nose smarting as though it would weep as well.

They were both quiet for a block or two.

"I wish you'd stop," she said, "so I can come and sit by you."

"You can't," he said; "this seat's only made for one. But when we come to a florist's shop I'm going to stop all right."

Before they went in for the flowers he took off his raincoat and tucked it under the seat. Rose picked her namesakes—three dark ones—and when they came out they stood by the taxi and had an executive meeting.

"Of course, I could drop you at Grand Central if you like," he said, "but I thought you might let me take you to New Rochelle. I've never been there, but it isn't far, and I guess I can find the way."

"I'd love that," she said. "Only I don't like it—you riding in front and me in the back."

"Oh, that's all right. You can sit up close to the window, like you did before. It's almost as good as though you were sitting by me."

He handed her in then and touched his cap, and she made a little face at him. At the Plaza he swung into Central Park, and the cars being thick, he had to mind his eye. But Rose didn't have to mind hers. She sat up to the sliding panel as closely as she could, and after first humming herself up to it she started singing—pianissimo, of course, so that none but Ben could hear:

"Life is from me fastly fading,
Soon I'll be in sweet repose.
When I'm gone, I ask this favor:
Lay my head beneath a rose."

Ben thought of his life before he had known her and wondered how he had lived through all those barren years.

"You like music, don't you?" she asked.

"I love it!" said he.

"That's good," she half breathed to herself.

Once or twice Ben had to ask his way; but he soon found that if he kept with the main traffic he was all right. By the time they reached the Parkway they found themselves in a steady stream of cars, and Rose didn't seem to care for that so much.

"I'll bet there are some beautiful country roads around here," she said, "if we could only find them."

"Yes," he said, "but we might get lost. What time do you want to get to your aunt's in New Rochelle?"

"Oh, I don't care—say, two or three o'clock."

It wasn't long after that before they were both looking for beautiful country roads; and finally coming to a turn that looked promising, Ben swung the Turtle off the Post Road and headed north.

"Now isn't this better?" asked Rose as they began to get glimpses of open country.

"Much better," said Ben. "This is more like it is around Norwich."

"You like the country, don't you?" she asked.

"I love it!" said Ben.

Again she made that queer remark to herself, breathing it so low that he could hardly hear it: "That's good."

As the road curved farther into the north she took up her singing again, pitching it in a lighter key:

"Joseph was a clever lad,
The ancient stories tell us.
His golf cape was so stunning
That it made his brothers jealous.
So they sold him into Egypt
For a small consideration,
And he made a million dollars
In a big grain speculation."

At that they both laughed together; and although, of course, he knew he must be mistaken, it almost seemed to Ben that Rose blew in his ear.

"Listen," she said. "Let's see if we can really get lost. Every time we come to a fork in the road that looks more country than this, let's take it."

Following this system, it took them slightly less than fifteen minutes to find themselves on a road that ended in a cedar swamp. They saw what was coming from the top of a hill, and stopped there, by the side of an old apple tree which was gallantly trying to break into bloom, but could only manage it here and there on an odd branch.

"There!" said Rose, looking at the panorama that stretched around them on every side. "Isn't this great?"

"It's a lot like Norwich," said Benny peacefully. "I wish you could see my father's farm up there."

Rose settled back in a corner of the cabin.

"I should think that little seat out there would be awfully uncomfortable," she said. "Why don't you come and sit inside for a while, before you start driving again?" And then with a deep-voiced laugh, "I'd hate to think I was keeping you out of your own taxi!"

Ben climbed out from under the wheel and stretched his legs.

"Not very good farming country," he was thinking to himself, and then he noticed that Rose was holding the door open for him—was smiling into his eyes, her head a bit on one side. Perhaps she was thinking of something equally inconsequential—a hat covered with apple blossoms or the next song she was going to sing. But somehow they each started looking deep—deep—deep into the other's eyes, and the next thing Ben heard himself saying was, "Rose—dear—I love you." And the next thing Rose heard herself saying—in a very muffled voice—was, "Wait a minute, dear. I think it's my hat. I'll get my hat out of the way."

IX

AFTER a while Ben said "Oh! I nearly forgot!"

"Forgot what?" she asked.

This was after they had told each other various things—as, for instance, when he had first begun to dream about her, and how she had felt that first time when she had called him on the telephone, and how he had already nearly completed his plans for the bungalow—she was crazy about that bungalow—and what a fortune teller had told her just before she had started East, and other miscellaneous data along similar lines.

"I nearly forgot this," he said. "I found it in the cab this morning—down here—when I was cleaning her out."

"This," of course, was the diamond bracelet. He carefully fished it out of his waistcoat pocket and gave it to her. She had been sitting leaning against him, dreamily looking out of the window; but when Ben dropped the bracelet into her hand Rose all at once sat up straighter and exclaimed, "Oh-h-h, Ben, what a beauty!"

"Do you think they're real?" he asked.

"Of course they're real," she almost scolded him. "I'll bet somebody's nearly frantic at losing this."

She turned it over and over, holding it this way and that to get the color of the stones.

"Blue ones!" she cried. "Not a shade of canary anywhere! And look at the work on this clasp!"

Everyone is entitled to guess whether she tried it on.

"Looks good there," said Ben. "Wouldn't it be great if nobody turned up to claim it?"

"Don't worry!" she said. "There'll be somebody to claim it."

She got him up a minute later to see if there was anything else under the cushion; but there was nothing else.

"I'll advertise it tomorrow," said Ben. "I guess that'll be the best way. But if you'd like to keep it till the owner turns up I wish you would. It would probably be safer with you than with me."

"All right," she said, holding her arm up to admire it again. "Aunt Flo's got a wall safe; I can keep it there, I guess, till you find who owns it."

"You know," he said rather awkwardly, "I'm a poor kid yet, or I'd buy you a quart of those things if you like them. But take it from me, Rose, I'm not always going to be poor. I'm going to make a whole lot of people sit up and take notice before I'm through!"

She kissed him.

After another long while they turned the Turtle and found a farmhouse, where they acquired a quart of milk and half a huckleberry pie. They took these things away with them—the milk in a bottle, the pie on a newspaper—and had more fun drinking out of the bottle and eating the pie with their fingers than they had on that historic occasion when Cockeye had seen them lunching at the Hague.

"What time do you want to get to your aunt's in New Rochelle?" asked Ben.

"Oh, as long as we get to Aunt Freda's in time for tea," said Rose carelessly.

So with one thing and another it was nearly five o'clock before the Turtle pulled up in front of Aunt Freda's house in New Rochelle. There had been a great discussion before then as to whether Ben should go in with Rose; but they had finally decided to keep their secret till Rose had written her mother in Oregon and had received her reply—this largely because Uncle Christopher would be sure to raise Old Ned if he heard about it first; and if Rose left Gramercy Park she couldn't very well, under the circumstances, stay in New York alone.

"But don't you worry," she said as she got out of the cab at Aunt Freda's. "I shan't be long, and then we'll have a nice long drive together back home."

According to the plan they had worked out, Ben parked the Turtle around the corner and went foraging off by himself for a bite to eat. The exchequer being low, he ordered two Hamburger sandwiches and a cup of coffee at Pete's Delicatessen Lunch Room, and sat on a stool looking like a tall young poet thinking of madrigals.

"Onion on your Hamburger?" interrupted the chef.

"No!" cried Ben, like that.

It was a quarter-past six when Rose rejoined him at the taxi—a quarter-past six and nearly dark.

"Have I kept you long?" she asked, an anxious little note in her voice.

As a matter of fact, he had been waiting there half an hour, but everybody knows what he told her.

Her next remark showed that while she had been drinking her tea at Aunt Freda's she had been turning things over in her mind.

"Do you know what I've been thinking?" she said, still standing by the driver's seat as though telling the chauffeur where to take her. "I've been thinking that if we could get a soap box or something and put it here where the trunks stand, maybe we could get the cushion out of the back and I could sit by you going home."

"You don't think it would look funny?" asked Benny anxiously.

"No!" she said. "And anyhow it will be dark in a few minutes; and when we get near the city I can get back in the cab."

So they drove around to Pete's Delicatessen Lunch Room, and Ben went in and came out with a soap box. It took some juggling of cushions and a lot of ingenuity with the trunk strap; but when they were through, there was the nicest little seat for Rose right by the side of Benny; and they rolled away from Pete's Lunch Room as proud as two young popinjays that had just finished their first nest.

"It's no use getting home too early," said Rose, as the lights of Pelham appeared ahead.

"How early?" asked Ben.

"Oh, say half-past nine or ten."

So the first chance they had he turned north again, and they stopped on a stretch

(Continued on Page 65)

Good bye, buggy wheels

Here at last is a wheel that looks.. ..acts..says *"Automobile"*

THOSE first motor cars—back in the dear dead days of mutton-leg sleeves and mustache cups—those first gasoline buggies sometimes kicked up a cloud of dust . . .

But you wouldn't call them *automobiles!*

They were slow, uncomfortable, ugly, noisy, smelly, undependable. They were everything that an automobile ought not to be. There is scarcely a detail of the engine, frame, body, or top of the modern motor car which has not been refined beyond all resemblance to its ancient counterpart. And yet . . . and yet . . .

The *wheels* of those one-lungers were practically identical with the wheels on which many an otherwise distinguished automobile is getting around today!

Somehow, throughout a generation of marvelous progress in motor car manufacture, the wheels were overlooked . . .

Then a great engineer decided to build a wheel in keeping with the looks, speed, weight, of the modern motor car . . . an *automobile* wheel.

Good-bye, buggy wheels!

He naturally selected the material which makes possible the other parts of the car—*steel.*

He studied the stresses which a man-size motor car meets when it goes some place. He studied the problems of braking and steering. He created a design to absorb these stresses and solve these problems. He developed his design in steel . . .

He built the only *convex* wheel—a form which utilizes the natural resilience of steel to the utmost, to save the chassis from road shocks—a form which permits the placing of brakes and king pins *within* the wheel, for more positive braking and easier steering . . . for better protection of brakes from mud and water . . .

He built a *demountable* wheel, hiding the brakes but making them immediately accessible when adjustment is necessary . . .

He built a lighter and stronger wheel—streamlined like the car . . .

He built a wheel that looks—acts—says "Automobile"—the Budd-Michelin Wheel!

Good-bye, buggy wheels!

Other steel wheels have come along—the sincerest form of flattery. But they can't have the exclusive design or exclusive features which make the Budd-Michelin Wheel—a Budd-Michelin.

Perhaps the car you intend to buy has Budd-Michelin Wheels. Or perhaps you will have to specify them, and pay a little more. In either case . . .

Good-bye, buggy wheels!

BUDD

WHEEL COMPANY

Detroit and Philadelphia

BUDD-MICHELIN—*the All-Steel Wheel gives you these advantages:*

—a scientific convex form, increasing resilience, harmonizing with the lines of your car, and permitting the placing of brakes and king pins within the wheel, for better braking and easier steering—for greater protection of brakes from mud and water

—a light wheel (lighter than wood), tapering toward the rim, making starting and stopping easier

Cross-section showing convex design

—five wheels to a set. An extra wheel to dress up the rear of your car, easy to substitute in case of tire trouble. No rims to remove. Just a few turns on the nuts *at the hub*

—a wheel which cools the tire, adding to the tire's life and service by drawing off and radiating friction-heat

—a wheel which can't come off until you want it off

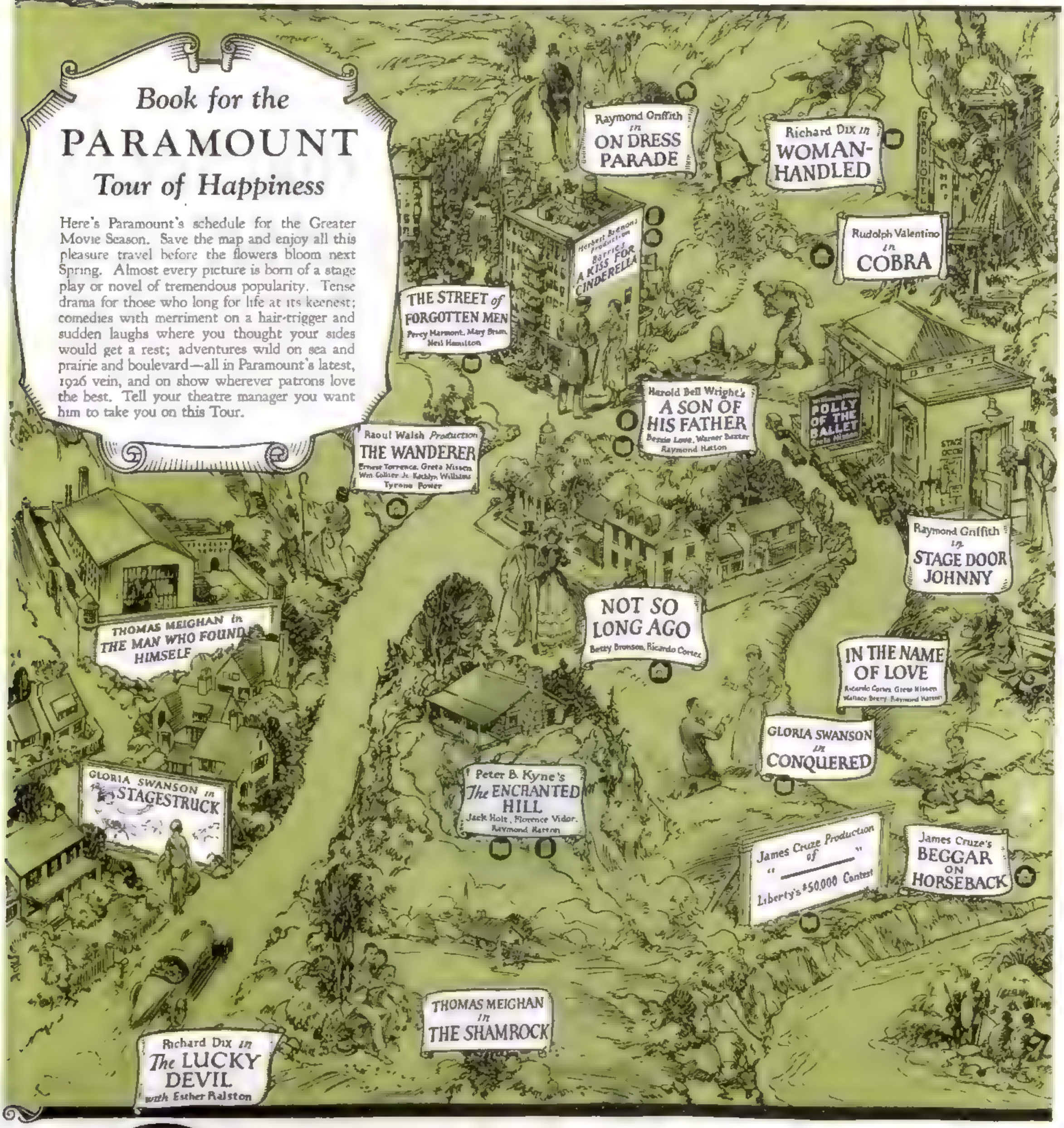
—cleanliness. No spokes to collect dirt. A more enduring finish than wood will take

—everlasting strength, promoting safety. Triumphant beauty!

The Greater Movie Season's

Book for the PARAMOUNT Tour of Happiness

Here's Paramount's schedule for the Greater Movie Season. Save the map and enjoy all this pleasure travel before the flowers bloom next Spring. Almost every picture is born of a stage play or novel of tremendous popularity. Tense drama for those who long for life at its keenest; comedies with merriment on a hair-trigger and sudden laughs where you thought your sides would get a rest; adventures wild on sea and prairie and boulevard—all in Paramount's latest, 1926 vein, and on show wherever patrons love the best. Tell your theatre manager you want him to take you on this Tour.


Raymond Griffith in ON DRESS PARADE
Richard Dix in WOMAN-HANDLED
Rudolph Valentino in COBRA
Herbert Brenon's production of Barrie's A KISS FOR CINDERELLA
THE STREET of FORGOTTEN MEN
Percy Marmont, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton
Harold Bell Wright's A SON OF HIS FATHER
Bessie Love, Warner Baxter, Raymond Hatton
POLLY OF THE BALLET
Sylvia Breamer
Raoul Walsh Production THE WANDERER
Ernest Torrence, Greta Nissen, Wm. Collier Jr., Kathlyn Williams, Tyrone Power
Raymond Griffith in STAGE DOOR JOHNNY
THOMAS MEIGHAN in THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF
NOT SO LONG AGO
Betty Bronson, Ricardo Cortez
IN THE NAME OF LOVE
Ricardo Cortez, Greta Nissen, Wallace Beery, Raymond Hatton
GLORIA SWANSON in CONQUERED
GLORIA SWANSON in STAGESTRUCK
Peter B. Kyne's The ENCHANTED HILL
Jack Holt, Florence Vidor, Raymond Hatton
James Cruze Production of "_____" Liberty's $50,000 Contest
James Cruze's BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK
THOMAS MEIGHAN in THE SHAMROCK
Richard Dix in The LUCKY DEVIL with Esther Ralston

Paramount

"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE

"GREATER FORTY"

Allan Dwan's NIGHT LIFE of NEW YORK
Ernest Torrence, Rod La Rocque, Dorothy Gish

Zane Grey's WILD HORSE MESA
Jack Holt, Noah Beery, Billie Dove

Pola Negri in CROSSROADS of THE WORLD

Adolphe Menjou in THE KING on MAINSTREET

Zane Grey's The VANISHING AMERICAN
Wm. Howard Production
Richard Dix, Lois Wilson

Bebe Daniels in WILD WILD SUSAN

D W Griffith's THAT ROYLE GIRL

C. B. De Mille's THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

James Oliver Curwood's The ANCIENT HIGHWAY
Jack Holt, Florence Vidor, Noah Berry, Raymond Hatton

James Cruze's THE PONY EXPRESS

A DOUGLAS MACLEAN COMEDY

THE TROUBLE WITH WIVES
Florence Vidor, Tom Moore, Esther Ralston, Ford Sterling

Sidney Olcott's THE BEST PEOPLE

Pola Negri in FLOWER OF THE NIGHT

Betty Bronson in The GOLDEN PRINCESS

Joseph Lincoln's RUGGED WATER
Lois Wilson, Wallace Beery, Warner Baxter
Irvin Willat Production

William de Mille's NEW BROOMS
Neil Hamilton, Bessie Love

GLORIA SWANSON in THE COAST OF FOLLY

Allan Dwan's The AMERICAN VENUS

Joseph Conrad's LORD JIM
Victor Fleming Production

Bebe Daniels in LOVERS IN QUARANTINE
Frank Tuttle Production

Legend
- BIG STAGE HIT
- BEST SELLING NOVEL
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Pictures

BEST SHOW IN TOWN!"

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PRODUCED BY FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP
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NEW YORK CITY

A carnival of southern hospitality

The opening of the famous old Maxwell House, years ago

It was just after the Civil War that the old Maxwell House of Nashville was finished. Rumors of its magnificence had aroused the anticipations of the South, and most of the notables of old Dixie were there that day to celebrate the opening.

One account says of that first great banquet, "It was a veritable carnival, a carnival of southern hospitality."

We can picture the stately dining room, festive with roses and aglow with the light from great old-fashioned chandeliers. We can see—moving softly through all the stir and hub-bub—the courteous waiters, bearing the rich dishes that were to spread the fame of the old Maxwell House.

Year by year, its fame grew

For, as time passed, the Maxwell House grew to be the most celebrated hotel in the South—famous for its old-time southern dishes and particularly for its wonderful coffee.

Year after year, the great folk of the country came to enjoy the gracious life of the old hotel. And always their praise was the same. More than anything else, they liked the rich fragrance, the smooth, mellow flavor of the special coffee served there. Wherever they went, they spread the fame of Maxwell House Coffee.

First in the South, and then in far distant cities, the families that best appreciate good living have heard of this blend of fine coffee and have secured it for their own tables.

And the same man who perfected it years ago, Joel Cheek himself, still supervises with his associates its blending and roasting. And today, this same special coffee is on sale in sealed tins at all better grocery stores throughout the country.

What coffee it is! What enjoyment in its fragrance, so full and lasting; in its flavor, so smooth and mellow and rich! Just try this special blend of coffee for yourself, and you will see why, through all these years, it has won such universal praise. Ask your grocer today for one of the blue tins of Maxwell House Coffee.

CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE COMPANY

Nashville Houston Jacksonville Richmond
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Also Maxwell House Tea

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"

TODAY—*America's largest selling, high grade coffee*

(Continued from Page 60)

of road where they could hear frogs in a pond. At least Rose called them frogs, but Ben said that up around Norwich they went under the name of peeps. It was twenty to seven when they first heard these frogs, or peeps, and they could both have sworn that they had been there only five minutes, listening, when Ben happened to look at the clock on the dash and it was a quarter to nine.

"Did you ever know two hours to go so quickly?" demanded Rose.

"Lifetimes go like that when you're happy," said Ben in a solemn key.

She had to take her hair down to straighten it—the first time Ben had ever seen a girl do that, and he felt so proud and yet so solemn again. As she raised her arms her sleeves fell back and he saw she was still wearing the bracelet.

"Did your aunt see it?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, still busy with her hair. "Who could help seeing it? She thought it was simply beautiful."

They turned around a few minutes later and were soon on the Post Road again—a link in a chain of cars that stretched so far back and front that one might wonder if it encircled the earth like one of those lines of latitude which Mr. Mercator used to draw upon his maps.

At the Botanical Gardens Ben drew to one side of the road and Rose returned to the cabin.

They made quite a little parting of it, though careful of her hair. The Turtle started forward again then, and bouncing over a hole, the soap box fell off and rolled into the gutter.

"Never mind," thought Ben, a car just behind him, "I can easily get another."

By that time the driving was getting tricky, and none too skilled in city driving at night, Ben nearly got in trouble twice—once by tagging the car ahead of him and then by trying to slip ahead without putting his hand out. At the corner of the Concourse there was an awful jam, and when the time came for the cars to start crawling ahead again the Turtle began to jerk. But though the cop on the corner stared after him with frowning attention, Ben put that down to the way the Turtle was bucking.

"She's not very good in low," he said to Rose through the sliding panel.

"Maybe not," said Rose loyally, "but she's a peach in high; and I love her most to pieces."

The Boulevard was clearer sailing, and as though to prove Rose's confidence in her, the Turtle bowled along with the best of them. At One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street there was another long stop, and just as they were starting up again, two men suddenly appeared as though by magic on the Turtle's running board, one of them pointing a gun at Ben and the other devoting his attention to whoever might be in the cabin.

"What the devil?" said Ben, and viciously tried to swing his leg around in a shearing kick, but was providentially stopped by the pedals.

"Drive to the curb and stop!" came the curt command. "One more move from you and you pass right out!"

It was a mean voice and a cold voice; but more important, it had the quality of sounding as though the owner meant exactly what he said.

They weren't far from the traffic cop who guarded the approach to the bridge, and Ben thought that if he stopped close to this corner and yelled for help —— But as soon as he stopped, the man on the running board reversed the lapel on his coat and showed a shield that was at least first cousin to the ornament worn by the man who guarded the bridge.

"Thought you were pretty slick, painting the bus over, didn't you?" exclaimed the man on the running board. "But believe me, bo, you slipped. You didn't knock the dents out of the front fender and you didn't get the wabble out of the back wheel. Now step down and keep your hands up. One phony move and the top of your head goes sailing!"

In a growing daze, but dimly beginning to see the net which was closing around him, Ben stepped out on the sidewalk, first making sure that Rose was all right in the cabin, sitting back in the corner as far back as she could get, her eyes dark pools of night in a white face. As he reached the sidewalk Ben's captor briskly began feeling him over, paying particular attention to pockets and sleeves.

"Listen!" said Ben, moistening his lips a little. "What's it all about anyhow? You aren't trying to arrest me, are you?"

"Trying? Do you get that, Bill?" asked the other of his mate.

They both laughed together, two Javerts who sounded as though they mixed quinine with their mirth.

"That's all right," thought Ben. "All I've got to do is to tell a straight story. Even if they're fools enough to hold me till morning ——"

But then he thought of Rose on the back seat.

"Whatever happens to me, they mustn't hold her!" he almost passionately told himself.

And then he thought of the bracelet on Rose's wrist.

"Good Lord!" he breathed. "If they ever see that, there's nothing can keep her out of jail tonight!"

x

MEANWHILE the two Javerts had stopped laughing, and Ben had a chance to see how they looked in repose. The one who had handled him had evidently spent much of his life in cultivating a grim look and a voice like a drill. The other was chubbier, a roly-poly man who chewed gum incessantly and with a surprising quickness of jaw. And yet if you had been there, it might have struck you that the chubby man was more to be feared than the grim one; could think more quickly, act more quickly—yes, and draw more quickly too.

"Who've you got in there, Bill?" asked the Grim One.

"Girl," said Roly-Poly. "I drew the easy end this time."

"Who is she?" asked the Grim One, turning to Ben.

"A fare," said Ben, not too loud, but loud enough for Rose to hear. "How do I know who she is?"

"Where are you taking her?"

Ben hated to say it, but he knew that a straight story was Rose's only salvation—a straight story, and one, moreover, told without hesitation.

"Gramercy Park," he answered.

It was an address that spoke for itself—spoke, it might be said, as from under a silk hat and from a mind that was far removed from the activities of two plain-clothes men from headquarters.

"You live there?" said Roly-Poly, turning to Rose with a new respect.

Whether or not she was watching, there was a barely perceptible nod of Benny's head; and Rose said, "Yes, with my uncle. I am visiting there."

"Your uncle's name?"

"Mr. Christopher J. Schermerhorn."

If the address had spoken for itself, Old Crusty's name now did more than that. It fairly drawled for itself.

"Mr. Schermerhorn, the architect?" asked the Grim One, breaking in.

"Yes," said Rose.

"That can easy be verified, and it's on the way to the office," said Roly-Poly. "So what do you say, Joe, if we start on down? I guess you can handle that bird on the front seat all right, and if the lady doesn't mind me riding in here with ——"

None of them said much on their way downtown. Ben, you see, wasn't supposed to know Rose; so he couldn't speak to her. And the Grim One didn't think much of conversation anyway. And though Roly-Poly would have chatted if Rose had let him, she soon had him quiet. So with one thing and another it was probably a relief to everyone concerned when the Turtle stopped in front of Mr. Schermerhorn's; and the two in the back seat got out and went up the steps together—Rose's right arm, Ben noticed, held down by her side so that the sleeve of her coat came nearly down to her knuckles.

"She knows," he breathed to himself.

Still watching, he saw Roly-Poly ring the bell; and presently the door was opened by a silvery-haired butler, who bowed to Rose and let them both in. The door closed—stayed closed for a minute or two—and then Roly-Poly appeared alone, with a noble-looking cigar in his mouth, and came tripping down the steps.

"It's all right," he reported to the Grim One. "I saw the old guy himself. He's on the mayor's reception committee—it ain't the first time I've seen him. The girl's his niece—been staying here a week." He got in the back again. "All right, Joe," he said. "I'll help you keep this bird covered."

He slid the panel the other way and Ben felt something hard against the back of his neck.

"Police Headquarters now," said the Grim One.

They rolled along for a while in silence.

"They seem to think I'm pretty important," thought Ben, "the way they keep me covered."

Now that Rose was out of it, his mind was easier. Surely all he had to do was to tell the truth—or at least, most of the truth, he uneasily corrected himself. That bracelet, for instance; he mustn't mention that, nor how he had spent the greater part of the day. Of course, it would worry Rose a lot to know that she had in her possession a piece of jewelry that had evidently been stolen; but if they could discover the name of the owner they might be able to mail it back—anonymously, of course, and without any telltale clews by which the package could be retraced. He wondered then if other jewelry had been stolen. He wondered ——

They turned into Lafayette Street, the green lights of headquarters shining in the distance.

"Say, listen," said Ben, nervousness beginning to get him for the first time. "What do you think you've got me for anyhow?"

"You know darn well what we've got you for," said the Grim One evenly. "Even in your young life, I guess murder doesn't happen every day."

xi

BY THE time they reached headquarters, Ben had driven about as far as he could go.

"Isn't it funny," he couldn't help thinking, "how a thing will get you, even when you had nothing to do with it?"

Of course, all he had to do was to tell the truth; but for the first time now he began to see what peculiar truths had happened to him. To go out and buy a taxi in the rain, with only your own word to prove it—it might be pretty hard to make some people believe that. A rich man conceivably might do it on a whim; but for a poor devil of a draftsman to draw out all his savings to buy a taxi so his girl wouldn't get wet ——

And then came another point. They would say to him, "Who was the girl?" And if he told them they would say, "Why, that's the girl you had in your cab tonight—the girl whom you said you didn't know—the girl who you said was only a fare! Why, what a liar you are!" And after that it wouldn't make much difference what he said; he would only be a self-convicted liar from the start.

Or suppose he did give Rose's name, and they went and got her, and questioned her, and maybe thought that he had stolen the jewelry to give to her, and searched her room and found the bracelet!

"Darn that bracelet!" Ben told himself with a feeling of growing helplessness. "It's popping up all the time and making trouble!"

He had got that far when they stopped near the Green Lamps, and Roly-Poly searched the cab with a flashlight before they went up the steps. From under the front seat he drew out the greenish-yellow raincoat and hat which Jersey had worked off on him.

"Good night, sweet bird!" said Roly, when he saw what he had found. "Bo, you haven't got a Chinaman's chance now!"

In imagination Ben saw himself being thrust into that sickly looking raincoat and being identified by half a dozen citizens who had seen him fire some fatal shot.

"Yes, sir," he sighed to himself, beginning to feel a bit clammy, "I'll bet a lot of people go like that!"

He was taken upstairs, and the Grim One minded him while Roly-Poly disappeared with the things he had found in the Turtle. He came back again in a few minutes and Benny was guided to an office where a red-necked man with a clipped mustache was reading a typewritten report. In the corner sat an elderly clerk, sad faced and leathery, doing something with a paper fastener that was shaped like a little dog and was operated by a quick smart blow on the top of the little dog's head.

"Not much use questioning you, as far as I can see," said Red-Neck, looking over the top of the report, "except to find how much voltage you need. Of course, if you want to make a full statement, telling who the two others were and who got away with the bundle, you'd have that much in your favor. Suit yourself though. We've got a stronger line on them than we had on you, and they'll be rolling in here any minute."

"You're all wrong, captain," said Benny earnestly. "Honestly you are all wrong. I'll admit that I may have bought a taxi that's been mixed up in something crooked, but that was before I owned it. It—it's been all right since."

"Oh! So that's the story!" said Red-Neck. "When did you buy this virtuous taxi of yours?"

"Friday night."

"Why, you poor fish, that's the night!" said Red-Neck contemptuously. "You're soon going to pieces."

"I bought it Friday night about eleven o'clock, just after attending a concert," insisted Ben.

The big man at the desk laughed—a fixed quantity for all its apparent spontaneity—a laugh, perhaps, that might be measured as a snortful. "What did you buy it for?" he asked. "To sing to it?"

"No," said Ben, knowing, oh, so well, how silly it sounded. "I bought it to take a girl home."

Red-Neck laid another tribute on the altar of merriment.

"I've heard some pretty phony stories sitting here at this desk," he said, "but, young fellow, you take the bun. You say you bought the car on Friday night?"

"Yes, sir," said Ben eagerly.

"All right; say, I take your word for it. Why did you have it painted a different color between then and now?"

"I didn't know they were going to paint it," said Ben, feeling like a fool again.

"And why did you have the numbers changed?"

"I—why, I didn't know they had been changed!"

"Know your name, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is it?"

"Benjamin R. Whitby."

Red-Neck held out his hand.

"Lemme see your driver's license."

"I—I haven't got one. You see, I meant to sell the car as soon as I could."

"I'll say you did! Now look here, Benny Whatever-Your-Name-Is, you must see for yourself that you aren't clever enough for this. Those two other guys will climb right up over you and leave you flopping in the bottom of the boat like a fish. It's your only chance. Here's the three of us, nice and friendly. Tell it now from start to finish and Jerry'll take it down. Ready, Jerry? All right now, go to it."

"Name, please?" piped up Jerry.

Ben gave his name again.

"Age and occupation?"

(Continued on Page 67)

"There's magic in a pattern floor"

—says Hazel Dell Brown

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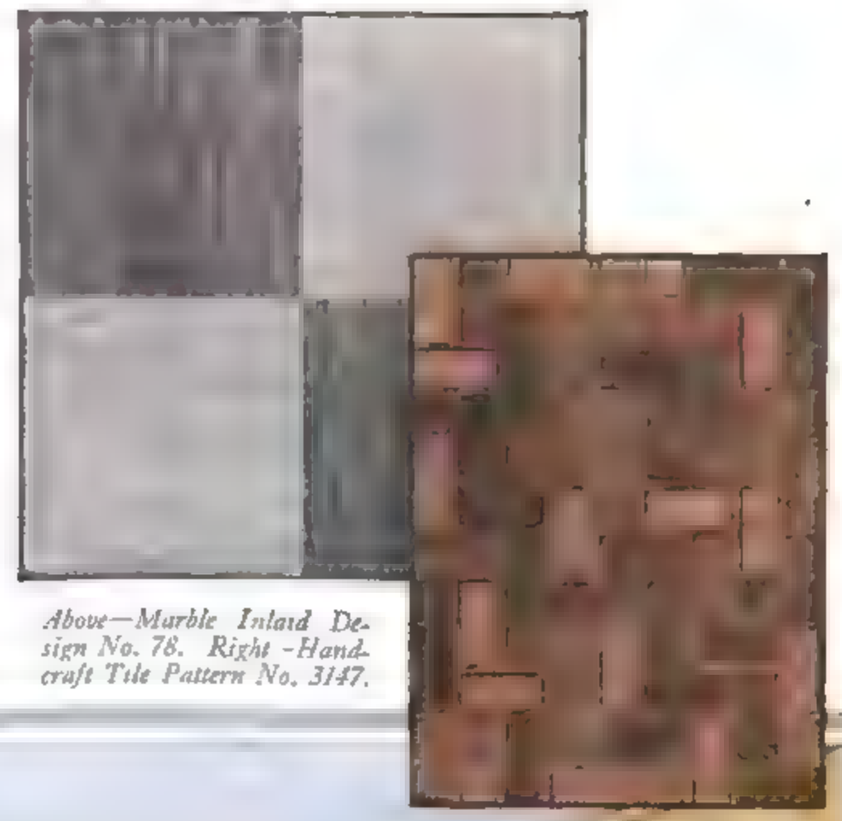
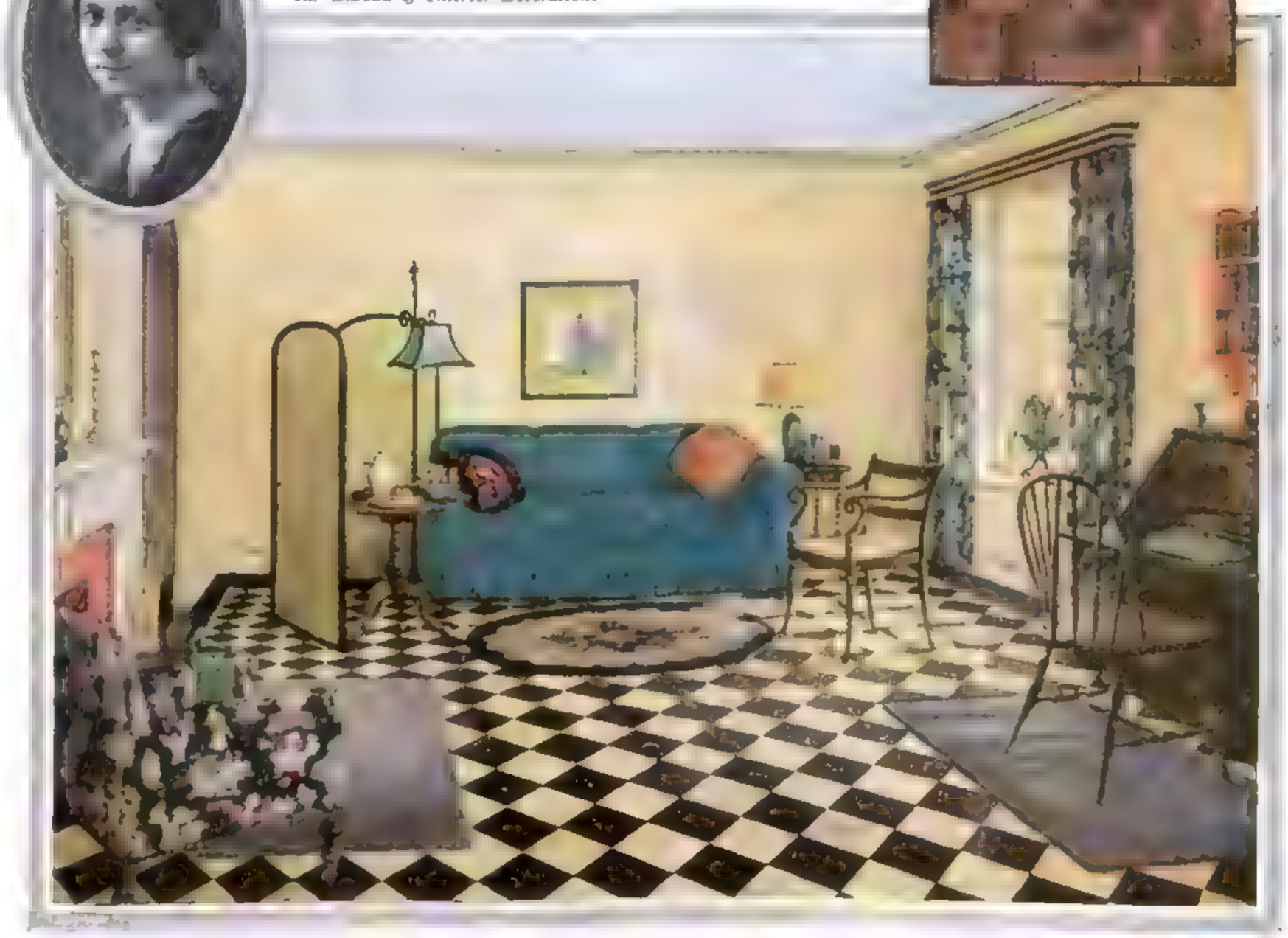


Above—Marble Inlaid Design No. 78. Right—Handcraft Tile Pattern No. 3147.



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"Now look at the floor. Yesterday it seemed sombre—a cheerless note in a color scheme that had been so tastefully planned. It was old. It showed its age. That floor simply did not belong!

"But the floor you see *now* just glows with color and pattern. It makes the whole room look brighter, smarter. Cold corners become cozy corners. Even the rug appears warmer, richer, against the sparkling pattern of the new linoleum floor. For the floor is now as modern as the rest of the room—a perfect foundation for a perfect interior."
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Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*

(Continued from Page 65)

"Twenty-two." And, with a triumphant glance at Red-Neck, "Draftsman in the office of Schermerhorn, Schuyler & Braithe."

Red-Neck looked attentive—yes—but it was the attentive look of a hunter who sees bigger game than he had expected rising over the brow of the hill.

"Draftsman, eh?" he mused. "Not such a bad stunt for getting floor plans."

Ben gave his statement then and Red-Neck could hardly conceal his disgust.

"Take it down, though, Jerry," he said. "It'll send him up quicker than anything else I know."

It was, as you know, an expurgated statement; and as soon as it was finished, Red-Neck shot a few careless holes in it.

"How did you happen to have so much money with you when you bought the cab?"

"I drew it out of the savings bank that day."

"What for?"

"To transfer to a checking account."

"What for?"

"Well, I thought I might want to spend quite a little money on this young lady."

"The Mysterious Mademoiselle X! Who is she?"

"I don't care to bring her name into it."

"I'll say you don't! Why didn't you file a transfer of ownership when you bought the cab?"

"I didn't know you had to."

"I'll say you didn't! Innocent and careless-like—that's you. Why didn't you get a driver's license? Ever hear of them?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's something anyhow. You're getting better. Now try this one: Where were you eleven o'clock Friday night?"

"Why, I had just come out of the concert and was looking for a cab."

"Anybody with you?"

"No, sir."

"Take that down, Jerry," said Red-Neck. "That'll come in useful if he tries to work up an alibi."

Benny began to sweat then in right good earnest—his head, his back, even the palms of his hands. Evidently this thing that had happened—whatever it was—had taken place just before he had bought the taxi and while he was still running around in the rain. A fat chance he would have to prove his innocence, with a few respectable citizens to swear that they had seen him on the driver's seat when the crime had taken place. And even if Rose was dragged into it and swore that he had been with her until he dodged off into the rain, that wouldn't do him much good; and if her testimony happened to be favorable they would only think she was lying to save him—especially when they discovered that he had been riding with her all that day and yet had said that he had never seen her before.

"You start off pretty good," said Red-Neck derisively—"working in an architect's office and learning the floor plans, and then cruising around nights and cashing in on your information. Yea, bo, you pulled a new one there; but as soon as you're caught, you see, you're a flop. How long since you worked at Schermerhorn's?"

"I'm working there now," said Benny, flaring up a little.

"Better and better. This is going to be a good case, Jerry. Front-page stuff every day of the trial. That is, of course, unless he's lying, as he probably is. Take him out now, Jerry, and cool him off," he said as though suddenly stricken with a new idea. "I'll want him again, though, in fifteen or twenty minutes."

Ben went back to where the Grim One was waiting for him, and passed the time none too pleasantly with his thoughts. Perhaps he had better refuse to talk any more, seeing that everything he said was turned against him. Perhaps he had better get a lawyer—if he only knew where to get one. There was a young fellow at Mrs. Bullock's studying law—maybe he could tell him whom to get. But lawyers on a murder case, he had somewhere read, were expensive. . . . Perhaps he had better write to his father—if, indeed, they would let him write. He pictured his father—a tall, gaunt old boy, slow of speech and glance, his back slightly bowed with the weight of the work he had done trying to make a decent farm out of the old Landman place—and now to think of his father coming to see him and looking at him with that slow glance. The old boy had always been against Ben's leaving the farm, had always prophesied that he would come to a bad end in the city.

Tears slowly rose to Benny's eyes and he turned his face to the wall so the Grim One wouldn't see them.

It was ten minutes later when Jerry appeared and beckoned him. Ben arose and went back with him to Red-Neck's office, and the first thing he saw there was Mr. Schermerhorn sitting by the side of the desk and dominating everything in the room—even putting it over Red-Neck by the dignified superiority of his presence. His ebon crown was on his knee, as though to keep it from being contaminated by the desk, and in one of his hands he held his scepter with an imperial grasp that might well have been copied by kings.

"Here he is, colonel," said Red-Neck with obvious respect as Ben was led in. "Ever seen him before?"

"Yes," said Mr. Schermerhorn, giving one glance and then closing his eyes.

"He says he works for you; is that right?"

"He has worked for me," said Mr. Schermerhorn with a significant accent on the tense. "But after what you have told me, inspector, I need hardly say that—er—er—he is working for me no longer."

"No," said Red-Neck. "Seems to me we have a prior lien on him now. Ever suspect him of anything crooked, colonel? Any little thing, I mean, that looks fishy now?"

"I have suspected him lately a number of times of a certain duplicity of conduct, sir."

"Just a moment, colonel, and we'll look into that further."

Red-Neck turned to Jerry and made a motion with his thumb.

"Take him away and put him up for the night," he said. "Driving without an operator's license—unlawful possession of taxi—anything that will hold him. The chief may want to speak to him in the morning, so keep him strictly to himself till then, you understand."

XII

IF YOU could have seen Mr. Schermerhorn as he turned into the office building of Schermerhorn, Schuyler & Braithe the next morning, you might not have noticed at first that there was any change in him, so immaculate were his morning coat and striped trousers, so detached his air of lofty superiority. The ancient attendant opened the door for him quite as usual, with his deeply respectful "Good morning, Mr. Schermerhorn," and took him up the private elevator and let him out with an equally respectful "Thank you, sir." And you might have thought that Mr. Schermerhorn walked into the throne room as though nothing had happened, and there placed his regalia on the teakwood stand. But when he turned to his desk and separated the tails of his coat and seated himself, you might have seen then that something like a hint of trouble, almost of indignation, was hovering over him—a shadow such as might be seen perhaps on a priest of Buddha when he fears that the temple has been desecrated, an indignation such as the mighty Horus himself might have felt when he discovered that hands profane had touched the lesser gods beneath his wings.

Twice, as he went through his mail, he shook his head; and when he had read the last letter, which evidently made him frown in another key, he rang for Ricketts.

"Come!" he presently called in answer to the rap upon the door.

Ricketts advanced, brisk and efficient; though he probably marveled a little that Mr. Schermerhorn hadn't kept him waiting.

"Ah, yes, Ricketts," said Mr. Schermerhorn.

"Yes, sir?"

"I noticed this morning in coming up the elevator that some of your young men were—er—talking together instead of working. I—er—look for better discipline than that."

"Thank you for mentioning it, Mr. Schermerhorn. I was down to the phone myself, but I'll speak to them about it. To tell you the truth," he continued, shifting rather uneasily from one foot to the other, "there's not a great deal of work to keep them busy lately. Masters, Peltier & Swann have been having too much luck. First the Payson Galleries, then the restoration of St. George's, then the Terminal, and I've just found out on the phone that Colonel Baker has decided to give them the new Exchange Building too."

Mr. Schermerhorn tried not to wince at that, but he had to pass his hand over his forehead to hide it.

"Of course, if we can get the Palmalee Foundation, we're set up for the next few years," said Ricketts, "and right in your line, too, sir, if I may say so—a whole town to be laid out on model lines, and no expense to be spared, as I understand it."

"Ah, yes, that is really why I called you, Ricketts. I have a letter here this morning from Mr. Palmalee that he's coming up at ten o'clock to look over the plans for that country place of his. You have everything ready for him?"

"Yes, sir, sketches, plans and a number of good perspectives. Shall I bring them up for you?"

"I wish you would, please. That is all, Ricketts. Thank you."

After he had gone Mr. Schermerhorn arose and walked to the window, where he looked out at a pyramid-shaped monstrosity of an office building which loomed up in the south half a dozen blocks away—the Chewly Building, in which Masters, Peltier & Swann had the two top floors of the tower.

Mr. Schermerhorn muttered something under his breath; and then half reluctantly, half unbelievingly, he came to that question which comes to us all if we but live long enough—"I wonder if I'm getting too old."

Ricketts came up then with the Palmalee plans and laid them on the desk.

"Oh, by the way, Ricketts," said Mr. Schermerhorn, turning from the window.

"Yes, sir?"

"You had a young man working for you downstairs, I believe—Whittleby or some such impossible name."

"Whitby—yes, sir. He hasn't turned up this morning."

"No," said Mr. Schermerhorn dryly, "and he won't turn up on any other morning. He has been discharged."

You can imagine Ricketts' curiosity, but he hadn't been with Mr. Schermerhorn more than twenty years for nothing. So all he said was "Very well, sir. I will fill his place as soon as we have sufficient work to warrant it."

"That is all, Ricketts, thank you."

Mr. Schermerhorn returned to the window and stood there looking out for a long time, as poor Louis might once have stood at a window of Versailles looking at the threatening haze of Paris in the distance. Indeed, he was only just returning to his desk when Mr. Palmalee was announced.

"Oh, hello, Percy," said Mr. Schermerhorn when Ricketts brought him up. "Come in. Er—you needn't wait, Ricketts. I'll ring you when I need you."

Mr. Palmalee advanced, his stick crooked over his arm, and seated himself on one end of the royal desk; and if you had been there it might have struck you that, like Mr. Schermerhorn, Mr. Palmalee had been born to the purple. But whereas Mr. Schermerhorn had grown majestic, Mr. Palmalee had grown wiry, with that peculiar tan and narrowness of hips generally associated with a man who knows his way around a horse. He was tall and slightly stooped of shoulders, and well back on his head he wore one of those English derbies which served the armorers as models for their iron hats. And when you hear that he was sporting spats as though unconscious of them, and wearing a white carnation as though it had grown in his buttonhole, and was gray over the temples but black over the eyes, you will get some slight idea of the fellow patrician who had perched himself on the end of Mr. Schermerhorn's desk and was now tapping his shoe with his walking stick.

"Plans ready?" he asked.

"Yes, Percy; I have something for you here; something rather good, I think. Patterned after the Little Trianon. You've seen that, of course, and—er—know its rather engaging history."

"Good old times—what?"

Mr. Palmalee picked up the plans and looked at them without much interest.

"This wing here," he said. "I don't suppose it's a stable by any chance?"

"Hardly!"

"Not a bad idea, though, if it were. I was talking to Raymond Peltier the other night and he mentioned the idea to me. Said it wasn't a bit uncommon in France to have everything under one roof in some of the smartest country houses. A bit chummy, that, you know, to look out of your window in the morning and see the old gee-gees watching you across the courtyard."

"Hardly decent, it seems to me," said Mr. Schermerhorn, who had been unconsciously frowning ever since Peltier's name had been mentioned.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Palmalee carelessly. "Most of the horses I know are more decent than the people who own them."

He continued looking at the plans, but with a disinterested eye, as an investor might look at the prices of securities which he didn't own and which he didn't wish to own—mildly curious, you understand, but not engrossed.

"I sketched out the interior of a living room which I think is rather good," said Mr. Schermerhorn; "paneled, with a set of hunting prints indicated around the frieze."

"Where's that?" asked Percy, more interested now and shuffling the sketches over. "I don't see that."

Mr. Schermerhorn looked himself.

"Ricketts evidently overlooked it," he said.

He rang for Ricketts, frowning again, but Jackson came in with the message that Mr. Ricketts had gone out.

"No matter; I think I can find it," said Mr. Schermerhorn, rising. "It will take me but a minute."

"I'll come with you," said Percy, getting off the end of the desk. "It will be on my way down."

A commoner man than Mr. Schermerhorn would have sworn under his breath. For one thing, he could see that Mr. Palmalee had not been moved by the suggested plans; and for another thing, he wanted him to stay where he was so that the conversation could later be steered around to the subject of the Foundation. And here the last of the Palmalees was already making for the exits—to lunch, as likely as not, with that jazzy fool of a Raymond Peltier, who would put the horses to bed with you, and would probably get the Foundation work, too, on some fool trick like that!

But what could Mr. Schermerhorn do? Mr. Palmalee had already put his derby on the back of his head and was starting for the door.

"Allow me," said Mr. Schermerhorn, opening the door for him; and they walked down the stairs together to the drafting floor below.

Every draftsman's nose immediately began smelling tracing cloth; and they sat there, humped up and peculiar, like so many young camels tied up tight in their stalls.

"Which one of you," said Mr. Schermerhorn in his best voice, "has been working on the paneling for Mr. Palmalee's living room?"

They glanced at one another along their rulers as though wondering what the trick

was; but the question sounding innocent, Cockeye raised his voice and answered it.

"I think that Whitby was working on it," he said, indicating the empty stool by his side.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Schermerhorn; and then to Percy, "I thought it was strange. That's why Ricketts didn't bring it up. We can doubtless find it, however."

He went to Benny's board—Percy strolling behind him—and showed him the work beneath the thumb tacks.

"A trifle formal, don't you think?" asked the last of the Palmalees.

Mr. Schermerhorn could have killed him.

"A one-dimension sketch, of course, naturally savors of the flat," he said; "but if I can find my original sketch here I think you'll agree there's plenty of life and spirit in it."

He lifted two of the tacks to look for his sketch beneath; and straightway came instead to Benny's bungalow, sprawling its happy length across a sheet of Bristol, and colored, oh, so lovingly, with nearly every crayon known to man.

"Hello!" said Percy. "Here's something pretty!" With a murmured "May I?" he lifted it, and first looked at it closely and then at arm's length. And the three stone gables looked back at him, and so did the flower courts with their casement windows, and the wrought-iron ship on the middle chimney, and the sundial on the wall.

"Hang it, Chris," said Mr. Palmalee, "I like this. Now if you had only worked up something of this sort for me —— Who's it for?"

"I'm not quite sure."

"It's something that Whitby was working on in his own time," said Cockeye.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Schermerhorn, raising his brows. "An old idea of mine, I see, which he is embroidering a little—the key design, of course. You like it?"

"Yes."

"Splendid! Then we'll take it upstairs and get together on the details. Rather crude at present, of course, but we'll soon cure that."

They went up the stairs together and the young camels relaxed—that is to say, they all relaxed but Cockeye, and though the latter straightened his hump with the others, he only shifted his intensity from labor to indignation.

"The thieving old son of a gun!" he told himself. "Now what do you think of that?"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

ONE MAN'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 32)

"There's Herb Quick," I can hear him saying. "He isn't nineteen, and he's been teaching for two years. What about that, Mr. Cowgill?"

Now I had never heard of this infernal Von Coelln rule in my life. I had not misrepresented my age to Superintendent Cowgill. I suspect that inquiries as to the ages of first-grade teachers were left out of the examinations out of consideration for the feelings of the ladies of the A Class. I am sure that I had not lied to Cowgill about my age, or I should recall it. I usually retain such things in my memory. Be that as it may, he found it advisable to write my mother about my age. He explained that he had made it a rule to follow the instructions of the state superintendent in such matters and told her what the rule was as to the ages of male teachers.

"Now," he added, "in order to clear my skirts of any charge of partiality, I should like to have a statement from you as to the age of your son, Herbert Quick."

I noted that expression "to clear my skirts." What he wanted was a record on which to stand. And yet how could we make him a record which would allow me to go on with my school work, and to earn that money which might give me a college education? For I was not yet eighteen, and a year at that age seems an eternity. Mother laid the letter aside and I went outdoors without any discussion. As I went toward the stable I remembered that the Japanese, and I believe some other peoples, very properly count the day of one's birth as a birthday, and therefore reckon that when one attains the age of a year he celebrates his second birthday. I went back to my mother.

"When a person is born," I asked, "isn't it a birthday? The Japanese and many other folks say that it is. And how can it be denied that on the twenty-third day of October, 1861, I was born?"

"Why, of course, you were!" said she. "I guess I remember it!"

"Well then," I argued, "according to the reckoning of most of the people of the world, if we count the Chinese and Japanese and Hindus, my second birthday took place on October 23, 1862. And it's the only sensible way of counting. Any other way is wrong, isn't it?"

"It would kind of seem so," said my mother.

"There," said I; "instead of telling Mr. Cowgill my age, tell him about my birthday, and let him reckon it up himself. I'll write a letter for you to sign."

"I'll see," said she, "when you have finished the letter."

The letter read:

"I have your letter asking about the age of my son. His nineteenth birthday will come on the twenty-third of October of this year."

Only that and nothing more. If Mr. Cowgill made the error of calling the day of my birth no birthday, why, we were not to blame. He did this, evidently, for we heard no more from his office and I went on with my work. We had done as Mr. Cowgill asked—given him a chance to clear his skirts. I felt that I had a vested interest in the opportunity to teach which the superintendent's office had given me. He had, in addition, saved the school district from losing a teacher who was giving satisfaction, and of going to the trouble and taking the risk of trying out another. One can easily find such excuses.

I have never had time to work out the basic right and wrong of this act; but whatever of guilt there may have been in it was mine; for I am sure my logic, casuistical as it may have been, was convincing to my mother. There was, no doubt, something equivalent to a mental reservation in my answer to Mr. Cowgill's letter. But I did give him an opportunity to demand a more exact answer if he desired it.

Perhaps the episode, in an autobiography, is of most value—beyond the proof it should give that I am trying to tell the truth—as an evidence of the extent to which at the age of eighteen the bloom had been lost from the peach of my innocence. It was really a rather ingenious stratagem, was it not? And the fact that I had pulled off a rather neat trick gave me a world of pleasure.

At seventeen I had for months imagined myself as about to enroll in some college. I was now able to earn enough money to pay my way. There was a college at Grinnell and another at Mount Vernon, both within seventy-five or eighty miles of home, and easily reached. I should become a learned and a great man! The plan was a perfectly good one—all but the greatness, anyhow—and when I remarked to my family that I guessed I would go next term, my heart beat fast at the importance of the statement. My father's answer was heavily charged with fate. He said he didn't see how we could afford it.

"I'll have to have the money," said he; and my spirits fell.

A Would-Be War Correspondent

Yet I made no remonstrance, for the money belonged to him if he demanded it; and I knew of the doctor's bills and expenses for hired help and the deficits on the returns of the farm. Heavily charged with fate, I say, because if I had ever reached Grinnell or Mount Vernon I should have tasted of a feast from which no force could ever have weaned me. My life would have been a different one. I should in all probability have become a college professor. I have never been able to answer in my own mind the question as to whether or not this would have been a good thing for me; but when I think of the inferiority in the matter of learning to which it condemned me, I have never been able to think of it without regret—even as I write I think of it with regret. It seemed then as if I had met defeat; but I refused to accept it as permanent, so I began planning a new campaign.

I had never for any length of time thought of my career as anything but that of a writer. I had the usual dropping into poetry, the deviations into painting and sculpture, and the temptations into politics which are prone to beset the careers of genius; but in my dreams writing was my vocation. Well, it seemed as if fate were against me in the matter of getting a college training, the essential equipment for writing. I determined, however, to challenge fate with another plan.

I had read Albert D. Richardson's The Field, the Dungeon and the Escape, which was a vivid account of the adventures of a war correspondent in the Civil War, and his tragic death. He had never gone to college; he, too, had been a schoolmaster, and he had made a great name for himself. At about this time the fame of Archibald Forbes reached Colfax township. I had never read any of his works, but I learned that he also was a romantic figure, with his news stories of the siege of Paris, the Serbian and Russo-Turkish wars and the whole magic East. He had pierced the shield of the world, as had Richardson, with the spear of the war correspondent. And think of their adventures! To dare, to penetrate unknown realms, to see strange lands and to write of brave deeds and the secret wonders of the earth for a whole world to read! What a wonderful life! I laid my plans for becoming a war correspondent.

I had heard of the Military Academy at West Point, and secretly I sent for information as to the course of study there. I found that the curriculum was strong in modern languages. That would be fine for a new Forbes or Richardson. The admission called then for proficiency in the common branches only, in which I had a first-grade certificate showing me to be 100 per cent American. I would go to West Point. I would specialize in modern languages so as to make travel and communication in foreign lands easier. I would not serve in the Army after graduation, but would resign my commission and become a war correspondent like Albert D. Richardson and Archibald Forbes. I, too, would see and do strange things.

On shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea ——

I would become a name forever roaming with a hungry heart. Much would I see and know—

Cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments;
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all.

I had taken fire again after my father's dash of cold water. I wrote our congressman, Nathaniel C. Deering, who lived up in Osage, and was informed that an examination would be held very soon for selecting an appointee from our district. I was very happy. I felt quite assured that I could land this appointment. Had I ever met any boy of my age who could win over me in an examination in the common branches? Never!

I told my mother so much of my plan as involved going to West Point for an education, and she went pale. Of course, she must have thought I would win in the examination. Nobody could beat her boy! Trust her to have faith in me! I should become an officer in the Army. I should be killed in battle; and when I showed the unlikelihood of this, she asserted that I should be sent to far places with my command and she would never see me again. For all that, she would not stand in the way of my career. I might go to Mason City and take the examination.

It was my first trip by rail, that ride from Steamboat Rock to Mason City. This was in itself something memorable, for the iron horse and the swift passage over the landscape at twenty to twenty-five miles an hour had something epical in it. Such great names as Ackley, Hampton, Mason City became things to talk of afterward. Finding the place of the examination was an adventure too; but the gathering of the young men who were candidates was, on a smaller scale, like the teachers' examinations to which I had become accustomed, and I breathed easier.

Rejected for West Point

First came the physical examination, for we were seeking admission into the Army. I had had no doubt, somehow, that I should pass physically. To be sure, I was not much good at wrestling or running or lifting; but I was in excellent health, was six feet tall and did as much work on the farm as anyone.

When the son of Judge Ruddick and I stripped for the examination, Dr. C. H. Smith, of Mason City, one of the examiners, and afterward our family physician, made some joke about our making good marks for the enemy to shoot at.

It did not take the doctors long, when they looked me over, to sign the death warrant of my hopes of being the great chronicler of future wars. With a sinking heart I heard them say something about "unsymmetrical chest," and a few moments after there went into the record the fact that I had malformed feet and ankylosed ankles.

"You won't need to return for the mental examination," they said, after I had donned my clothes.

"I won't? Why not?" I asked.

I thought for the moment that perhaps I had so favorably impressed them that I was to be appointed without any further test. Surely I was not to be thus summarily rejected!

"You don't pass physically," said Doctor Smith. "You're rejected."

I don't believe I showed the shock I felt. I walked along the street in a sort of daze; and I remember I stopped on a crossing and forced a drayman to halt his load while he remarked, "Young man, the world don't turn around only once in twenty-four hours; but it's turning, and I want to deliver this load before it gets clear around!"

I looked at him so hard that I always knew him afterward—Old Man Briggs the Drayman. I got out of his way, made my way back to my sister's home, where I was staying, and eventually back to the farm. My mother was relieved; but I was lost for a while. I was not to go to college. I was not to go to West Point, where I should have received a salary while I studied, which, I had fondly believed, would have enabled me to help the folks and earn my education.

(Continued on Page 70)

This is a Studebaker Year

One Person *out of* Eight

–acts on this new knowledge when buying a fine car today

ONE-FOURTH of all American passenger cars built today belong in the fine car field—a total of 57 different makes selling above one thousand dollars.

And of all fine cars sold, twelve and one-half per cent are Studebakers.

Think of it! One person out of every eight who buys a "quality car" selects a Studebaker in preference to any other of 57 competing makes. Surely, back of this significant fact there is a story of vital interest to every person who is considering the purchase of an automobile this year.

A new way to measure value

Today, people are buying the Studebaker with a sure knowledge of its exact worth—basing their judgment, not on price, but on the manufacturing facilities by which price is governed.

For the "one-profit" Studebaker sells for less than any other automobile of comparable quality—simply because of savings in manufacture.

This year Studebaker will build over 150,000 cars. Build them complete—body as well as chassis—in Studebaker plants. Thus the production cost per car is low. And no matter which Studebaker model you buy, the same principles apply. That is why Studebaker can offer you a coach on the famous Standard Six Chassis at $1295.

This car is designed as a unit and built entirely by Studebaker. The body—engine—springs—transmission—axle—in fact, all major parts are Studebaker-built. Thus its price is not burdened by the profits of outside parts makers which many other manufacturers have to pay and include in the purchase price to you

It is a "one-profit" car—the only fine coach built today under such unique manufacturing conditions.

No other coach within hundreds of dollars of its price can equal it in roominess. Five passengers can be comfortably seated—can enter or leave without disturbing the occupant of the folding seat.

Materials and craftsmanship are of the finest. The long, low-swung body is finished in an attractive Belgian Blue contrasting with the satin-black top. Doors are broad—seats deep and restful. Upholstery is a choice fabric of genuine wool.

According to the rating of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, the Studebaker Standard Six Coach is the most powerful car of its size and weight built today. It has more braking surface per pound of car-weight than any other automobile.

A permanent investment

Do not buy this car with the expectation of trading it in at the end of a year or so. Instead, consider this your permanent investment in fine car transportation.

Mileage records of Studebaker cars in service today show 125,000 miles is common. Some show 400,000 miles and more.

One Studebaker owner in Spokane, Wash., reports covering 250,000 miles over rugged mountain trails.

Another Studebaker owner in Phoenix, Ariz., vouches for 275,000 miles of service a phenomenal record for sand and sage-brush country.

No advantage in delaying purchase

Studebaker has definitely discontinued the custom of presenting a new line of cars each year. Instead, Studebaker will keep up-to-date all of the time—introducing new improvements as their merit is proved through practical use.

So you may buy this Standard Six Coach today—or on any day of the year—with the assurance that no act of ours will stigmatize it as a "last year's model."

Today, more than ever before, every Studebaker is a big money's worth.

Go to your Studebaker dealer and see this sturdy, dependable "one-profit" car. Any Studebaker dealer will be glad to sell you this quality automobile on deferred payments.

STUDEBAKER

Standard Six Coach, $1295 F. O. B. factory

(Continued from Page 68)

If I had gone to West Point I should in all probability never have resigned my commission. My sense of duty would have prevented that. Therefore my boyhood dream was based on an illusion. But with proper allowances for my point of view, I have always thought that the project of thus obtaining a military education and a mastery of some modern languages as a preparation for the life of a war correspondent was a rather surprisingly good one for me to have worked out.

I should, no doubt, have been well up toward the head of my class. Therefore they would have made an engineer of me. I should have spent my life building lighthouses and fortifications, and spending on waterway projects appropriations of the people's money made to help reëlect senators and congressmen. By this time I should have been retired and living at some club, satisfied if my stroke had not so far left me as to eliminate me from the billiard tournament.

A Step Up in Milieus

And of all this I was robbed by that infernal infantile paralysis, which made my chest unsymmetrical, stiffened my ankles and changed the form of my feet. Again, I have never been able to decide as to whether the influence of this disappointment was one of blessing or of blight.

On this farm, where we helped write the saga of the wheat, I lived from 1869 until 1881. I grew up here from a child of eight to a young lack-beard of nineteen. The thoughts of youth have been described as long, long thoughts; and the years of youth are long, long years. This dozen years in retrospect seem to me twice as long as any other equal expanse of time in all my life. I can scarcely realize as I look back upon it that I lived much longer in Sioux City than on what we called the Crippen Place.

Save for my futile campaign for the capture of West Point, I never left that immediate neighborhood until I was approaching twenty; except for one journey by wagon with my brother Charles away out across Hamilton and Webster counties, past Mud Lake—now under cultivation—and back by another route. I returned from this journey very much broadened—I thought—bringing visions of the pond-hole country, marshes, muskrat houses, coal mines, metropolises like Fort Dodge, Webster City and Iowa Falls, a lock of the hair of a mature young lady with whom I had read Owen Meredith's Lucile, and the open contempt of Charley for falling into such an affair. But she was the first who ever read love poetry—if Lucile may be called poetry—with me.

For the winter of 1880–1881 I went down in the southern part of the county near Beaman, teaching, for they paid the extravagant salary of forty dollars a month down there. That old and prominent pioneer of the county, Mr. A. F. Willoughby, engaged me largely on the strength of the excellent first-grade certificate which Mr. Cowgill had given me. Mr. Willoughby told me, much to my gratification, that he would like for me to come back next winter. For he was a college man, had been a teacher, had held the office of county superintendent of schools, and had sons among my pupils. I was not to return, however. One Friday night I rode home and found my father had sold the farm and was moving the family in the spring to a new farm near Mason City. I went along as a matter of course. I think that the old farm had been sold for twenty-five dollars an acre and the new bought for twenty dollars.

The new neighborhood was very unlike the old. There was no foreign element in it. Transplantation is necessary for some plants after they reach a certain size. In some respects the transplantation from Grundy to Cerro Gordo County was, I can see, good for me. My occupation of teaching threw me into new associations in a more highly developed community. Mason City was a place of some 3000 or 4000. I had never been seen there with a haircut as bad as that which in my own mind at least marred my record in Grundy County. From the time of my going to take my teacher's examination that fall I felt myself in a new and more favorable *milieu*.

It must be remembered that my standards of *milieus* were not extremely high or based on any rich experience. Here I found many good friends who accepted me at a higher rating than I had as yet won in my old home. Some of these became very dear and lifelong friends. They were a part of my education. They formed a new and different world for me. Though I continued to live on the farm, almost at once my associates came to be in large measure men and women of influence and standing in the county and in this town of some thousands of people, which was the real center of influence in a considerable and developing territory. They were educators, professional men, merchants and their families. I began to know young people who had advantages—graduates of colleges and universities, students preparing for college; people like the Millers, the Montagues—James J., the poet, was running about the streets then—the Shepards—one of the Shepard boys is now the great railway authority of the Westinghouse Company—and other families of standing and ability. The wives of the married men were very good to me.

A Dickens Addict

Among such women, I had had in the old home only one friend of this class. This one former friend was Mrs. Z. T. Holtzclaw, of Holland, a village which sprang up two or three miles from our old farm when the railway came through Grundy County. Doctor Holtzclaw brought her to Holland a bride; and as she, like most doctors' brides, liked to go riding in the country with her husband, she came to our house, where, discovering my flair for reading, she loaned me David Copperfield.

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortés when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

My world of letters began revolving in a new orbit. I became a Dickens addict—and I still think him, for all his weaknesses and mannerisms, the greatest master of English fiction. Dickens led me to Thackeray, to Sterne, to Wilkie Collins, to W. Clark Russell and the rest of them. I was in the midst of this new fervor when I landed in my new home.

I had, in fact, when I found Dickens outgrown my fictional past; but save for occasional lucky finds, I had had nothing in its place. Among these pick-ups were the addresses of Robert G. Ingersoll. I had never seen a whole book of any author's poetry. Save for the specimens of their work in my textbooks and in the newspapers and such few magazines as came to my eyes, all the poets, though actual and vividly seen as names, were mere names to me. They seemed to belong to the world of romance, like kings and nobles and pirates. So of the great novelists; they were just unrelated names. Mrs. Holtzclaw cured all that with David Copperfield. When I saw her last she lived in a town in Northwestern Iowa. If this comes to her eyes, it may advise her for the first time of the fact that she did something directive to the mind of that boy on the prairie farm and that he thanks her for it.

Poetry as a Memory System

One of my pupils in the home school that winter was Paul Bryant. The era of cheap literature of good quality was now upon us, and Paul had a paper-covered edition of Tennyson's poems which he gave me, the first treasure of that sort that I ever possessed. It was a treasure. Tennyson became as familiar to me as once had been the old History of Ohio or Alice Learmont. Love, with the youthful soul, is largely a matter of propinquity, as we all know, and Tennyson was my first love among the poets, the first course in a banquet with which I have never been satiated.

As in the case of Dickens, I still cling to my early passion. I know that Tennyson, in the judgment of many critics, has lost some of his eminence; but in my opinion he will come back. The music of his verse, the splendor of his pictures and the real greatness of many of his poems will always give him a place among the greatest. I think his Ulysses one of the three greatest short blank-verse poems in the language. I may as well confide to you the names of these three. The first is Markham's The Man With the Hoe, the second Tennyson's Ulysses and the third Bryant's Thanatopsis.

Now laugh if you feel like it! But I may as well confess that I am hopelessly old-fashioned in my views on poetry. I hold that in these days of ours we are losing sight of the distinctions between poetry and mere verse, between poetry and poetic prose, and between poetry and mere prose when arranged mechanically in such a way as to give it the superficial appearance of verse. Verse was, in primeval times, when it was invented, a system of composition in aid of memory. "Thirty days hath September, April, June and November" is a survival of this system of mnemonics; as was also the versified form of the multiplication table.

That body of poetry which we call Homer was left unwritten for long ages after it had become the formative element in Greek thought; even as late as the times of Solon and his friend Pisistratus these poems were enjoyed by having them recited by rhapsodists, many of them unable to read because they were blind; and were, by the decrees of these rulers, given their due order, and sung by successions of minstrels as directed by prompters.

All early poetry in all languages was unwritten. If writing had been invented first, we should probably never have had poetry, for verse was a mere aid to memory. Because they were to be sung or intoned, and for the reason that they had to be committed to memory, all highly prized compositions fell into lines broken up into poetic feet, to which was added, in some languages, the element of rime; and as the verse rose to the expression of high thought or passion it became poetry. Verse awaited the touch of the poet to become poetry. When any composition lacks the poetic quality, it is, of course, not poetry, even though it be excellent verse. There is little poetry in Pope's Essay on Man, though the verse is tiresomely perfect. On the other hand, no matter how poetic a composition may be, if it lacks the more or less regular succession of poetic feet, it is not, in my opinion, poetry. This, of course, excludes all free verse from the list of poems.

We have today a new substance, which is becoming rather important in industry. It is not furnished to its users in the form of finished substance, but in a plastic state, permitting it to be molded into its final and perfect form. Even in this incomplete state, its making is a very wonderful thing, a triumph of chemical engineering, something most admirable; but it is not the finished substance. They designate it by the suffix A. This gives me my analogy. It seems to me that much of what we are taught to call poetry now, though it is very admirable as literature, is not poetry at all, but something which might become poetry if put through the last process, which would give it the required primeval regularity of rhythm and, if desired, the rime, which would render it capable of being committed to memory, and thus turn it into poetry. As it stands, it is mere Poetry A.

Verse That's Simply Prose

Almost all of Walt Whitman is Poetry A; for the Good Gray Poet was tone-deaf and could not compose real poetry save when under great stress of feeling and in a state of exaltation; and then he merely approached so near to it as to enable us to waive its imperfections. In its English translation, Job is Poetry A—the greatest in the language. So are the Songs of Solomon and many of the poetic passages of the Bible. The Book of Revelation is a magnificent piece of Poetry A. Emerson also was slightly tone-deaf, and lapsed into Poetry A very frequently. Most of Carlyle's French Revolution and much of his other work is Poetry A, and if arranged in lines like free verse would pass for better verse than most of it in poetic quality. Ossian is Poetry A of a high order. Miss Lowell's free verse is Poetry A of a very high quality.

Most of our free verse, however, is like Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy, simply prose, and much of it bad prose, arranged according to a silly system of lines. It is further from poetry than is Mother Goose, for the latter has the successive beats of the poetic feet and the rimes which satisfy the demands of ease in memorizing. Neither Mother Goose nor the broken-backed prose of the bad free verse is poetry; but our old nursery friend does possess poetic form. And form is essential to poetry. Form is the only lack which prevents Poetry A from being real poetry—some of it magnificent poetry.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Quick. The next will appear in an early issue.

Hopewell Rocks on the Petitcodiac River, Near Moncton, N. B.

The Frigidaire illustrated here is Model B-51-a. It is built complete with cabinet. The price is $245 f. o. b. Dayton.

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EACH month thousands of families are equipping their homes with Frigidaire electric refrigeration—principally on account of the enthusiastic endorsement of friends and neighbors who already have Frigidaire.

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They tell of a new kind of food preservation—of meats that are kept perfectly for days at a time—of milk, cream and butter that retain their freshness and flavor—of fruits and vegetables that are firm and juicy, even during the hottest summer weather—of the easy convenience of freezing ice cubes or of making delicious frozen desserts.

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"Let the portcullis fall!"

The automatically closing fire-doors in a modern building are like the portcullis of an ancient castle. They are the means of guarding a vulnerable opening against the attack of the enemy—Fire.

Yet the Hartford Fire Prevention Engineers are continually finding fire-doors blocked by barrels, boxes, and other obstructions, or their mechanism so neglected that they will not close. Corroded sprinkler heads, empty fire pails and extinguishers, and tangled fire hose are some of the other ineffectual defenses most frequently observed. The Hartford Fire Prevention Engineers make it their business not only to discover every possible cause of fire but to see that the means for fighting it are adequate. Their services are free.

Ask your local Hartford agent to tell you all about the Fire Prevention Engineers. He is the best equipped man in your community to guide you in all matters pertaining to insurance. He can give you the protection of a Hartford policy —a contract which for more than a century has always meant certain indemnity for honest loss.

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The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 34)

"But how," I can hear a plaintive young voice saying, "can we get experience if you won't give us any? We can't be born with it!"

Exactly! But remember that the newspaper syndicate is not a training school. It must send out material better in quality than that produced by the art departments of the various newspapers which buy its output.

So my advice to any young artist who must be funny to be happy is to get a job on the art department of his home-town paper. It doesn't matter if he draws only ads or letters in layouts. He is learning the trade. And, most important, he has a steady income.

Then, while he is learning the mechanical end of the game, he can study the type of humor preferred by his paper—whether it tends to the slapstick or refined brand. Modern humor, especially in the comic strips, is tending more and more away from the gag and illustrated-joke idea used five or ten years ago. Nowadays we want heart interest, action, suspense, and usually a thread of plot. But these are the fruits of labor. The real seed is planted in little one-column comics.

For example, our star performer, whose weekly pay check runs into four figures, started only five years ago on his big idea, after he had served a long apprenticeship as originator of a popular one-column comic. His big strip was merely an amplification of his own main characters which had appeared again and again in his little daily comic.

And that brings me to another big point. Never copy another artist if you want to make big money. Seek always to put down your own particular and original types. More than in any other profession, trailing the field is disastrous in cartooning, for we can hire hundreds of draftsmen, but the big men in this field can be counted on the fingers of one hand. And without exception, they have developed their own individual characters.

Time and time again I am proudly shown samples of work—"Just like Montaine Cox," or "After the manner of Hud Phisher." But that is exactly what we do not want. We want Ed Smith's own quirk and Tom Jones' own slant on life.

These one-column ventures are the fulcrum on the success lever. They may be done after hours and sold, as a start, to your own newspaper. That will give you a public—and a direct reaction. Nothing is more illuminating than the comments of strangers in a street car reading your daily sketch.

Finally, and you'll know when the time is ripe if your ideas have gone over, send your clippings for several weeks back into a big syndicate office, and enlarge your scope from one to fifty newspapers. Even here, however, it is a gamble, for we of the syndicate take on features without knowing ourselves just what the returns will be.

We usually pay out every month to the artist 50 per cent of all money collected from the newspapers to which his feature is sold. But the amounts may vary from as little as $7.50 a week—our weakest comic strip now running—to $60 or $75 as a starter. However, it's seldom enough, at first, to count on for regular bed, board and breakfast.

So again I urge, if you must be a cartoonist, get a steady job first. For it's one of the riskiest, the highest, most poorly paid, most fascinating professions in the world.

CLARE ELLIOTT.

Do One Thing Well

ONE of the most persistent fallacies is the belief in what might for lack of a more descriptive term be called versatility. Because an author writes well the public ignorantly supposes that he is a brilliant conversationalist. He is probably much more comfortable in his garden or taking a stroll with his dog than exchanging epigrams with other "best minds."

If people would learn that excellence comes in streaks rather than all over, there would be less cause to look upon life as a failure. In these days of a complexity of activity that fairly bewilders, there ought to be a chance for everyone. Why assume that the inventor who made one million dollars from a thermostat was necessarily a good violinist? The illustrator who recently signed a new contract at sixty-four hundred dollars a week for a comic strip may not be at all proficient as a revolver shot, and the publisher who left an estate of one million dollars may, for all we know, have been exceedingly clumsy in any other branch of business.

We all admire the man who finds a way, who is handy in any situation. An official of a power company in a Western state was hastening up a narrow mountain cañon one evening just after darkness set in. Suddenly he found the road blocked with cattle, which with their vaqueros had settled down for the night. Later he learned there were twenty-five hundred cattle in the herd. His automobile stopped and he was told by the Mexicans that he would have to camp there overnight. They would take no chance of having so many cattle stampeded by the efforts of his driver and himself to shoo them off the road.

"But I want to get by," insisted the power man.

"You won't tonight," said the foreman.

"You may think I'm a tenderfoot, but I'm not," replied the power man, who cut himself a long sharp stick and quietly prodded one steer after another as his driver slowly pushed ahead. The steers reluctantly moved to one side as the car went through, but did not stampede, as they would have done if the traveler had set up a loud shouting.

There is a place, and a large one, for those who are equal to any emergency. But there is a place also for those who master a particular, special problem. It is not necessary for all men to meet all emergencies. The parable of the talents was never so applicable as today. Formerly there were only a few main terminals for talent and ability; now there is a stopping place at every way station. —ALBERT W. ATWOOD.

The Easiest Thing in the World

"IT IS the easiest thing in the world to make money; not fabulous sums, of course, but enough to assure comfort."

So says Samuel M. Vauclain, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, in Philadelphia.

"Make the methods of great and successful men your guide and example. There is no more certain plan than to study their how-to-do-it and then go to it.

"The difficult thing is to discover what you like to do and want to do. Granted that after weighing the merits of a job and balancing your abilities to do that job, you decide that that work is what you can do and want to do, do not be discouraged if at first you are not given the position in that work that you like best or that is the easiest or that pays the most. He who rises in work improves his own position as he improves his work. Success must be sought after; it is seldom handed down.

"Every work worth going into is worth putting one's entire self into. If you are sufficiently interested in the work, you will find it will require every bit of good in you.

"No one can mold a career or attain success who remains on the outside of the job. One should strive to get on the inside. One can never really be content being on the outside of a job, looking in; one should get on the inside and then look out. From that vantage point one can see one's intentions become realities, one's plans become definite rules, and one's ideas become adopted passwords.

"I can remember back to the time when, as a small child living in Altoona, Pennsylvania, I was ever to be found doing something with my hands. Whether it was sawing wood and making boats and boxes or digging wells or busying myself in the railroad shops, I was never satisfied to be quiet. At sixteen I got a job as apprentice in a railroad shop, earning the dignified wages of fifty cents a day. I had no definite ideas about the future except to become a good machinist.

"I wanted to go to college to take an engineering course. I saved what money I could, working at whatever odd jobs promised me the money that I needed. At twenty-one I was offered the position of underforeman. The offer seemed glittering and I accepted. Instead of going to college, which now was impossible, I took a mechanical-drawing course at night and worked during the day. At twenty-three I earned eight dollars and forty cents a week."

Mr. Vauclain chuckled.

"Soon came the question, not whether two could live as cheaply as one, but whether two could live on eight dollars and forty cents a week. I married and forgot the question in finding the answer."

Mr. Vauclain had always felt that some day he would come to the Baldwin Locomotive Works to become a part of its working force. From his father, who had worked under Matthias W. Baldwin in building Old Ironsides, the first locomotive built by Mr. Baldwin, and one of the first built in America, Samuel M. Vauclain learned the virtues of a good workingman.

"My chance came to go to the Baldwin works as an inspector to watch construction, and at twenty-six I made my first visit to that gigantic locomotive plant. New jobs were then as now ever on the lookout for new workers. There is no limiting the potentialities of the business, as there are numberless openings for developing special talents mechanically. The locomotive industry wants the young man."

Working hard, being interested in whatever he did, displaying the qualities of a leader, carefully planning and thinking with clearly defined logic, the underforeman before long became superintendent of construction. At thirty he was praised and envied; success was marked in his every advancement.

Mr. Vauclain had become intrinsically a part of the workings of the establishment, and was soon hailed as the inventive genius. Scarcely three years after he had entered the Baldwin company, his patent for adjusting and drilling a locomotive truck was being used at the plant. Supervising and inventing brought Mr. Vauclain's name into every conversation among the men at the plant. With more than seventy inventions, Mr. Vauclain is today one of the most powerful figures in the locomotive industry. He has won awards at international expositions and has been honored and decorated on various occasions.

Mr. Vauclain, in 1896, not quite thirteen years after he had entered the Baldwin plant, became a partner in the company. Having celebrated his seventieth birthday on May 18, 1925, he announced his plan to work for many more years.

"I am a staunch upholder of the theory that sincerity in work means happiness to the worker. I urge a happy attitude toward work. The persisting difficulties that accompany every undertaking, troublesome as they may be, are in reality the potent forces that make us grow. We never could recognize success did not adversity precede it. Obstacles and difficulties when challenged by good work mold the worker into a leader and master builder. Every man has his share of duties for which he alone is responsible. No one needs a letter of introduction to get a better position; superior work is the only requisite."

—FLORENCE T. HORNSTINE.

Watch This Column

TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA:

I will appreciate it immensely if you will give me your moral support in Universal's campaign for clean pictures. My effort to produce pictures which the whole family can see, fits in with your ideas and activities and it seems to me we can work together to the advantage of the world of moving-picture "fans."

NORMAN KERRY

Moreover, I would appreciate a letter from you with whatever suggestions you may see fit to make. By clean pictures, I do not mean the namby-pamby sort, devoid of thrills and excitement, but pictures which are moral in tone, yet full of romance, drama and adventure.

Universal's forthcoming "White List" of 54 feature-pictures consists of just such productions for which I have chosen the best stories, the best players, the best directors, the best cameramen and the finest of natural settings. I have already mentioned in this column the three first pictures—***"The Teaser,"*** starring LAURA LA PLANTE with PAT O'MALLEY; ***"California Straight Ahead,"*** starring REGINALD DENNY; and ***"The Man in the Saddle,"*** starring HOOT GIBSON. Others are:

PATSY RUTH MILLER

"Siege," **the fine story from Samuel Hopkins Adams' book** with beautiful VIRGINIA VALLI, EUGENE O'BRIEN and MARY ALDEN—a Svend Gade production. This is a story of a woman of iron and a girl of steel fighting for the same man. When "Siege" played recently at the Capitol Theatre, New York, The New York Daily News said "It marks a milestone in movies," and the N. Y. Evening Post said "It is everything a good picture should be."

"Lorraine of the Lions," starring NORMAN KERRY with PATSY RUTH MILLER, is one of the most remarkable thrillers ever produced. It is the story of a circus owner's daughter who, with the animals, is shipwrecked and cast upon a desert island. The girl develops marvelous control over the beasts of the jungle. A charming love story runs through it. This is an Edward Sedgwick production.

I would enjoy receiving a letter from you.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send for the beautifully illustrated "White List" booklet, which comes without cost to you.

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THERE are 4 reasons why men who know prefer Williams Shaving Cream. Read those 4 reasons below.

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AQUA VELVA is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. For free 150-drop trial bottle write Dept. 48-A.

THE WAYS OF A RAT

(Continued from Page 36)

want to eat—but not a solitary rat sign! Why was that? Nothing like it had ever occurred in his previous experience, so he singled out that part of the job for detailed observation, and spent many hours aloft on a rafter before he solved the mystery.

The observation post was not in the mouse-infested room, but outside, where rats ranged in great numbers. He found that rats never entered the mouse room. There were no holes large enough to admit a rat. Moreover, when an occasional mouse ran out of the room it was driven back by rats—not killed or even harmed, but chased into its hole again by vigilant rat policemen.

The absorbed lookout overhead began to wonder if he were not becoming a Nature faker, when one night, after many hours of watching, he saw rats actually bring food to the mouse holes. Besides the rats' practice of butchering mice, the mouse room was stored with food. Why were the rats bringing more? They were bringing supplies not found in the grain and flour sacks. They were bringing vitamins, if you please, such as scraps of meat, vegetables, fruit cores and peelings.

Some nights later, just when the naturalist was getting tired and cramped, there was a new development. Out of the rat holes came about twenty or thirty animals. Going to one of the mouse holes, they enlarged it by pulling out pieces of brick and coal so a rat could enter. Several rats did enter, while the others stayed outside. Those that disappeared were gone perhaps four or five minutes. Then they came out, each carrying one or two mice. The smaller animals were dying or dead. Laid in a pile, they were watched by the other rats. If a mouse revived and tried to escape it was caught and killed. In the course of fifteen minutes some fifty or sixty mice were brought out and piled together. Then they were carried off by the rats, presumably to their young, and with what was clearly an orderly division of spoils.

The Stolen Bucket of Clams

This observer's conclusions reveal the rat as an organized and disciplined animal. For he could find no other explanation than that the mouse room was maintained by rats as a game preserve for a favorite food; and the mice in this room, afterward trapped and exterminated, bore out that view, because they were exceptionally fat. Any rat, as an individual, might have gone freely into this room and had a wonderful feast, provided there was no discipline to prevent it. But the stopping of holes to mouse dimensions, the carrying of green food and the systematic way in which a supply of mouse meat was bagged and divided, reveals a strict discipline and community spirit in these rats.

On another afternoon, quite a few years ago, in a popular oyster restaurant of the old-fashioned kind, now out of business, a new waiter, serving two ladies, saw a rat run along the baseboard. Had he been an old waiter he would have let it alone; but being a new waiter, he directed a kick at Mr. Mus Rattus. The surprised and indignant animal jumped, squealing his protest over this unusual treatment. He jumped onto the ladies' table, overturned a pot of hot coffee on himself, and jumped down again, scampering for a hole, squealing louder than ever—and this time not in protest. The ladies screamed, other ladies joined in, men sprang to their feet, and in two minutes the oyster place was empty.

The same observer was called into this situation and found that in the basement kitchen rats were so thick they actually stole food while people were preparing it; and this one instance illustrates rat organization and teamwork: Besides oysters, a great many clams were sold. A kitchen man opened enough clams to fill a good-size bucket, placed the bucket on a knee-high shelf beside him and turned his back to perform some other work. Ten minutes later, when he reached for the bucket of clams, it was empty—absolutely empty! More than a gallon of shelled clams had disappeared so quickly that he thought somebody in the kitchen had stolen them for a joke. He reported to the proprietor, who also thought somebody had emptied the bucket behind his back.

The incident was reported to the expert, who declared that the clams had been taken by rats; and when the proprietor looked skeptical he offered to prove it.

His proof was the staging of a repetition of the robbery. Another bucket of shelled clams was placed in exactly the same position, at the same time of day—toward evening, when dusk was coming on. The proprietor and expert hid themselves and watched, while the kitchen man worked on with his back to the bucket. Two or three minutes passed and nothing happened. Then suddenly out started a rat scout to see what was in the bucket and make certain that the coast was clear. The boldness of the animals in this place was such that they wasted little time. In another minute, on the heels of the scout, came a swarm of rats large enough to form a chain from the clam bucket along ninety feet of wooden chute, and in a few seconds more the clams were being taken from the bucket and passed along this living chain, to disappear in a rat hole distant almost the length of the building. In five minutes the clams were gone!

If that sounds to you like Nature faking, do not read the following:

In a cellar, crates of eggs were so persistently plundered by rats that a special contrivance was built to put them out of reach. This was a wooden platform, set in the middle of the room on stiltlike legs about eight feet above the floor. The legs were not only smooth iron pipe, unclimbable, but set in at an angle to make climbing even more impossible. For some time this device proved effective. Then eggs began disappearing again, not a few out of this crate or that, but twenty or thirty dozen from a crate that had been left open—every egg there was in it.

This case being interesting from the standpoint of rat ways, an observer was posted overhead, watching, motionless, with the lights turned on, an open crate of eggs having been placed on the "ratproof" platform. After a wait not long enough to prove tedious, between thirty and forty rats scampered out of their holes, climbed an easy rat runway and gained the top of a very large gas meter near the ceiling. This was four or five feet above the platform and eight or ten feet off horizontally. Having assembled, the rats began jumping for the platform, and most of them reached it. Once in about five times an animal would fall short and hit the floor with a soft little thud that knocked the wind out of him for a minute or so. But bumps of this sort seldom injure the fluffy yielding body of a rat, and after resting a minute the animal would once more climb the runway and try again.

A Living Egg Chute

When they had all gained the platform these rats formed a chain to the floor, forelegs linked in hind legs. It was a chain long enough to extend in an easy hollow curve to a point on the floor some distance from the platform, and the last rat in the line lay on his back. When this living egg chute was in place—and the animals worked as though they were performing an acrobatic act previously planned and rehearsed—things began to happen to those eggs. One by one they were lifted from the crate, dropped to animals on the platform, passed safely down the rat chain and away into the darkness of various rat holes. In a little more than half an hour the crate was completely empty.

Almost anybody who has had experience with rat raidings knows that the animals will steal eggs with the greatest facility, apparently never breaking one, and leaving no traces behind.

There you have the beastie that pits his wits against the intelligence of man, and pretty much ever since man stopped hunting and flock keeping and settled down, storing his food and accumulating possessions, has lived with him. In new countries the rat has never been in advance of man in numbers great enough to make him a pest. He has rarely been found with primitive men like the blacks of Australia; and if found has had two checks against multiplication. To primitive man he is just as good food, in a pinch, as any other animal, and so has been kept down by hunting. And primitive man has had no ships, railroad trains or other transportation whereby the rat could travel and colonize in new places. But the rat delights in civilized man and his progress, emigrating freely to new countries. In illustration, just now Western Canada is new country, lately settled by man, and the rat is advancing upon it as systematically as though he might have read some of the Canadian Government's settler advertisements.

Wharf and Sewer Rats

When a huge fierce rat suddenly invades a home and attacks people, almost always children, and preferably babies, it is either a wharf or a sewer rat. Its size and pugnacity lead people to think that it is an animal of a different species from the more docile and familiar house rat, which is seldom guilty of such savagery unless cornered. The house rat, the wharf rat and the sewer rat all belong to the same species, however—the brown rat—that entered Europe by swimming across the River Volga in 1727, and reaching England the following year. This being the period of the new Hanoverian monarchy in England, popular rumor quickly accounted for them by saying that they had come in with the new dynasty, and therefore they became known as Hanoverian rats. In Europe and England they found the smaller black rat, also known as the gray and the Norway rat, one of the most ancient species. The brown rat kills and devours the black rat. In a few years the latter was nearly exterminated. From England the brown rat quickly reached America, and spread over the continent as it was settled. The black rat also came, and is still able to live in seaport towns and the South, dwelling in walls, on roofs and in ships, in contrast with the brown rat, which prefers basements, where it can burrow in moist earth from house to house and establish connections with sewers.

The big wharf and sewer rats attain their size by living in the open, while the smaller house rat of the same species is an indoor sheltered animal. The house variety has a sleek skin, short soft fur, and though vicious if cornered, seldom attacks human beings. The wharf and sewer rats—the latter the dirtiest and filthiest of them all—wear coarse fur coats, and are roughnecks by nature, accustomed to shifting for themselves, and with such strength and fighting natures that they will frequently whip and cow a cat. The cat, in fact, is no match for old experienced rats. The house rat establishes runs from one dwelling to another in the same block, visiting all in turn, and is a possible carrier of disease and vermin; but in the cities very often its runs have no outside connections. The wharf and sewer rats stick to their chosen quarters until some shift in the food supply drives them indoors, where they will establish dwellings if conditions are favorable, and within a few generations—which to a rat is only a matter of months—change into the smaller house variety. The house rat, likewise, if

(Continued on Page 76)

As pioneers in the field of oral hygiene, we believe that the makers of Listerine are logically qualified to introduce this new and drastic note into dentifrice advertising. And we believe that a very definite public benefit will result from this endeavor to make the nation properly conscious of the disease dangers that may result from tooth abscesses. —*Lambert Pharmacal Company.*

"—what a pathetic figure he is today!"

Hidden wells of poison

Once a champion—now only a wistful onlooker! It was only a few years ago that he was one of the best golfers in the country. Today he limps over the course watching the players he once outmatched!

Shattered health due to tooth neglect! It all began innocently enough with several tooth cavities. Then like so many other people, he put off going to his dentist! As a result, several abscesses developed and seeped their deadly poison into his system.

Then came rheumatism and a heart disorder that made him practically a cripple. Neglected much longer, these hidden wells of poison might have caused his early death.

Do you realize this?

Do you know that, according to eminent dental authorities, 78 out of 100 adults today have tooth abscesses: that usually they do not know it themselves and that such abscesses may directly cause many dread diseases?

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney troubles; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

Protect yourself

You are probably like most other human beings; so while at this moment you realize all these dangers you, too, will very likely put off going to your dentist.

In the meanwhile, however, you owe it to yourself to take one simple precaution: There *is* a dentifrice that will do very much to keep your teeth and gums in a healthy condition. Consequently, more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Because Listerine Tooth Paste, *and this tooth paste only*, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, calling for much less effort than is ordinarily required.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube *25 cents*—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis.

HIDDEN WELLS OF POISON IN YOUR MOUTH?

© 1925, Lambert Pharmacal Co

(Continued from Page 74)

driven to an open-air life by the tearing down of buildings in which it has dwelt, takes to the open and soon attains size and strength. For adaptability is one of the characteristics that enable the rat to hold its place under man's feet. Even in new concrete buildings it will manage to live beneath shelves, in piles of waste and lumber, among stored articles—any small neglected corner suffices for a home and breeding place.

The rat is destructive and pugnacious by nature. He can devour 40 per cent of his weight daily, and that is only a fraction of what he spoils in sharpening his teeth and for the sheer lust of destruction.

In his favor, the rat has intelligence, organization, discipline—and the multiplication table. He thoroughly knows the ways of man, because he is constantly studying them. He is awake and exploring while man sleeps, discovering where and how he stores his goods and contriving ways of living right alongside people without being in evidence.

When man arouses himself to the point of organizing against the rat and using as much intelligence as the latter does in maintaining his position, the pest can be kept down to proportions approaching extermination. New York City illustrates this possibility. Its rat population, probably 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 in the five boroughs, costs at least a dollar a year per animal in food and damage, and fully $5,000,000 a year is spent in fighting the pest. But since the war, rats have been steadily multiplying in greater New York and becoming more and more serious a problem.

From London come about the same reports. London has practically no barriers against growth, being so situated that it can spread out in all directions, and presumably its rats could spread too. But they don't. Living is pleasant in the crowded sections of the town. London has had the menace of plague to stimulate it in the war against rats, and a great deal of ratproof construction has been done there. This is making headway against the rats, with a noticeable improvement in general health; but the war is long and is hampered by the lack of organization and general public opinion against the rat. Investigation recently showed that about one building in three is infested. The property owner or tenant who has rats is often willing to fight them, and often does rid his premises. But both in London and New York his neighbors tolerate rats and restock his premises in a few weeks.

As in London and New York, so in most other cities, particularly port cities, millions of rats may be destroyed every year by property owners who fight them, but until the rat is outlawed and all property owners are enlisted, he is able to survive, multiply and hold the field.

An Enemy Well Intrenched

Ninety per cent of the new buildings in New York City are fairly free from rats. Modern construction tends to keep them out, or keep down their numbers if they gain entrance, by limiting runways and breeding places. New buildings on Manhattan Island are generally large structures—office, apartment, hotel and mercantile buildings. But probably 90 per cent of all the old buildings in the city are rat infested and neglected. Thus it happens that when the owner or tenant of an old building does take steps to have his premises cleared, his neighbors on either side, in the rear, across the street, sometimes underneath or overhead, are breeding a surplus with which to restock his premises.

New York has a large number of people who seem to live on neighborly terms with the rat. He is dirty, but a great proportion of the foreign-born population have not yet learned to mind that. He damages property, but this is largely a tenant population—it should worry! The rat must eat, but what he finds after they have finished, with their European frugality, he is welcome to—indeed, credited with some service as a scavenger. If B cleans up his premises, and A and C on either side of him do nothing, that is all right from the viewpoint of public opinion and law. No statute or regulation compels A and C to get rid of their rats, and so the warfare makes no impression upon the intrenched enemy. Pinched off here and there, in isolated positions, temporarily, Mr. Rat sends over a counterwave sooner or later to reoccupy and consolidate these positions. And so it will be in New York and every other community until public opinion is aroused to outlawing the rat by statute and penalizing property owners who harbor him.

Four-Legged Immigrants

New York has a large and constant immigration of rats from all over the world—Europe, India, China, Japan, South America. They pass through no Ellis Island inspection; and although certain precautions are taken to prevent their landing from ships, Mr. Rat bootlegs his way in, just as some human immigrants do. So the health authorities trap and shoot thousands of specimen rats in what are regarded as the front lines of battle against imported plagues, and should they find infected specimens, a general campaign against all rats in certain danger zones would be undertaken. But short of a genuine plague scare, New York seems content to muddle along with its rats, and even to tolerate a substantial yearly increase.

The war fostered rat multiplication and favored him in several ways. The housing shortage made it necessary for people to crowd together, and it is well known to health officials that pests and disease increase in proportion to the number of persons living in a given area. War activities drew attention away from the rat, and when unnoticed he multiplies. Great stores of food were assembled at new places for the armies, particularly at ports, where the migrating rats could settle down and multiply. The millions of men massed in the war zone, with food supplies and dead animals, brought hordes of rats into existence in the trenches. Like housing, prices, exchange, employment and many other after-war factors, the rat is out of balance on the pest side, and methods that kept his numbers down to reasonable proportions before the war are no longer effective.

Innumerable methods of trapping have been resorted to. One of the latest sounds rather funny. It is nothing more or less than catching rats on sticky fly paper. A strong bird lime is used, and the rat that steps foot in it and fights is soon besmeared and helpless. In London this varnish trap, as they call it over there, has proved quite effective.

Hardly a week passes but some inventor turns up at the New York Health Department with an ingenious new scheme for trapping or annihilating rats. Over on Long Island is the largest refuse dump in the world, with a railroad system of its own, a place where ashes and junk are hauled to reclaim salt-water meadow. Because people mix garbage with ashes, there is plenty of food for rats, and they are so thick that any inventor bent on their destruction can find abundant material for experiment. The health officials learned long ago never to be skeptical of any new method proposed for extermination of rats, no matter how outlandish, and many of the new devices really kill rats. The inventor is given the freedom of the Corona dump and told to help himself to all the rats he wants for experimental purposes—the more the merrier.

For home use, traps are more effective than cats or terriers, and free from the dangers of poisons, provided the right kind of trap is used, with knowledge of Mr. Rat's ways. Devices that catch the rodent alive are still widely popular, but have the disadvantage of putting the live animal into the pillory for a whole night as an awful example of boneheadedness. Observers have actually seen other rats bring their young to look at a rat caught alive, and squeal what was presumably a cautionary talk about being so dumb as to monkey with such a device. Old rats are seldom caught in such traps, but usually the rash young animal, which perhaps had no mother to guide him.

But the number of rats caught nightly does not begin to keep pace with the increase. Charged wires for electrocuting rats are complicated, require city current and must be of potential high enough to be dangerous to people.

The common spring trap, released by touching a baited trigger, which brings the powerful spring down upon the investigating animal in a fraction of a second, breaking its back, is considered best by one of the most capable exterminators. He says it is not necessary even to bait such a trap, and that the popular notion about smoking it each time after a rat has been caught is wrong. The more it smells of rat the better. But it is important to handle the trap with gloves to avoid human scent. Good results are usually procured when plenty of these traps are set, instead of one or two, and an appeal is made to rat curiosity rather than appetite.

A rat may have a full stomach, but his inquisitiveness is never sated. Therefore if each spring trap is lightly covered with a soft piece of tissue paper, he will want to see what's underneath—and eight times in ten finds out, though the information will never be of any practical use to himself or rat posterity.

It is true that a poisoned rat or mouse will seek the open air and generally escape from detached houses or barns. In the cities, however, there is often no runway to open air. Rats pass from building to building in the same block, and sometimes into sewers; but when poisoned in city buildings they are likely to die inside and become offensive.

Dangers of Rat Poisons

However, there are a few rat banes which can be used with safety, as they are harmless to people and domestic animals. Any druggist will sell you barium carbonate, to be mixed with rat food. The hydrochloric acid which is so abundant in the rat's stomach transforms this chemical into barium chloride, a deadly poison; but no such transformation takes place in the human stomach. An older safe rat poison is plaster of Paris mixed with ground flaxseed or some other dry food material to make it attractive. The plaster hardens in the rat's stomach and causes death.

To say that the rat, with his organization and discipline, has community spirit is not fanciful. He actually does live in his own definite colony and will fight animals in a neighboring colony that invade it. Sometimes a colony is cleaned up by exterminating the rats in a single building. More often, however, it extends over several buildings. In a very large extermination job in New Jersey, several years ago, 165 acres of railroad terminal were treated. There was no knowing at the outset how many colonies were involved or where each began and ended. So treatment was applied to different buildings, and when rats were found infesting some given point after they had been destroyed in buildings roundabout, the experts knew that one or more colonies had been passed by and were able to concentrate upon them.

Poisons are dangerous in untrained hands, for they are likely to be found by other animals or children, or carried to other premises by rats. Poison gas is effective in destroying rodents, but is so dangerous that even trained operators are strictly regulated in its use; and these regulations make it expensive, because people must be moved out of residences for the twenty-four hours or more needed in applying it, large stores and factories must often be shut down for a day, and in New York it is necessary to provide a watchman for each entrance to a building being treated with gas.

Pasteur discovered the bacterial method, by which a fever resembling typhoid, afflicting rats but not affecting human beings or domestic animals, is introduced into rat colonies. He inoculated other rats with the virus and liberated them, and this proved highly destructive to rodents. This virus was then distributed through food, shipped to various parts of the world, but lost virulence through lapse of time, difference in climate and other factors. The chief difficulty was, however, that the virus, being most effective when held at blood temperature and applied by inoculation, lost potency when attempts were made to get the same results with cold virus and through the digestive system. By a recently devised method, the virus is cultivated in beef bouillon, kept at blood temperature, and used for inoculating a given number of rats caught on infested premises, which are then allowed to go back to their own colonies. They communicate the fever, which usually ends its course only with the destruction of the last rat in that colony. This fever lasts several days, during which the animal does not eat, so the viscera are pretty well wasted at death and the body is inoffensive unless it comes in contact with steam pipes or water.

Ratproof Buildings

Besides being filthy, destructive and a disease carrier, the rat is a fire menace, often starting a blaze by chewing matches. There is absolutely nothing nourishing in matches—in fact one large match manufacturing company has conducted extensive experiments with rats to be certain that they will starve to death on an exclusive diet of its product. But the rat loves the phosphorus that is used in matches. It is to him like salt to wild animals, and he cannot resist it; and though the basis of rat poison, it is harmless in small quantities.

One thing in rat extermination is highly important—to pull down all cupboards, partitions and other runways and refuges used by the animals, after they have been destroyed. Old buildings are infested, invariably, because their obscure corners and dark passageways invite the rat. New buildings become infested as they are altered with partitions, shelves and similar additions that make refuges.

During the plague scare some years ago in our port cities, as well as in London and other English cities, effort was concentrated by health authorities upon the ratproofing of old buildings and approving no new building unless it had a tight cement cellar and an impregnable cement foundation wall a certain height above the ground, presumably a greater height than a rat could jump. The authorities looked forward to a happy time when, all buildings in a threatened city being thus ratproofed, the rat should eliminate himself by starving to death. Now it is found that though ratproofing is a great help, there is really no ratproof building. For though rats cannot enter such buildings as easily as old structures, or find so many places of concealment in which to multiply, a certain number do slip in while doors are open, or are carried in with goods. It helps to replace wooden floors with concrete in basements, to clear all walls of wooden shelves, sheathing and other hiding places, and to wire all basement entrances.

Oddly, the destruction of rats on infested premises is often followed by two other pests—mice and fleas. The mice have probably been in the neighborhood all the time, but kept in check by the rats. When the latter go they move in and multiply. But the mouse is not difficult to deal with. It is easily trapped, and if food and garbage are put out of its reach, a few spring traps will soon rid the premises. The fleas come from dead rats. Their presence usually indicates that there has been wholesale destruction of rats in the neighborhood. Fortunately they soon disappear, either finding other hosts or dying for lack of rats to live and breed upon.

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THERE is scarcely a crossroad hamlet in America that hasn't been doing its share of talking about the fine new Overland Six—and with the same enthusiasm shown in the big cities. This is natural. People are people and quality is quality—so everywhere you go you find the new Overland Six making the same appeal with its beauty; giving the same thrills with its 38 horsepower performance; arousing the same desires to own it.

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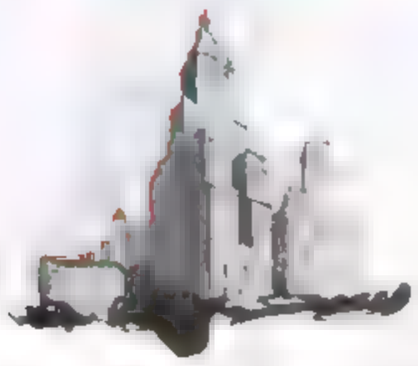

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The doors in the magnificent new Standard Oil Building in New York swing smoothly and easily on Stanley Ball Bearing Butts. This is only one of the many notable buildings of the year in which Stanley Builders Hardware is used. For more than 80 years the name STANLEY has identified the finest equipment in this field.

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Four-Square Household Tools are especially designed for every day use around the house. Basically of Stanley quality giving long life, they are made in a finish and with a simplicity of construction adapted to the needs of the casual user. Four-Square tools are good tools for the householder who wants things to last.

FOUR-SQUARE HOUSEHOLD TOOLS

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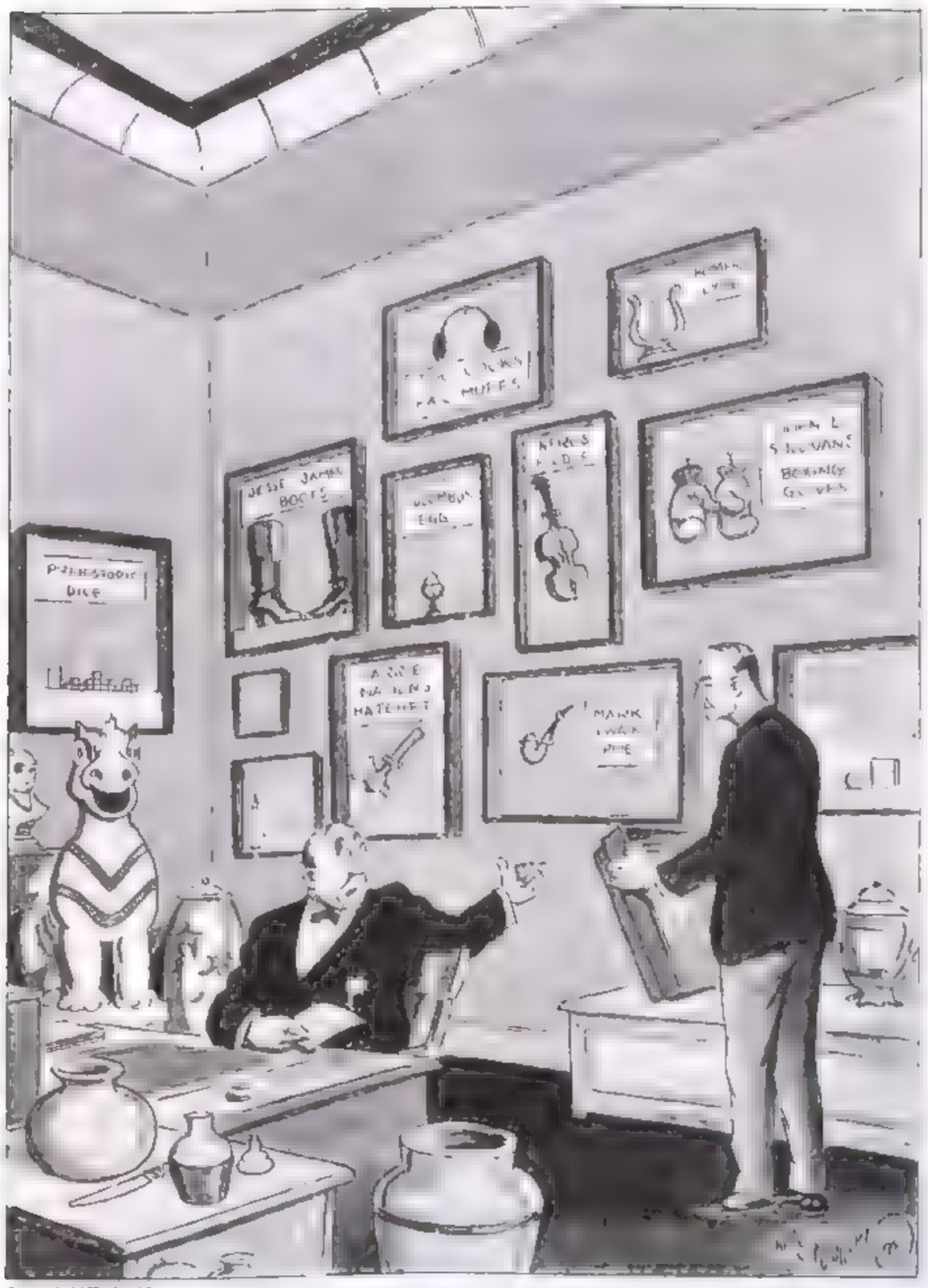
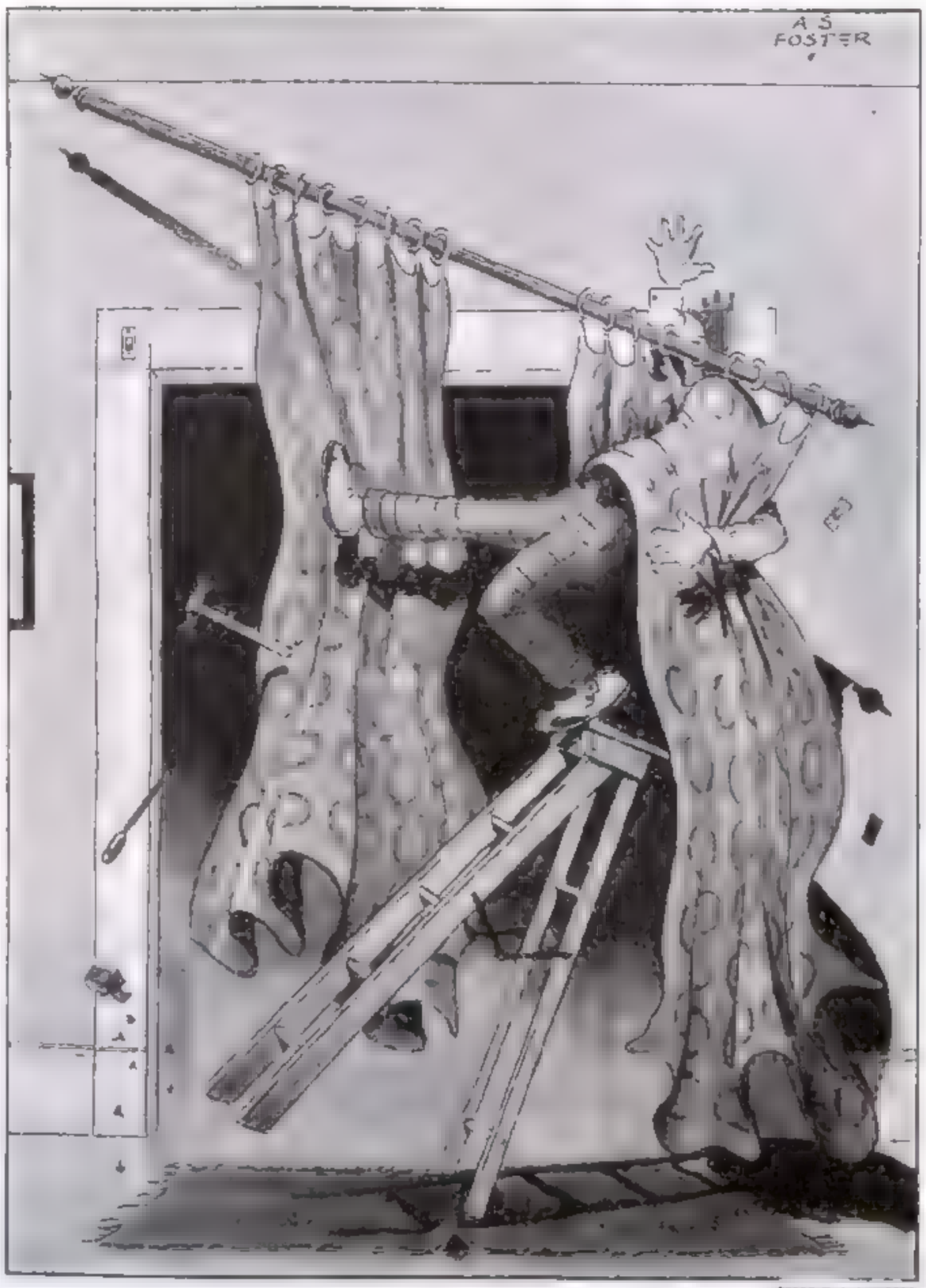


DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

Curio Dealer (to Assistant): "Make That Mark Twain Pipe Sir Walter Raleigh's. I Had a Collector in Here Asking for it Yesterday"



DRAWN BY A. S. FOSTER

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DRAWN BY DONALD MCKEE

"I'm Looking for Something Snappy in Husbands"
"Yes, Madam. This is Our New Fall Line, Just In"

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Ask your milkman to use Sealright Pouring Pull Milk Bottle Caps

Sealright Co., Inc.
Dept. F6 FULTON, N. Y.
Largest Plant of Its Kind in the World

INDIAN SUMMER

(Continued from Page 17)

Of course, Lucy Trimble's oldest friends began to ask one another after that week-end, How could Lucy be so stupid? "My dear, she practically throws them together!" They did not quite dare speak of the matter to Lucy, however. But they meant to, if Lucy continued blind.

In the meantime Mrs. Trimble went her thoughtful way, doing nothing of any great moment, but being a considerate wife and hostess in small matters. As, for instance, in causing the tennis court to be put into first-class condition—it was rather weedy because never used while the children were away at their schools—and in seeing that meals never interfered with sports. Her suggestions were always tentative, the merest hints, but they often proved to be clever. As on the evening of Aline's first visit to them, when Colonel Mosely, who had been asked to make a fourth at bridge, detected Horace in the midst of a yawn at ten-thirty.

"He gets up so early," explained Lucy, although she might have said that Horace had played tennis too violently before dinner. "I suppose, Horace, you and Aline will want to be on the golf course first thing in the morning?"

Horace looked eagerly at Aline. "Fine idea! Get a few holes ahead of that old bore Appleby. Unless you hate getting up early, Aline?"

Aline laughed merrily as she protested that she would probably be up and out for a walk hours before Horace was awake.

And Lucy Trimble said, "You may swim before breakfast if you like, Aline. We haven't had the float put out yet, but you can go off at high tide right from the lower garden wall."

Aline was delighted; she challenged the colonel to come over and go off the garden wall with her. But the colonel shuddered with horror. No one, he declared, swam in the Sound before the end of June. Iceberg water.

"Speak for yourself, man," cried Horace stoutly. "I often begin my morning swims in late May."

A wife with less tact might have raised an eyebrow at this, but Lucy maintained her smiling calm. Aline clapped her hands. "All my life," she declared, "I've wanted to plunge in before breakfast from the garden wall. Dear Horace, do be sweet and get up early and swim with me."

"I'll just do that little thing," purred Horace.

Next morning Mrs. Trimble from her bedroom window watched them coming back from their swim. Aline was a thin, radiant nymph. Horace, not so thin, was radiant, though a trifle hunched and wasting no time as he bounded along up the garden path.

Mrs. Trimble heard him charge into his bathroom, and a moment later she observed steam curling from beneath the door into her room. Horace was taking a hot shower. Mrs. Trimble continued brushing her hair, but the strokes grew slower and more thoughtful, until at last they ceased altogether and she sat musing gravely.

June deepened. The water of the Sound grew almost comfortable, the sun's rays baked the tennis court, Horace ordered white linen knickerbockers, which hitherto he had despised. And Aline Mercedes' week-end visits now began on Thursday and extended to Tuesday. Sometimes they did not even break themselves in the middle of the week, for Horace found he had always worked too hard.

"Never did have enough sports," he declared. "Old business won't go to the dogs if I take Wednesdays off. Lengthen my life by years, maybe."

"Quite right," said Lucy. "And now that Aline isn't going to Europe you'll have someone to play with in the middle of the week. You don't know"—she turned to Aline—"how much the poor dear has always regretted not having an athletic wife."

Horace looked confused. "No such thing. Not at all. Of course, I'm keen about sports myself. I dare say I might have been quite an athlete if I had had more time for sports when I was—er—earlier in life."

"But it's marvelous how good you are," praised Aline. "See what you made the Bonny Brae course in yesterday. And have you noticed, Lucy, what a smashing backhand return he's getting?"

Lucy had noticed. She spent a good deal of time noticing and thinking about what she noticed. Lying in a long chair under the oak tree overlooking the distant tennis court, or working amidst her delphiniums and hollyhocks and roses in the garden above the water, she mused over the quaintness of men and the primitiveness of women.

She saw Horace blooming out under her eyes, as if some rejuvenating elixir had been poured about the roots of his being. He lost inches of waistline, both physical and mental, what with golf and tennis, long walks, swimming and canoeing and surf boarding behind the new motorboat he had bought for this precarious sport. It took agility to keep up with Aline.

It took vitality too. For Aline constantly proved how young she was by her ability to keep awake after a long day hard at work in the open air. She liked a swift, smooth game of bridge in the evening, during which she could keep up the gayest flow of banter, and at eleven she liked to motor somewhere to dance. She danced beautifully and tirelessly. Horace's dancing also improved.

Lucy Trimble, watching this rejuvenescence, sometimes looked strained. Was the experiment she was making too dangerous? Was she, as her friends believed, a nice, simple fool? She wanted in these moments to snatch Horace away to some spot a long distance off. But instead she ordered sandwiches sent over to the golf course for Aline and Horace, so they would not have to stop for luncheon.

"No, there's no other way," she thought. "I must finish one way or another what I've started."

That evening as she sat doing her hair for dinner she said to Horace, who rested luxuriously on a couch in her room after his exertions of the day: "Dear, I wired Betty she could bring that nice English girl home with her—you know, the one who spent Christmas with us and got us all to playing hockey in the attic. And I invited young Breck to come home with Preston. That will make a nice house party, don't you think?"

"Uh-huh," sighed Horace, half asleep.

"And then I've been thinking, wouldn't it be nice if we could persuade Aline to spend all of July with us? She's no trouble at all, because she's never in the house."

In her mirror she could not help seeing the startled pleasure in Horace's face, followed immediately by discretion. "If you're sure you want her," he mumbled.

He at once rose and moved toward his own room, but on the way he paused behind her. He bent and kissed her ear. He did not know how contrite the gesture was.

Her heart ached a little. "Poor dear," she thought. "He's not too happy, in the bottom of his heart. He knows he's no business playing with fire. But I suppose he's obliged to play with fire to prove to himself—whatever it is that men of forty-nine feel obliged to prove to themselves!"

A week later Preston, the son of the house, arrived with his hero, Breck. They tore up in Breck's sporty roadster and tumbled out amidst the implements of sport that always accompanied Breck on his travels—rackets and mallets and sticks, a surf board painted like a totem pole, and a bundle of wicked javelins, because Breck had invented the new sport of javelin throwing.

Breck himself, with his close cap of black, wavy hair and his curly mouth full of vitality, alighted catlike amidst his impedimenta. He was a senior and young Preston's protecting god. He at once caught sight of Aline and Horace playing the end of a furious set on the tennis court. In twenty minutes he was in flannels; in another two he was showing Horace a new serve that would keep Aline in her place. Aline's eyes were a trifle narrowed; Horace looked annoyed. Young Preston, seated on top of the bank above the court, threw disrespectful advice at his father. Lucy wondered if she was going to be able to manage the various combustibles she had brought together.

In a day or two another element was added when Betty arrived from boarding school with her chum, misnamed Phyllis. Phyllis was built on the lines of a stout Shetland pony, a very spirited pony. She counted that day lost in which she had not beaten someone at something. A few moments after her arrival she was betting Horace that he couldn't chin himself from the beams in the library. Breck looked at her with distaste.

"This party is going to require tact," thought Lucy. "In the end they may all be doing stunts over my exhausted body."

But youth, the spirit of emulation and the bright golden weather soon fused all these warring egos into one concentrated determination to let no quiet moment creep into the day and as few as possible into the night.

The setting for this ambition was admirable. The Trimble acres were many and ran down to the Sound; they included room enough for almost any sport short of golf; even the house itself on a rainy day afforded scope for the milder sports in its enormous attic where there was a gymnasium and a billiard table. Up here there was also much of the paraphernalia left over from the young Trimbles' lively childhood—roller skates, baseball bats, kites, marbles, bicycles and hockey sticks.

"I say, how perfectly ducky!" cried Phyllis. "The last house I visited there was absolutely nothing to do when it rained but read a book."

As Nature is said to abhor a vacuum, so Phyllis distrusted quiet. She apparently awakened with the first bird and lay thinking up ways to commit suicide, sportily, during the day. And such was her manner of gibing at anyone who showed an inclination to remain mouching in peace that from breakfast until the shades of evening the place rang with the sounds of someone trying to beat Phyllis at something.

Aline's manner toward her was one of amused disdain, but it was noticeable that she put up a singularly keen fight to maintain supremacy in any game she and the Pony played together.

Lucy Trimble could not decide whether this was because of Aline's natural dislike of being second at anything or because of two persons in the gallery—Horace and young Breck.

Horace, it became quickly evident to his wife's observant eyes, found young Breck an irritant that strung him up to concert pitch. It wasn't that young Breck was too attentive to Aline, for as a matter of fact they appeared rather hostile to each other, as two persons may whose specialties are the same. But it was that in young Breck's nice manners there was always an implied allowance for Horace's age.

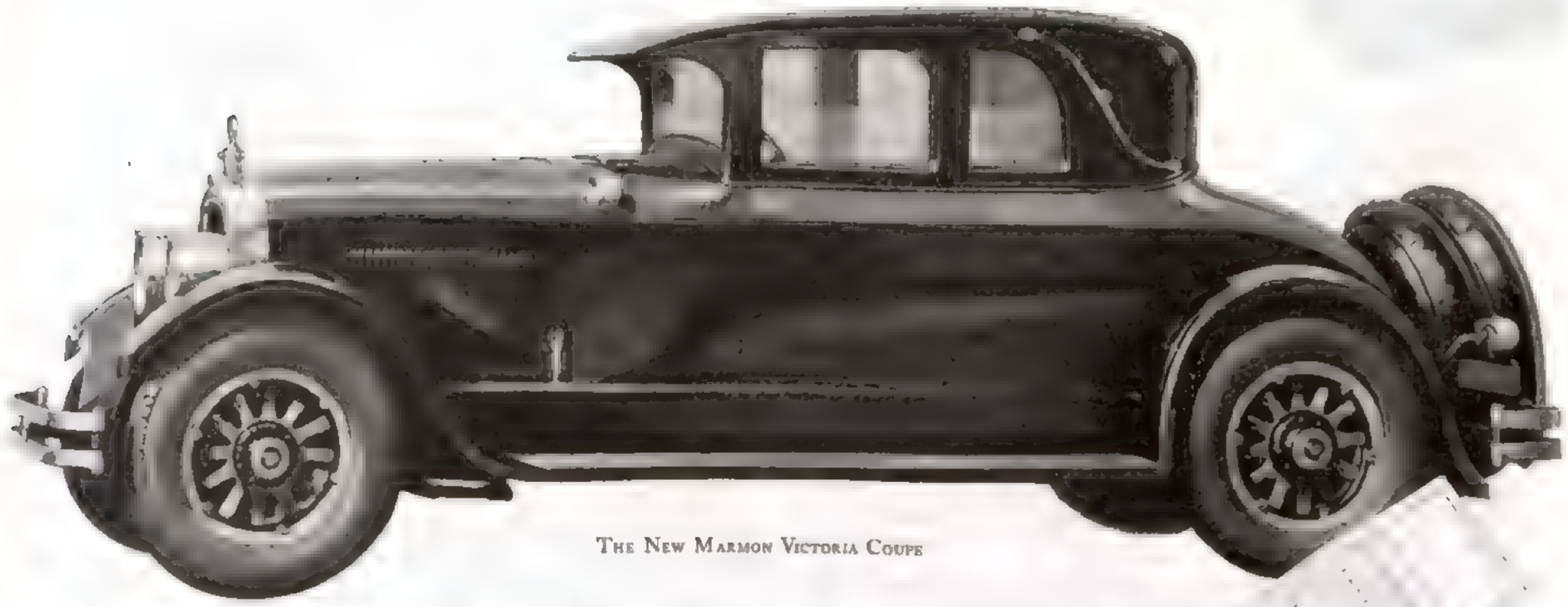
"I wouldn't take that dive, sir," he would say. "My father, when he was your age, gave it up because ——"

And Horace, grinding his teeth slightly, would immediately essay a back flip. He had to resort to many a midnight mustard plaster because of this effect of young Breck upon him; and the arnica bottle abode permanently now upon his bathroom shelf. But with so much youth about him, and with Aline looking on, Horace became increasingly indefatigable. It was as if he was

(Continued on Page 84)

MARMON
announces a new
VICTORIA COUPE
{ for four passengers }

at practically open car price



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Seating four companionably in a single compartment, it has more leg-room than most cars of its type. Auxiliary seat folds under cowl when not in use. Ample accommodations for parcels and luggage

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A DEVELOPMENT OF 50 YEARS

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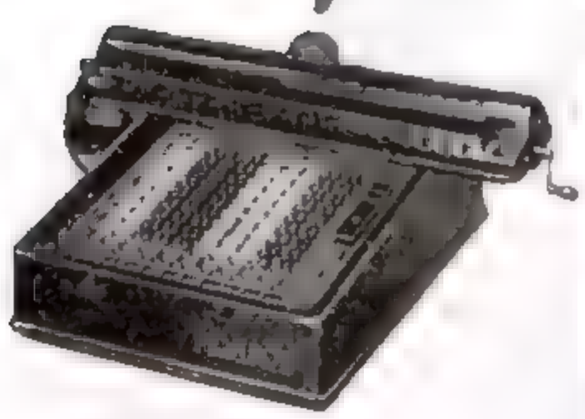

NOT only in clerical salaries, but in delays, confusion, risk and worry—how heavy a price are you paying for figures? Most business men are astounded when they find out.

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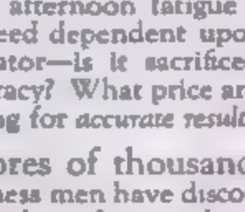

MONROE
HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR

(Continued from Page 82)

running a race—with himself as well as with the unbeatable youth about him.

Watching him, Mrs. Trimble's face sometimes wore the expression of a mother who has allowed her boy to go to the picnic and then wonders if he'll know enough to keep out of the poison ivy.

And sometimes a quite different expression came into it, as if against her will or knowledge.

This expression came into her face one afternoon after she had sat for some time watching her son and Phyllis playing tennis against Horace and Aline. Her daughter Betty—out of games for the afternoon because of bruising a toe at field hockey that morning—lounged beside her in a long chair. Betty squinted up her eyes at her father as he bounded into the air and missed one of the Pony's high balls.

"A man as old as dad ought never to try for a ball like that," said Betty. "It makes him look funny. How come he's got all this time to play around, anyway?"

"Your father likes sports, my dear. He's decided this summer to have all he wants of them for once. Have you any objection?"

Her mother's tone was a trifle dry and Betty looked around at her inquiringly. "Why, no, not in the least, momsy. Only ——"

"Yes?"

"Look here, mother, I've meant to speak about this for several days, only there hasn't been time. I don't think you ought to let dad play so hard. He'll hurt himself trying to do all the stunts we do. Look at yesterday—thirty-six holes of golf, field hockey after tea, all that swimming before dinner, and the dance at the club in the evening."

"He seems to thrive on it, dear."

"Mother! I don't see how you can say that. Look how thin he's getting."

"But he wants ——"

"I never did like a thin father. And sometimes he gets frightfully red, and then he goes sort of haggard after. Honestly, mother, I think you ought to point out to him that at his age ——"

"Darling, it isn't tactful to talk about age to older persons. I think, if I were you, I wouldn't mention the subject to your father."

Betty sighed. "No fear. He's as irritable as a sick bear. That's another thing, mother. He used to be good-natured and comfortable to live with. I never thought I'd come to have a jumpy father." Horace's daughter paused, nursing her grievance and her lame toe. A shrewd expression crept into her eyes.

"Mother! D'you know, I believe it's Aline. She ——"

Lucy bent her head quickly over the lace she was mending. "Betty, Betty, do you think"—she diverted—"you ought to call her Aline?"

"But she won't let us call her Mrs. Mercedes. She's a little-pal-of-all-the-world sort of person. And I wish she wouldn't. Oh, I like her, all right. She's slick at games, an awfully good sport. But she's not so young as she might be, either, and it seems to me she ought sometimes to sit quietly with you. Really, she never gives father a chance to rest a minute. I get so sick of hearing her call him 'Horrie!' It isn't dignified, mother."

Lucy did not reply, and the brim of her hat hid her down-bent face.

"And another thing, mother, I do think you ought to make father stop dancing the tango. I know he's thinner, but he's not thin enough yet to tango. No one over thirty ought ever to tango, mother—a romantic dance like that. Don't you think so, mother? Don't you honestly think dad is sort of ridiculous lately?"

Lucy rose hastily. "I think that's enough, my dear. Keep your foot up and your mouth closed a while."

"Ah, momsy! I didn't mean—I wouldn't knock dear old dad for worlds. And I wouldn't hurt you, mommie ——"

Their hands met. Lucy stood behind her daughter, looking over her head toward the tennis court. She bent and touched her lips to the cheek that was as cool and smooth as a rose petal.

"There's one fact you've overlooked, daughter. It's not easy to be middle-aged without a struggle."

She went on down to the lower garden. Here and there she stooped, pulling a weed, watching a bee roll drunkenly out of the heart of a hollyhock, pinching a bit of rose geranium between her finger tips.

The quite different expression was then in her face, reflecting the disquiet in her heart. It was quite true that Horace had of late come perilously near to being ridiculous.

And what effect was this having on herself?

She stood still, staring down at a bed of columbine. She was thinking about middle-aged love; it was as easily blighted as love at twenty. It was not true that in middle age husband and wife settled down to a steady affection. No! They settled down either to indifference or to a love which needed to be as wisely nurtured as the love of their young days.

"I didn't know," she murmured, "that it would do this to me—to watch Horace day after day being a little ridiculous."

She stared down at her flower beds and knew that she was face to face with her own particular Nemesis. Very clever she had been when she had invited the liveliest and youngest of guests for this month. Very skillfully had she urged them on, calculating so well their effect upon the emulous Horace. But what with all her cleverness she had not foreseen was the effect upon herself.

For just now she had learned that even the love of devoted middle age is susceptible to that most killing of all blights—the ridiculous.

"I must stop it," she thought, panic-stricken. "I must make some excuse. I'll send them all away. I'll make Horace stop this absurd effort to be as young as his own son. I must —— No!"

She uttered the negative aloud. She was forbidding her impulse to be protective, maternal. "No, no!" she whispered. "Not that, not that! The worst wrong I could do him."

What she meant was that she had seen this sort of love at work in too many women's lives—a kind of muffler-and-overshoes substitute for the real thing. It concealed the dearth of genuine passion under a fussy devotion to the health, comfort and vanity of a man. It offered him a shoulder to rest his head upon when what he needed was a mirror to see himself in. It made him the eternal adolescent, forever turning back to the boy thus artificially kept alive in him.

Lucy Trimble threw up her head and tightly shut her eyes. "God keep me from loving my husband like a mother," she prayed. "He's got to grow up; he's got to see there's something better than mere youth of the body. He's got to—or I shall not be able to go on loving him."

She was a little paler as she came up out of the flower garden, but her eyes were quiet. They even crinkled up a little as she gazed down upon the tennis court. Horace had stopped to mop his brow and to draw his belt a little tighter, before meeting young Breck's service. She could hear his voice, jovial, but to her alert ear a trifle too jovial, gibing at his opponents, and the voices of his children and the audience seated on the bank above the court urging him to "Sock it to him now, dad!" "Put a little pep in the good old elbow, gov'nor." "Attaboy, Mr. Trimble!"

Lucy Trimble went on into the house and spoke to Pon Sing, the house boy. "Tell Maggie to hold dinner back half an hour, Pon. That game is too interesting to be stopped."

July that year was ideal for sports, and Mrs. Trimble continued to be a hostess whose invention never flagged. She it was who devised picnic luncheons up the Sound, and Horace, who liked his meals under a roof and on a properly set table, was obliged to eat many a sandwich in a cramped position and a clump of nettles, rather than admit that he had little of the gypsy in him. The sight of Aline was an alleviation on these occasions; she looked distractingly pretty and allowed him to fetch great armfuls of rugs to make her comfy.

It was Mrs. Trimble, too, who thought of having a neighboring field mowed for field hockey, which was Phyllis' passion. No moment of the day was without its activity. Sometimes toward the end of the month when Mrs. Trimble had seen Horace stealing away toward the cool seclusion of her room she would say to Phyllis, "Why, yes, my dear, I'm sure he wants a little hockey. Just run up to my room and call him."

Whatever sport Phyllis put her hand to, Aline saw that she did not carry off all the honors, and what Aline did young Breck was bound to do a little better. Whatever Breck did, Horace was irresistibly led to attempt.

But it was Phyllis whose restless imagination devised an entertainment that finally brought to a climax the unseen forces behind the comedy so incomprehensible to them.

There came along a day of hot thunderstorms which had kept them all in the house or on the veranda. The three young Mickelstens from the next estate were present, and in the cool wide hall of the house Colonel Mosely was playing bridge with Horace, Lucy and Aline.

Suddenly Phyllis, out of her boredom, received an inspiration. A paper chase, she declared, was the very thing to arouse them all from their unnatural lethargy. You chose two to be foxes, she explained, and all the rest were hounds. The foxes strewed bits of paper, which was the scent, a home goal was chosen where the quarry would be safe if they could reach it, and then everyone was off, cross country.

"On foot?" shrieked the others.

"Of course! You aren't so soft you can't run a few miles, are you?"

"But it's going to rain!"

"Ah! Then you *are* soft! Come on. Where's Aline? Where's Mr. Trimble? We'll draw straws to see who'll be foxes ——"

They came streaming into the hall. Aline rose at once to Phyllis' challenge. "I'll play if I can be a fox," she laughed. "Will you be the other fox, Horrie?"

Horace sent the merest fleeting glance toward the sky. He hated to be out in the rain, as only Lucy knew, but he accepted Aline's invitation with spirit. The colonel was given an opportunity to be a hound, but declined.

"Everybody put on old clothes," commanded Phyllis. "It ought to be jolly rough, if the foxes are the least bit sporting."

"We'll be sporting, all right," exulted Horace. "We'll show you a pace that will make your tongue hang out, my cocky child. Just watch us. I used to be some runner when I was a boy. And there's still life in the old hoss yet."

Aline clapped her hands animatedly. "Isn't he mar-vel-ous?" Her eyes adored and stimulated him. She ran up the stairs to change into riding trousers.

The foxes were allowed a start of a few minutes beyond the high wall that separated the grounds from the public road. They disappeared between the great stone pillars of the driveway. The colonel held his watch and gave the word to the eager hounds. Lucy watched their dash down the driveway from the veranda steps.

"Looks like another thunderstorm," observed the colonel. "How Horace can keep it up in weather like a Turkish bath I don't see."

"He loves it. Shall I drive you as far as your own gates? It's too hot to walk," returned Lucy.

Thus it happened that she was the first to see the foxes in their flight. She had left the colonel at his own place and was driving slowly along the highway when, glancing up the lane that led back to the Mickelsten place, she caught a flicker of crimson jersey. Aline dashed across the lane, jumped a

(Continued on Page 87)

Don't "*starve*" your food—*Enrich* it with full-cream milk

Nutrition experts agree that there is no better way to satisfy the daily need of every member of the family for wholesome, health-building milk, than to use full-cream whole milk *generously* in cooking.

But they find that in too many households the cooked foods have to put up with milk robbed of its cream for the morning coffee, with not enough milk, or even with no milk at all. That is wrong, they say. It "starves" the food.

The difficulty, of course, is that cooking needs *fluctuate* from day to day. So it is not easy, and not economical, to keep a supply of bottled milk in the refrigerator ample to meet every demand.

"Insured" milk in a modern package

For that problem there is a solution which home economics authorities fully endorse. It is to use Carnation Milk—pure, rich, nourishing milk which you can keep on hand *in any quantity* without danger of spoilage.

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Carnation is the natural milk, just as it comes from the cow, with part of the water content evaporated—then sterilized, making it absolutely pure and safe. Nothing is added.

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Some of the best cooks in the land prefer Carnation to milk in any other form. They find that it gives foods excellent flavor and fine texture; and that with its uniform richness and insured freshness it guarantees admirable results every time in the preparation of all dishes that call for milk or cream.

Splendid for coffee—in place of cream

They find, too, that Carnation Milk, undiluted and double-rich, just as it comes out of the can, is splendid in coffee and on fruits and cereals, though costing much less than cream.

You should try Carnation Milk. You will like it. Keep it always on hand to enrich every milk dish that goes on your table.

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You can dilute the double-rich contents of this can until the quart bottle overflows with pure milk.

Carnation Milk

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH., Division of General Motors Corporation

(Continued from Page 84

ditch, and climbed the fence into Mickelsten Woods. Horace was slightly behind her, a second too late to assist her. He, too, scaled the fence, with enthusiasm if not so lightly.

Mickelsten Woods ran down to the Sound, and Lucy gathered that the foxes meant to lose their pursuers in the wood and head for the shore, along which they could make their way back to the Mickelsten home grounds and thus finally to the old summerhouse between the two estates, which was the goal agreed upon.

Turning the car she drove in the direction of the Sound, skirting the woods. She reflected as she drove that since the Mickelstens had always kept it in a wild state, Horace would be quite scratched up and winded by the time he had made his way through that wood.

She ran her little car down a steep lane to where at the end of it she could look off over the Sound and also see its shore. In the strange quiet that precedes a summer thunderstorm, she could hear faint cries and crashings from the hounds who had picked up the scent through the woods. A moment later Aline and then Horace left the woods and ran down toward the beach.

It seemed to Lucy that this was a mistaken move, for their footsteps could be plainly seen. Horace appeared to share this opinion, for he called out to Aline as he labored through the sand behind her. She was far in advance, running intently, and she paid not the slightest heed to his suggestion.

Suddenly Lucy Trimble, watching her, felt as if she understood Aline Mercedes better. She, too, was running a race with herself. This mimic chase had ceased for the moment to be a game; she was out to beat those terrible young things at her heels.

She meant to beat them; she meant to prove to herself that no shadow of age had touched her yet; that she was as invincible as they were.

"You poor thing," thought Lucy Trimble. "No matter how fleet you are you can't beat youth on its own ground."

At the water's edge Aline dashed into it up to her knees. It was a clever move, for now the hounds would have to do some beating up and down the beach before they could take up the trail again. But it was not an attractive move to Horace. He hung back and distinctly scowled. He had always hated wet feet.

But Aline, slim and ruthless in white crash riding breeches and scarlet jersey, beckoned him imperiously. He took to the water reluctantly, and they made their way up the beach. They had only just left the water and taken to the far corner of the woods again when the hounds in full cry burst out of the undergrowth near the highway. Scratched and disheveled, they went ranging and shrieking up and down the beach.

Lucy drove back along the highway. When she had reached the Mickelsten lane she decided to drive in to warn Mrs. Mickelsten and her gardener not to be scandalized when the chase should break about them.

Mrs. Mickelsten was not at home, but the gardener told her—he was still shocked at the apparition—that Mr. Trimble and "a lady" had but that moment run through the orchard and scaling the sea wall, had dropped out of sight to the beach.

"They must have got soaking wet, Mrs. Trimble, for the tide has only just started to go out."

She had only time to warn him not to tell the hounds, when these eager animals appeared, running across the open meadow to the orchard. They lost the scent amidst a wilderness of cold frames, circled around the house in the wrong direction, with much wrangling, and in their turn disappeared over the sea wall.

Lucy once more turned her car toward home. But halfway down the lane she recalled that from the higher ground between the Mickelsten house and the highway there was a good view of the Mickelsten grounds, the beach and the meadows that lay between her own house and theirs. Leaving her car at the edge of the lane, she walked over the springy turf up to the top of the rise.

Spread out below her were the gardens and orchards, the Mickelsten house, the beach behind it, and in the foreground the meadows and the old wagon road that at one time had been a grassy driveway between the two estates. She could both see and hear the hounds on the beach, evidently baffled for the moment; and then Aline's red jersey flashed around the house and made for the lane. Horace followed. They disappeared behind the hedge. But a moment later Aline struggled through it at a point where it was thin, and then Horace did likewise, with some difficulty.

They reconnoitered the great stretch of meadow that lay between them and the wooded knoll where was the summerhouse and safety.

The hounds were still out of sight, evidently searching the beach, and Aline started across the open grasslands.

Horace remained quiet for a moment, half recumbent in the hedge. Then doggedly he prodded himself on. The grass of the water meadows was high and tangled, and from time to time Horace staggered as he made his way through it. Aline herself appeared nearly spent, but as the hounds stuck their heads up over the sea wall and caught sight of their quarry, she leaped forward toward the firmer footing of the old wagon road.

But it was plain that in Horace there was not another leap left. Yelling like demons, the hounds took to the meadow. Aline looked behind her. She then apparently became aware that Phyllis, with her usual cleverness, had detached herself from the pack and was making speed diagonally across the meadow toward the wood in which stood the summerhouse. She meant to intercept the foxes at the point where the old road entered the wood.

Lucy, watching all this with amusement, saw Aline make a flying leap over an old ditch and land in the road. She turned with a gesture of impatience, calling out to Horace; Horace spurted to the best of his ability, fell into the ditch, dragged himself out of it, ran a little way down the road, and then with an oddly submissive effect he lay down upon the turf in the middle of the road. The gesture seemed to say, "No more. I give up."

Lucy's heart turned quite over with tenderness and remorse and concern. Also it burned fiercely with indignation. For Aline had seen her partner stagger and fall—and she had kept right on running. Lucy's intuition told her that Aline could not bear to let herself be captured by Phyllis, with Breck looking on.

The rest of the pursuing party, frightened and concerned, ran up and clustered about Horace just as Lucy reached him. Horace's chest was laboring, his eyes were closed, his face was a bright scarlet, there was a long scratch across it, and his clothes were torn and soaked to the waist.

As if Nature had not quite done her worst by him at that instant, a zigzag of lightning ripped the sky wide open and rain fell in enormous drops upon his upturned face. Horace, who hated being rained upon, at once sat up. He tried to struggle to his feet.

"Sit down, dad!" cried Betty. "Mother, for pity's sake, make him be quiet. He's all in."

"I am not," muttered Horace, rising dizzily to his feet. "Just restin' a minute. Where's Aline?"

"She's gone on." His daughter's lips curled. "And for all she knew you might be dead. Disgusting ——"

Lucy cut short her daughter's comments. She did not further injure Horace's pride by offering to lend him her arm, but she told Preston to run the little car down. "I don't want to drive home alone in this storm," she said, "so you'd better come with me, Horace."

Horace subsided on the seat beside her with a groan of the frankest exhaustion.

Lucy found she did not care to look at him. A reaction from her recent fright and solicitude had set in. He had asked for Aline the instant he recovered from his collapse. Her philosophy was not proof against this hurt. And besides, she did not like his failure any better than he did. They were entirely silent on the drive home. The rain fell earnestly.

As they trundled up the driveway Aline came out of the oak grove where the summerhouse stood. She was alone, and this seemed to puzzle her; she looked behind her once and then came on across the wide lawns rather drearily.

As they alighted from the car Aline assumed an expression of bright reproach. "Where on earth did you go, Horrie? I thought you were behind me, until I got to the summerhouse."

Horace said nothing whatever, grimly.

"And where," Aline continued, "are Phyllis and Breck? They were close after me, but they never caught up to me. I waited at the goal and they never ——"

"I think," said Lucy, looking off toward the oak grove, "they forgot all about you."

Horace and Aline turned to follow her gaze. Out of the oak grove, like a dryad and her mate, with arms about each other, oblivious of the rain, fresh as the rain, with faces turned ecstatically toward each other, strolled Phyllis and young Breck. They were aware of nothing in the whole world save themselves. The very rhythm and flow of youth was in their footsteps, unwearied, careless and confident.

The three elders stood for an instant silently staring, each with a different expression of countenance. Then Aline turned abruptly.

"Heavens! Now I want a cold bath!" she cried, and went upstairs, moving more slowly as she neared the top.

Horace turned his eyes away from contemplation of Phyllis and Breck. "Young—young ——" He hesitated. "Idiots," he finished wistfully. "Don't even know it's raining."

He went up the stairs, gripping the handrail.

There were letters from the last post on the table in the hall, and Lucy ran through hers. There was one she read twice, and then stood thoughtfully slipping it in and out of its envelope. Should she—now —— No. She shook her head, smiling. No fair to put a man to the test when he was down. When he'd had a bath and a nap, she thought, then she'd see.

She gave him an hour. When she went into her room to dress for dinner she found that after a hot bath and a cold shower, Horace had gone to sleep on her couch. He always looked absurdly like a boy when he was asleep. There was tenderness in the touch of her fingers on his cheek as she said, "Dinner in half an hour, dear, if you want to dress."

Stiffly he sat up, groaning. "I'm a fool," he sighed.

In her mirror as she did her hair she could see him, sitting on the edge of the couch, his shoulders hunched, swinging a slipper from one finger, staring with a sad reflectiveness at the floor.

"Trouble with me," he muttered more to himself than to her, "is that I never had much play when I was young."

He brooded a long time. She knew the pictures that were passing before his eyes. Himself as a boy of seventeen, making his keep; at college working his way through; at twenty-one helping to support his family; at twenty-three married; at twenty-five a father.

She crossed the room to him quickly and pressed his head against her breast. He patted her hand absently.

"And now it's too late," he said. "I've always sort of figured that when I'd made my pile and we were all fixed comfortably, I'd make up for what I didn't have time for when I was growing up. I don't feel old now either. But ——"

He looked at her, puzzled, and the expression in his eyes wrung her heart. He was appealing to her to save him from the

Capless tube with new device

Original tube with threaded cap

Tu-be *or* *not* Tu-be?

Way back in 42 B.C., Publius Syrus said: "Powerful indeed is the empire of *habit*."

Sixteen centuries later Shakespeare wrote: "How use doth breed a *habit* in a man!"

Since the copyrights of both these authors have expired, I'll use their nifties to illustrate a point.

The Mennen Company perfected an ingenious opening device for tubes that replaced the old-style threaded cap. This invention, applied to Mennen Shaving Cream tubes, was hailed as a masterpiece by millions of men. My mail was flooded with enthusiastic letters.

Yet here and there was a man who frankly confessed that he was "sot" in his tube ideas. The ingrained *habit* of years was too strong to change overnight.

Now I know that no Mennen user would give up the cream, even if we packed it in burglar-proof safes. But I want every Mennen fan to know that he can have his cream in the tube that suits him best. We have kept right on producing Mennen's in its original package.

Every druggist has Mennen's in the old tubes as well as the new. "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

Either type of tube costs 50c and contains the shaving cream that has created more good will and honest appreciation than any other man-product ever made.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

Saint

OR

Devil?

--or possibly neither

No one element of our national prosperity has been less understood, or more misrepresented, than the great money market of the country that men call Wall Street.

Not only the farmer, but also every other business man, will get a new idea of the essential part Wall Street plays in making possible the business activities of the entire country, by reading the article by Francis H. Sisson, Vice President of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, "Wall Street and the Farmer."

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

August 1st.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square
Philadelphia
Pennsylvania

discomfort of discovery. He had until this moment lived his life for the sake of objects that could be felt and seen and savored, and now for the first time they had failed him. He was face to face with the bitter discrepancy between the youth he felt in his heart and the disgraceful failure of his body. And he groped, resentful, puzzled, with a sense of having somewhere been cheated.

His wife, looking down at him, seemed to see him standing at this invisible crossroad. She said to herself that their future happiness perhaps depended on the way he chose She had seen men come to this crossroad and refuse to go on. She had seen them turn back, in a futile attempt to recapture the spring, when ahead of them were riches untouched.

"Indian summer!" she murmured.

"What did you say?"

She looked down at a corner of the apple orchard growing shadowy in the twilight. "I was thinking about the seasons of the year. In the spring," she murmured absently, "we plow and spade up and plant, and all the hot summer we tend our gardens, and life riots. The first frost comes and we're in the midst of splendors. Then one morning we wake up and the very loveliest time of all the year has come. Indian summer. You know, if I were a poet or a painter and I had only a few days to live, I should choose Indian summer."

She could see it and feel it as she stood there, and forgetting the poverty of expression that usually persists between husband and wife, she tried to make him feel what she felt—the bloom indescribable of that period; the exquisite stillness; the golden perfection of its noons; the unforgettable tenderness of its twilights. Smoky peace, mysteriously beautiful, in which the essence of all the seasons acquired a soul and stood questioning its own face in each still blue pool.

"When Indian summer comes," she said, "there's time to stand still and look back at the way we've come and the way we're going. Spring is so full of ecstasy we're blind with it, and summer crowds us with its heat and life, and the first frost saddens us a little. But then suddenly there is this mellow quietness, like the peace of God. There is at last time to stop struggling and just to be. Do you see what I am trying to get at, Horace?"

He averted his face, embarrassed by this unusual sally into the fanciful, and yet caught in spite of himself by the stirring of his imagination. He attempted to be jocose.

"I suppose it's a kind of fable you're spinning—with a moral, eh?"

"I don't know. It seems to me you and I have just ahead of us the very loveliest time of all, that little space of time given to human beings to be at peace in—that lovely halfway space, when the torrents of spring and the thistles of summer are past, and winter is still a good way off. Do you know what I'm going to do with my Indian summer? I'm going to play."

He stood up, wincing. "It can't be done. We're too old."

She laughed. "Those are your muscles speaking, Horace. What about your mind and heart? You assured me a minute ago they're not old. Why not play with them? Has it occurred to you that all these years you've only used a fraction of your mind, and the rest of it is aching to get out and play? Think of all the fascinating things in the world you have never imagined, much less known ——"

He interrupted her, hobbling toward the door of his own room. "Woman, you've picked the wrong feller to high hat, and that's all there is to it."

Lucy continued to gaze smilingly out of the window. Her room grew dark. She was aware that the sighs and groanings of Horace's difficult toilet were interrupted now and then by a moment of perfect quiet, and she knew that Horace was thinking in spite of himself.

Presently she picked up from her dressing table the letter she had read twice over, and with it in her hand strolled into the next room.

"I forgot to tell you, Horace, about this letter from Anne Evans. You know they have a camp in the Adirondacks. She writes me that we may have it for September. Would you like it?"

His face lightened. "Sure, I'd like it. Wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I'd love it. And I was thinking—where do you keep your nail buffer, Horace?—I was thinking we might ask Aline to go up with us. She'd be such good company for you on long tramps through the woods, don't you think?"

The silence lasted really not more than a second or two, but it seemed to Lucy Trimble that life stopped. It ceased to flow; it formed a deep, still pool, in which she saw herself and Horace. She saw the sweetness and depths of the experiences they had shared; the warm reality of the tie that bound them. She was astounded that she could ever have hesitated to fight to keep that sweetness and reality unbroken.

But Horace—would he see it too—the thin, poverty-stricken thing life might become if he chose to go on with a masquerade?

"I mustn't care so much," she thought, and knew she could not help caring terribly.

Then the arrested life in her body and soul leaped forward again, for Horace, slamming the hairbrush down with violence, shouted: "Lucy Trimble, if you ask that woman, I won't go, I won't go a step. Walks through the woods! Huh! Can't you see I'm all tired out? I'm fed up with—with"—he stopped, thinking his way out—"with my own damn foolishness."

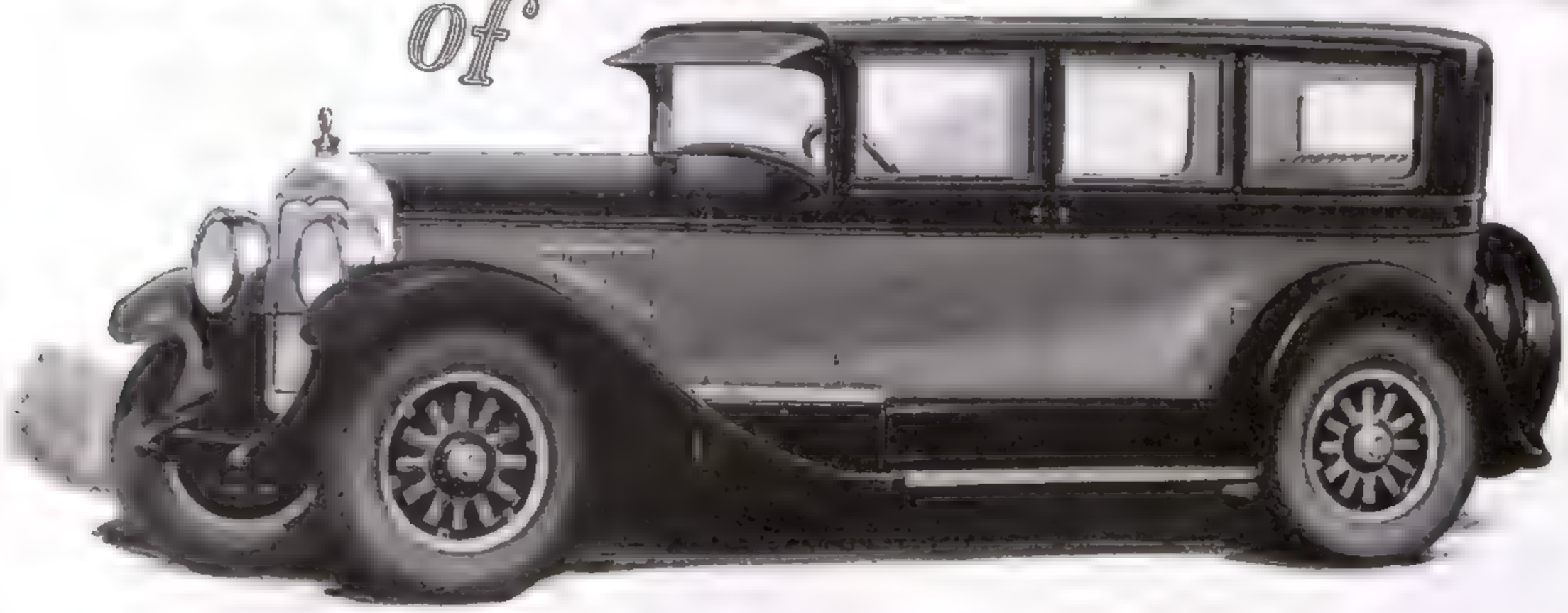
She dropped her lids over the shining merriment in her eyes. "But I," she murmured, "am no good at sports ——"

With an absent-minded gesture his hand groped for hers, as it had groped through so many years. "You're all right. It's myself. I've kidded myself along that I was as young as I was at twenty-one. And now I've got to kind of take stock; got to find out if there isn't something to put in the place of—of twenty-one. Something just as good, maybe ——"

"Yes, yes, I know," she said. "Something just as good—if not better. And perhaps, if we stay up in the mountains long enough, we'll have Indian summer."

The Musquodoboit River, Nova Scotia

A New Line of Cadillac Cars



Providing, by means of new engineering, a new standard of beauty, a new measure of ease and a new brilliancy of performance unequaled in Cadillac history—and true to all the fine Cadillac traditions

THE simplest, quickest way to convey to you an adequate conception of these new Cadillac cars—the most superlatively beautiful line that Cadillac has ever produced—is to record a practical and highly important fact.

That fact is that in the development of these new cars, Cadillac has expended more than $2,500,000 in jigs, tools and dies alone for the *purpose of producing the finest Cadillac in history.*

All of the resources—engineering, purchasing and manufacturing—of both Cadillac and General Motors have been brought to bear upon this paramount object.

All of Cadillac's 23-year experience in manufacturing fine cars—the last 11 years with eight-cylinder cars exclusively—unites with Cadillac's latest engineering conceptions in producing this new creation.

We are certain that you will share our opinion that the new line of eight-cylinder Cadillac cars not only surpasses all others in every important essential, but goes far beyond Cadillac's previous best.

The new Cadillac cars will be shown beginning July 30 by Cadillac dealers everywhere.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Division of General Motors Corporation

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 26

"To milk my Bennington cow," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"If you'll carry my Sèvres milk pail," she said.
"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"A china collector, sir," she said.
"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"Bow, Bristol and Chelsea, sir," she said.
"Please, won't you marry me, my pretty maid?"
"If you've got half a million, I will," she said.

. . . . . .

Choice antiques bought,
Choice antiques sold,
Choice antiques in the shop
Nine days old!

Father likes 'em shined,
Mother black with mold,
But I like 'em in the shop
Nine days old!

. . . . . .

Asa, Asa, auction-chaser,
Had a wife and couldn't face her.
He put his antiques in a cell,
And then he faced her very well.

Asa, Asa, auction-chaser,
Had another and he did love her!
He brought the antiques forth with pride
Rejoicing that his First had died.

. . . . . .

Our livelihood forevermore.
Clever Bobby Shafto!

. . . . . .

Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When your wife starts antique-ing your trouble begins!

. . . . . .

Sew-stitch, Margery Mitch
Sold her four-poster and grew mighty rich.

. . . . . .

I had an Empire sofa
Upholstered fair in green,
I lent it to our Drama League
To decorate a scene.

They kicked it and they whacked it
And they chipped veneer away.
I wouldn't lend my piece again
For all that club could pay!

. . . . . .

Three ladies speeding to a sale
Upon an autumn day,
As it fell out they all got stung,
The deuce there was to pay!

Now had these ladies stayed at home
To polish golden oak,
A thousand dollars to one cent
They would not have been broke!

. . . . . .

Less Than a Century Ago

"WHAT an age we are living in, Mary! The Newsletter this week describes an invention called matches. They are little sticks of wood, it seems, that have been dipped in a preparation of sulphur. You scratch one on some hard surface, the paper says, and immediately it breaks out in a blaze, giving you light for your candle or for the kindlings in your fireplace. Consider what that means, Mary. No more tinder boxes, no more clumsy flint and steel, no more borrowing live coals from a neighbor and rushing them home in a warming pan. And what a convenience at night, especially in winter, in case of sudden alarm or sickness. A scratch of a match and you can find anything you want. And for pipe smokers, what a boon! Of course, in one's own home one may still apply a live coal to the bowl, but do you remember last summer on top the Boston coach what a time I had trying to light my pipe from a tinder spark? I had to give it up. But with these matches, as they are called, I imagine it must be the simplest thing in the world to light a pipe or to kindle a fire."

"What is the world coming to, Joseph?"

"Heaven knows, Mary. My only fear is that we may become indifferent to these miracles of science and grow to accept them as a matter of course."

and that there will be no pipes, wires or connections of any kind, not even aerials. The service will come to us over wave lengths, just like they broadcast a concert now."

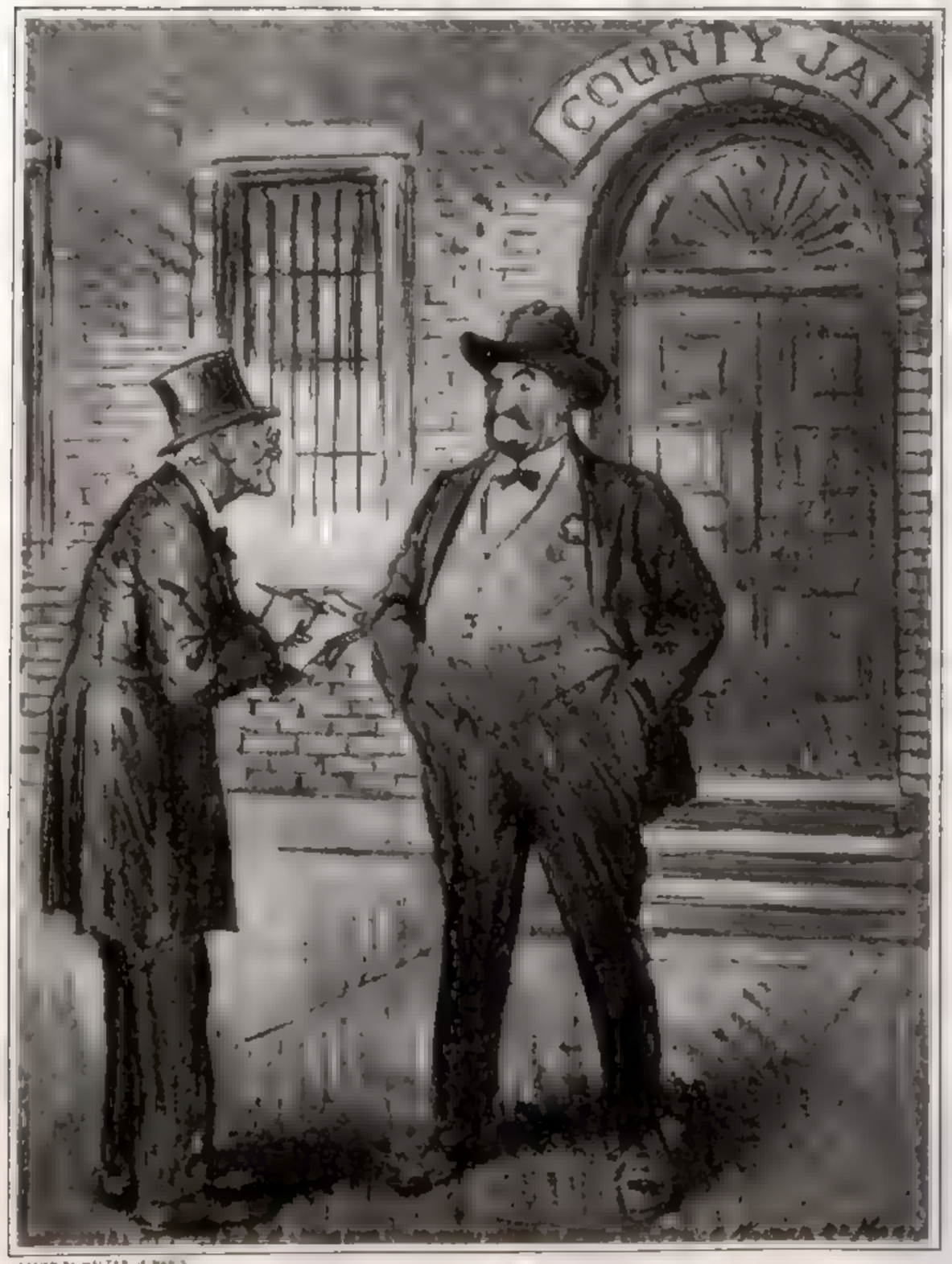
"Tha' so? Say, did you feed the dog today, Helen?" —A. H. F.

To Be Tied Outside

SOME may long for the soothing touch
Of lavender, cream or mauve;
But the ties I wear must possess the glare
Of a red-hot kitchen stove.
The books I read and the life I lead
Are sensible, sane and mild,
I like calm hats and I don't wear spats—
But I want my neckties wild!

Give me a wild tie, brother,
One with a cosmic urge!
A tie that will swear
And rip and tear
When it sees my old blue serge.

Oh, some will say that a gent's cravat
Should only be seen, not heard;
But I want a tie that will make men cry
And render their vision blurred.
I yearn, I long for a tie so strong
It will take two men to tie it;
If such there be, just show it to me—
Whatever the price, I'll buy it!



Gentleman in Search of Statistics—"You Say You Haven't Had a Drunk in the Jail Since Prohibition?"
"Nope, Not a One. You See, Now'days We Send 'Em to the Morgue"

Aesthetic Dancer Ridding Her Premises of Flies

And for the white frame home

This roof where three rich colors blend

"Does it harmonize with the rest of my color scheme?"

Everything *inside* the home is chosen with that question in mind.

But it's the roof—as one of the most prominent architectural features of a house—that frequently determines the first impression of your home.

How important, then, to choose your roofing color wisely—one that is in perfect harmony with body and trim colors.

There lies your greatest opportunity to add to the attractiveness of your home.

If it's a snug white frame house, Richardson recommends especially the roof illustrated above. Rich and warm in coloring, this roof is secured by combining three Richardson colors in slate never before available in a roof of moderate cost—*antique brown, heather,* and *dull red.* Here is a roof as substantial-looking as it is unusual. And a cooler blue-green on shutter and trim balances the color scheme, making the roof and body *one.*

Other rich blends of color

This is only one of the beautiful effects you can secure with Richardson Multicrome Roofs. The other new colorings are equally attractive on many different architectural types of homes.

The *opal* roof, for example, is just the roof for a home of creamy stucco. And on a brick home of almost any color, the *tapestry tan* is unusually effective.

Before you build, before you re-roof, by all means see these new colorings.

With them you can make the roof one of the most effective units of your decorative scheme. One of them can give *your* home just the distinction and charm you have always wanted.

To help you choose

To help you choose the roof which will make the most of this opportunity we have prepared an authoritative booklet, *What Color for the Roof?*

In it, there is page after page of beautiful homes in different architectural styles, all in color to show the most tasteful effects in body, trim and roof combinations. Interestingly explained, too, are the principles that determine all good color schemes.

And with the Richardson Harmonizer which it contains you can see the complete effect of 54 different roof and house combinations.

The price of the book and Harmonizer is 25c. Send the coupon at the right for your copy.

50% thicker than the ordinary roof

The Multicrome Roof is built of Super-Giant Shingles—extra large, extra heavy Its 50% greater thickness adds both beauty of texture and years of endurance Its base is sturdy, long-fibre Richardson felt. Its waterproofing is Viskalt—99.8% pure bitumen, especially vacuum-processed. Its surface is slate in close, overlapping flakes—further protection against weather and fire hazards

This roof gives the maximum roof value at a moderate price. It is economical to lay and equally good for new or over-the-old-roof jobs

See the new colors at your dealer's

Your nearest dealer in building materials can show you these and other beautiful Multicrome Roofs. He will tell you, too, why the points mentioned in the panel at the left make their beauty *lasting.*

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RICHARDSON ROOFING

SURGEONS OF THE SEA

(Continued from Page 15)

gave assurances of complete recovery and thanked the surgeon and the skipper of the Baltic in behalf of the child's parents and himself.

It might seem ridiculous to say that a ship's surgeon, to be successful, should be a good dancer; nevertheless, an assertion of this sort was made by the captain of a steamship that returned recently from a cruise of the world. When officials of the line were congratulating him on the popularity of the cruise he said:

"Don't thank me; thank my fine doctor here. Let me have doctors about me who are good looking, wear their uniforms well, know how to smile—chaps who can dance. They make everybody happy and inspire confidence."

The captain did not mean that he wanted a dancing master for a surgeon. In fact he desired above all else a man proficient in medicine and surgery. Nevertheless, a ship's doctor who was a good mixer, a faultless dresser and a graceful dancer he thought was helpful on a cruise around the world.

Such a doctor, as a rule, is the conqueror of nostalgia -a malady more prevalent among passengers at sea than is generally realized. Its particular victims are young women venturing from home across the ocean for the first time. After the hilarity of departure is over, and the steamship is throbbing her way monotonously from the land, there comes to the inexperienced young woman voyager a feeling of utter loneliness. She may have companions with her; but for all that, there is little they can do or say to relieve the inescapable depression that crowds upon the victim of homesickness.

Within a few hours the girl finds herself on a wilderness of heaving water. Every turn of the propellers is carrying her farther and farther from home. Thoughts of dear ones at the pier wiping their eyes and trying to smile press gloomily upon her. What if anything should happen to them? There is no turning about now. The ship must go on. She totters to her steamer chair on the broad promenade. Groups of seasoned travelers pass in carefree parade, but their merriment does not cheer her. Presently she fears she is going to die; later she fears she won't die. The deck steward comes along with a tray of cakes and tea. She hates cakes and tea. How could anybody touch them? How could anybody ever eat anything? She closes her eyes. Something within clutches cruelly at her breast. A lump rises in her throat. What relief would be hers if she could only cry, but she can't.

It is now about time for one of these well-dressed, fine-looking dancing doctors to come along and wrench this forlorn maiden from the doldrums.

Cured by the Dancing Doctor

Presently she hears a deep rich voice say, "Which is the lady?" and as she opens her eyes, before her stands a wonderful being in uniform. She is even able to observe on his sleeve just above the wrist a blood-red band bordered by stripes of gold. He holds in his hand a stunning cap with gold-embroidered leaves just above the peak. How beautifully he balances it and how glossy and faultlessly brushed is his thick black hair. Can this be the captain? No, it is merely the ship's surgeon, the dandy of the ship's personnel, psychologist, tango artist, comforter—healer of patients such as she.

"You are not seasick?" he asks. "That's out of the question. This ship is too big and the weather too fine for that. A little touch of nostalgia, homesickness, I take it from the way you say you feel. That will soon pass. Just keep the thought in your mind that you're going to have a delightful crossing and six dances tonight on deck. Keep saying that over and over to yourself. While you are doing that you can't think of home. When you stop thinking of home, you're well. Remember, there's nothing in this wide world the matter with you and you're privileged to call upon me at any old time for whatever comfort you may seek."

She felt better already. Were ever sweeter words uttered more sweetly by a sweeter creature? The glorious presence, the old verbal formula, the musical cadences of the deep-voiced medicine man had worked their magic for the thousandth time. As he had spoken, self-pity, thoughts of home and that sinking feeling at the heart had fled from her with strange suddenness.

It was not the thought, Could he heal her? that was uppermost in her mind now, for he had proved that he could. Could he love her? Would he dance with her? These were the entrancing possibilities that were now lifting her back to her own happy self.

First-Class Care for the Steerage

The girl recovered sufficiently to dance that night with the delightful doctor, and every night thereafter until the voyage ended. It perhaps didn't occur to her that this Coué of the sea had thus treated hundreds of other girls for this same nostalgia. But she probably did decide it would be nice to change her return booking that she might come home on the same ship with the lovely young surgeon.

The casual traveler does not fully realize, perhaps, the provisions made by steamship companies to safeguard his life and health aboard ship. On the big first-class liners the medical department is highly organized and is under the direction of a competent doctor, with one assistant capable of handling most emergencies that might arise ashore.

Surgeons of the sea rarely encounter childbirth in the first cabin. Those who travel first class usually manage to have such events occur ashore. In the steerage, however, births at sea have been common, particularly when hordes from Europe were pouring into the United States without limit. Before the restrictive-quota law went into effect, nearly every passenger steamship from European ports carried from 700 to 1500 third-class immigrants, and it was seldom that a vessel steamed westward without a few births in the steerage.

These were trying days for the ship's doctors. There were no fees from maternity cases in the steerage, but the mothers got the best of care and service; for, after all, a woman is a woman at such times regardless of rank or wealth, and in this regard the healers of the sea felt that the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady were truly sisters under the skin.

The comparatively large number of children born in the steerage when the westward flood of immigration was at its height aroused a suspicion that some women planned having their babies at sea that they might get skilled attendance, and from ten to fourteen days' care at the expense of the steamship companies in the United States Immigration Hospital on Ellis Island, New York.

It is a common practice for some well-meaning women of the first cabin to organize a committee when a child is born in the third class and start the willing workers of their set to making a wardrobe for the poor little newcomer. It is an appeal that the mother instinct in most women cannot resist, and within a few hours stewards are driven to distraction, bringing up trunks from the baggage room that fabrics and finery may be withdrawn, to fashion baby clothes for the child and boudoir lingerie for the mother. Before the voyage is over scores of women who have been sewing assiduously for days assemble their creations for the baby committee, and the peasant mother between decks finds herself overwhelmed with a wardrobe comparable to the sort got together in a Fifth Avenue mansion. Often a purse of $300 or $400 goes with the gift of incongruous finery, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that a well-timed birth at sea is really worth while.

The surgeon's compensation, apart from the satisfaction of having done his duty, sometimes takes the form of the bestowal of his name upon the infant by a grateful peasant mother. It might be well to keep this in mind, should one sometime encounter a worthy American citizen by the name of Maria Mackenzie Oravella or Lancaster Haddock Moshilifsky.

The performing of major and minor operations and the care of nonoperative maladies, though often taxing the resources of the surgeon, are negligible compared with the handling of one insane patient at sea. Travelers suffering from latent insanity, especially if they happen to be of the first class, are a source of constant anxiety to the ship's doctor. His judgment is beset from various angles. He must think carefully before he deprives a passenger of his liberty, with the possible consequences of a costly suit for damages against the steamship company long afterward, when essential witnesses are scattered over the face of the earth. He must match his professional discernment against the cunning of the patient, weigh well the threats of the latter's relatives against forcible confinement in the ship's hospital, consider the medico-legal aspects of the case, and come to a decision before the patient does harm to his fellow passengers or to himself.

Before retiring from the Atlantic service a year ago, a well-known ship's surgeon on a homeward voyage encountered a case of latent insanity which completely baffled him and ended tragically when the vessel was in mid-ocean. On the second day out of port, the patient's wife confided to the chief stewardess that her husband had threatened to kill her. He said he was tired of living and that both would be happier dead. He was a man of fifty, had a prosperous business, and occupied one of the most expensive suites on the ship. The captain ordered the doctor to observe him, but there was little in the man's actions that would warrant putting him under guard. A day later he became quarrelsome in the smoking room and gave such definite indications of mental unbalance that it was decided that he must be confined.

Mental Cases in Mid-Ocean

In the evening the doctor met the demented traveler on deck and told him that for his own good he must remain under observation in the ship's hospital until "the stress of his mental depression had passed." Laughing outright at the suggestion, the man assured him that he was as sound mentally as anyone aboard ship, and in half an hour's chat convinced the doctor of it. Concluding his argument, the patient said:

"Because my wife is nervous and harbors queer notions, you have no right to deprive me of my liberty. Lock me up if you like, but it will not be with my consent. Then when we get ashore the court and the best alienists in the country will decide that you were in error, and I will recover enough money in damages from your stockholders to build another ship like this one."

The passenger was not put under guard. The doctor reported to the captain what the patient had said and gave as his opinion that the man was of normal mentality.

In the morning two sharp cracks of a revolver aroused the sleeping passengers. The insane man had killed his wife and himself

Since the introduction of wireless communication, the history of the sea is filled with instances where timely medical advice has been transmitted between ships hundreds of miles apart. Calls for first aid generally come from freighters without a doctor aboard, and are broadcast in the hope that some passenger carrier may respond. Such long-distance treatment is helpful, but doctors on the liners do not regard it as efficient. At best, it is secondhand information, coming from mates or masters with little faculty for interpreting symptoms. The doctor can only make suggestions. Often he hits the mark, but it is generally believed that the patient would have recovered anyhow.

A Long-Distance Prescription

A surgeon on a passenger steamship, northbound to New York from the Argentine, received a radio message one night from an American freighter 800 miles to the s'uthard, saying that the quartermaster was ill. The message read:

"Man dropped at wheel. Ailing two days. Sharp pain left breast. Can't take full breath. Chills first. Temperature now 102. Please advise."

The answer from the passenger ship's surgeon was:

"Probably pleurisy. Give salts. Dry diet. Keep patient warm in bed. Mobilize left side."

On receipt of this, another message came from the master of the freighter, saying:

"Thanks. What does 'mobilize left side' mean in plain United States?"

Amused by the query, the doctor responded:

"'Mobilize left side' means strap left side. Use roll of widest adhesive tape. Make patient exhale. Then bind on long strips of plaster, overlapping like ship's plates. This arrests expansion left lung, enabling patient breathe without pain. If you have no adhesive, bind chest tightly with muslin. Keep me advised."

Two days elapsed, but no word came from the freighter. It was thought she had got out of range. Steaming northward, however, in the same direction with the passenger ship, the doctor heard from her on the third day. The master's message read:

"Quartermaster much better. Breathing deep. No pain. Temperature down. Mobilizing stunt fine business. Many thanks."

Apart from recording it in the ship's log, no heed was given to the incident; but when the passenger ship reached port the story of the treatment by wireless was dug out by the ship-news reporters and found its way into print. The wires carried it to the West, and on the first page of a newspaper in a small town in Illinois appeared the name of the doctor and the story of what he had done for the stricken quartermaster. It was the first time in three years he had been heard from in the community he had quitted abruptly for a life at sea. There had been a blighted romance, it was said, and he left without even trying to collect his bills. The doctor sailed back to the Argentine without knowing that his whereabouts had become known to those at home. When he returned to port some two months later he had an abundance of mail, some of it from his home town, containing checks for long-standing bills that were due him. There was a letter of thanks from the quartermaster of the freighter, telling of his recovery; and still another—the most important of all to him—which perhaps brought about a romantic reconciliation, for the young doctor married soon after and quit the sea.

Operating out of New York, to British and Continental ports, before the World War, was a steamship line whose fleet consisted of three antiquated vessels—the discard of more prosperous companies. Low rates kept the cabins filled, but the

(Continued on Page 97)

When your battery quits

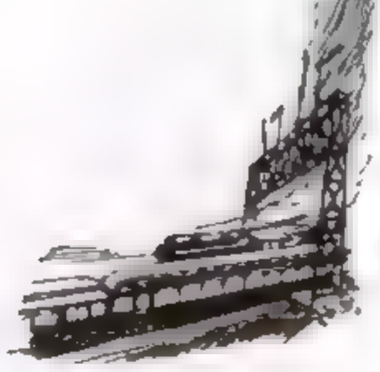
YOU are faced with the necessity of buying a new battery for your car. You want—like every sensible man—to get one that will cost as little as possible.

Then buy an Exide. You will save money because it gives such notably long service—and the price is surprisingly low.

Near you is an Exide Service Station with the economical battery for your car. You can also get Exide Radio Batteries there, and at radio dealers'.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO., Philadelphia

In Canada, Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, 153 Dufferin Street, Toronto



WHEN A BATTERY MUST NOT FAIL

Many prominent railroads use Exide Batteries in operating signals, switches and drawbridges. They are made for every purpose by the world's largest manufacturers of storage batteries.

NASH

Advanced Six Sedan

Special Six Sedan

The New Advanced Six Series

Now Nash presents for your inspection the new Advanced Six series.

They reflect more vividly than ever before the superior character of Nash manufacturing.

And they provide fresh proof of the authentic and masterly artistry of Nash body craftsmanship.

Beautifully low and close to the road, they have the smartness and graceful symmetry that instantly attract the eye.

And the enclosed bodies, which are original Nash conceptions, are further strikingly enriched with a new French-type roof construction exclusive in America to Nash.

There are seven body styles and two wheelbase lengths.

And included as standard equipment on all models *at no extra cost* are 4-wheel brakes of special Nash design, full balloon tires, and five disc wheels.

SHuncles

The New Special Six Series

Special Six
4-Door Sedan

In this entirely new Special Six series Nash has created the highest expression of fine car development in this price-class.

Modeled with magnificent skill and swung very close to the road, these new cars have been given an unique appearance of length and lowness.

The new French-type roof line of the enclosed models, which is exclusive to Nash among all American cars, has a low-curving forward sweep that contributes decisively to the long, low effect.

Completely encircling the body and extending forward to the radiator shell on both sides is a beveled body beading which serves to emphasize the custom-built look of these cars.

There are four body styles all built upon the same chassis and the same wheelbase.

As standard equipment *at no extra cost* there are included 4-wheel brakes of special Nash design, full balloon tires and 5 disc wheels.

Over 50,000 car owners have measured the power of Havoline on the Wasson Motor Check

—and before the season is over it is expected that 150,000 cars will have been tested. Average cars, new and service worn, like yours and your neighbor's.

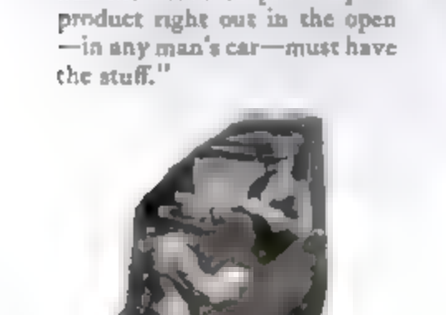
Find a man who has had his car tested on the Wasson Motor Check, one test with fresh Havoline and a second test after several hundred miles, and you will find a man who has answered the oil question, once for all.

"How does it strike you?"

"Well, any oil company that has the nerve to prove up its product right out in the open—in any man's car—must have the stuff."

"How'd she do?"

"Not so bad. Developed 28 H. P. at the top, with only a normal slippage past the pistons. When you come back for your second test, I think we'll show you close to 35 H. P."



Washington, D. C.,
Star Service Station.

Tested 30 cars daily. "Seemed that everybody wanted to crowd the Check and get his car on it," stated Manager John R. Briggs. "Since opening the demonstration requests for Havoline have shown a remarkable increase."

Havoline by the single quart sells for 30c Slightly higher in western states and in Canada.

Compare the Tony Sarg sketch at the left with the photograph above taken at Schenectady, N.Y. Both show a typical scene at a Filling Station where Havoline oil power tests are being run on the Wasson Motor Check. Similar scenes are being enacted in over 150 cities and towns this summer.

POWER in oil? Certainly! Fuel-power plus oil-power makes horsepower. A remarkable car testing machine, the Wasson Motor Check, has discovered that revolutionary fact to thousands.

Revolutionary! Yes, because it is changing everybody's idea about motor oil. You can't keep a truth out of circulation. Until this discovery, oil was thought of as simply *oil*—a lubricant. But Havoline has pointed to the real fact that oil is power: *the oil that gives your engine the most power is the best lubricant!*

That's a truth you can lay hold of in buying oil for your car. There's nothing uncertain about power. You know when you have it; you know when it's gone.

To one man who has seen the power of Havoline demonstrated on the Wasson Motor Check a hundred have proved it for themselves wherever this power oil is sold.

Prove it in your own car. Fill up with Havoline—a clean crank case full. You will never know your power until you try it.

Oil Companies Independent Jobbers Filling Station Owners

The power-full combination of Havoline and the Wasson Motor Check is the biggest merchandising idea that has come into the oil business in 15 years.

When you see the way people crowd around oil-power tests wherever they are held; when you consider what the car owner gets when he comes for a test—a scientific oil prescription for his car; when you realize the solid foundation that these demonstrations create for increasing sales of Havoline, you will not be satisfied until you get the whole story.

Scranton, Pa.,
Peerless Oil Co.

Conducted oil-power tests for two months in the heart of the city.

"The demand for Havoline," said Mr. Max H. Levinson, President of the Company, "increased beyond all expectations at each of our service stations. Lots of people who had been buying cheap oils suddenly swung to this fine 30-cent oil. My attendants said it was the easiest oil to sell and keep sold they had ever handled."

Baltimore, Md.,
Shriver Oil Co.

Opened new down-town filling station with Havoline oil-power tests.

"Since our Motor Check demonstration," states Robert T. Shriver, "we have had a steady flow of requests at all of our stations for Havoline Our customers have seen its worth proved and will take nothing else."

The increasing demand for Havoline has opened up a new opportunity for men whose major business is marketing oil and gasoline.

Outside of the Refinery home territory the Havoline franchise is available for a period of years, on a protective basis, to local oil companies who have the distributing facilities to do a volume business.

Wire or write.

Indian Refining Company, Inc
Lawrenceville, Illinois

Oil is more than oil — it is power

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food and accommodations were commensurate with the cheapness of the tickets. The ships themselves, being slow and large cargo carriers, brought fair return to their owners; but there was no great profit from passengers. It was a makeshift service that usually had a new doctor on each eastward voyage.

One sailing day a young interne, pressed into service at the eleventh hour, went out on one of these vessels as ship's surgeon. He was told that he would find all his equipment on board and that he "needn't bring along any tools." When the ship had dropped her pilot off Sandy Hook, he asked a steward the way to the surgery, but was informed that there was no such thing aboard. A seasoned purser, whose varied service indicated his popularity with shipowners, curtly informed him that he'd find his "kennel aft, on the shelter deck next to Thirty-five." Over the door of this stuffy inside room was a stained enamel sign reading DOCTOR. Empty liquor bottles told him there had been a party there the night before, and possibly explained why the itinerant doctor of the previous voyage was unable to make another trip. The bed, four feet above the floor, was atop a set of drawers that served for a wardrobe; opposite it was a cabinet scantily stocked with drugs and a few instruments; but there was nothing about that bore the semblance of a sterilizer. A washbowl and a cracked mirror completed the furnishings of this small stateroom set apart as sleeping quarters and office for the ship's doctor.

"Three hundred cabin, six hundred steerage and twelve days across," he muttered to himself as he made inventory of the medicine chest. "I hope nothing happens."

When the ship was new and in other ownership the surgeon had had better quarters. In the cut-rate service to which she had now been relegated these quarters—with four in a room—brought $380 to the company, and the doctor was banished to a cubby-hole smack up against the engines. These worn-out, rattling veterans, pounding incessantly throughout the night, gave the shrinking interne some dismal hours of wakefulness in which to ponder what was ahead of him on the voyage. In the morning he went to the surly purser, hoping that a night's rest had left him in better humor; but the spots on this derelict leopard had not changed.

An Operation in the Smoking Room

"Now I'll give you a bit of advice, doctor," he said. "I'm not at all concerned about your medicine chest or your sterilizer. That's a matter for the marine superintendent and that rotter of a doctor we left ashore. Don't come to me with your troubles, because I'm jolly well fed up with this packet and the outfit that runs her. Supposing somebody does be wanting an operation, you can fix 'em up till we make port. They won't die, none of 'em, until their time comes; and if it does come, all the operating you can do won't save 'em. You'd oblige me by not mentioning your medicine chest to me again."

Four days passed without mishap, until a steel door slammed against the knuckles of the chief officer, giving him a painfully bruised hand. As he watched the young doctor clean the cuts and deftly put on a dressing, the chief remarked that the company didn't give much consideration to the doctor and consequently had a new one on nearly every outward voyage.

"Don't mind that fellow," said the second in command, when the doctor had told him of the purser's insolence. "He's a bad lot. He's been fired from twenty ships for just plain cussedness. If you ever get into a jam with him let me know and I'll stand by. I'm aces up with the skipper."

The fifth night out brought trouble. It was a case of strangulated hernia that meant either death or immediate operation and aroused the fighting blood of the hitherto timid interne. The captain told him to operate when and where he pleased. Protests came from the purser and chief steward when he ordered the smoking room cleared of passengers.

"I've got orders from the captain to do this," he yelled defiantly, "and I want it done quick!"

Sheets were hung on the walls and around two poker tables in a corner, making a draped booth in which two formalin lamps were lighted for disinfection. With the aid of the chief officer and two stewards, the young doctor prepared his patient and started the sterilization of his instruments in a steam kettle in the galley. Boards, blankets and sheets were laid across the poker tables and on this was strapped the middle-aged man with the hernia. An old Russian apothecary volunteered to administer the ether, but while the patient was getting under, Mr. Interne discovered that he hadn't an inch of thread for suturing.

"See if you can find someone aboard with a violin," he said to the chief officer. "I can sterilize the E string and make it serve."

Curing Fatalism and Appendicitis

Recalling that the skipper played a fiddle, the chief dashed aloft, returning with an adequate supply of catgut. It was a ninety-minute job, performed under disheartening conditions, but it was well done and the patient made complete recovery.

But this was not the end of the interne's tribulations or his unpleasant contact with the purser, for that arrogant person developed an acute appendicitis and was forced to send for the doctor. He was now meekly subdued, apologized abjectly for his conduct and begged the young surgeon to save him if possible without an operation. All the braggadocio about folk dying only when their time came had completely vanished, and he expressed a willingness to abide by whatever the doctor thought best. It was his only hope. There he was, out on the Atlantic, 1200 miles from the British coast, with an appendix like a cocked and loaded gun, ready to fire at any moment.

He was operated upon in the same *cul-de-sac* of the smoking room, where two nights before he had protested against the routing out of passengers; and like the patient that preceded, made full recovery. He and the doctor did not meet again, for soon afterward the ships were sold and the line went into the hands of a receiver.

In the flood of the eastward exodus to Europe, which begins in mid-May and lasts until August, the surgeons of the Atlantic liners have busy times; and the tension does not relax until October, when the horde that has been roaming abroad is back home. It is under the trying conditions of these crowded days that the real worth of a ship's doctor asserts itself. He must stand the gaff or give place to another who is willing to test his patience, diplomacy and skill on the most diversified assemblages that could be got together from the land.

Here is a hint of the day's work from such outstanding figures as Beaumont and Sydney Jones. Both veterans, after a large and varied experience ashore, turned to the sea deliberately as a life field. Both gave freely of their talents and found their way to the highest and best-paid places in the merchant services of the world.

"Demands of passengers today," said Beaumont, "are 100 per cent greater than they were thirty years ago. You cannot give them a little prayer and patch them up with first aid. You cannot say to a father, 'I do not know if your child has diphtheria. Wait until we get to port for diagnosis.'

"We assume nothing here aboard the Majestic, for we have the means definitely to ascertain. I do my own bacteriology. In addition to spacious wards and private rooms in our ship's hospital, we have a dispensary and an operating room, the equals of the best ashore. We have, too, a dental chair, an equipment for administering gas and an X-ray plant, so invaluable for abdominal diagnosis and detection of fractures. On my staff I have an assistant surgeon and three trained nurses.

"Our office hours are from nine o'clock until eleven in the morning and from six to seven in the evening, but we are on call at all hours of the voyage. Unlike the doctor ashore, there is no maid or housewife to answer our telephone and say that we are out for the evening or have gone from town for the week-end.

"Few passengers know how properly to care for themselves at sea. They eat and sleep too much, take no exercise whatever and believe they are resting. Nor do they train for the trip. I've seen passengers come aboard worn out and excited like scalded cats, gorge themselves with three enormous meals and two collations daily and then come to me in mid-Atlantic to relieve them from indisposition. Excessive use of alcohol, too, is a thing to be avoided if one would keep fit aboard ship. Drinking, however, has eased up on both sides of the water. I recall that in times gone by there were usually five or six passengers suffering from delirium tremens at the end of an eastward voyage and it had become customary to have stretchers in readiness at all boat trains.

"I am as keen today for attending clinics as I ever was. During a recent lay-off I took a short course in dentistry, for I have observed that considerable tooth trouble has arisen of late among travelers. I have performed 238 major operations at sea, including strangulated hernia, appendicitis with complications, amputations, head injuries requiring trephining, and two severe mastoids, both of which recovered nicely."

"On a recent voyage," said Dr. Sydney Jones, "I met the son of a wealthy American manufacturer who informed me that his father had never been abroad. Fear that he might be stricken aboard ship and require an operation, the son said, had kept his parent at home, his obsession keeping him always comparatively near a hospital. Such a notion might have been reasonable thirty years ago, but today it is ridiculous. Operations are being performed now on modern well-equipped ships with all the safeguards and skill of aseptic surgery one could find in a hospital ashore. Too often in days gone by, when it was possible to ask professional backing for one's proposed course of procedure, has one met with the reply: 'Well, there is not the slightest doubt what I should do on shore—I should have the patient straight upon the operating table.' The hesitation in advising an immediate operation was, of course, due to poor facilities. Nowadays there is no more doubt about performing an immediate operation at sea than there is on land."

Psychologist and Diplomat

"But surgery and medicine are not the only features that take up the attention of the ship's doctor. He has to be a sanitarian, diplomat, psychologist and business man, for demands in these particular branches of his department are constantly being made upon him. His responsibilities on the big ships are plentiful, and are increasing; and the time is not far away when aspirants for medical sea service will have to train for it as they would for the diplomatic service or for any specialization in surgery or medicine.

"One has to be a psychologist and diplomat to meet the demands of a certain type of neurasthenic traveler that is much too prevalent today. Diplomacy and psychology are necessary also to avoid gracefully insistent and diverting social demands, in order that one might elude distraction from duty at sea.

"One must be a sanitarian to maintain a healthy crew and a wholesome ship, observing to its fullest degree the sanitary precautions which contribute so extensively toward making a big modern liner the most healthful hostelry in the world. The ship's doctor must be a business man—not for himself but for the efficient administration of his duty to passengers, to his company and to the health officials of the ports at which his vessel touches."

(Continued on Page 99)

Must we revise our package slips?

Mr. Newman slips us something new

In the larger sizes of Edgeworth containers we have long been in the habit of enclosing a slip or card, bearing the following invitation:

> Thank you! As a user of Edgeworth tobacco, we are sure you appreciate its merits, which have won for it a Distinction among Extra High Grade products.
>
> May we not ask you to urge your friends who are not smokers of Edgeworth to give it a trial? You may use the other side of this card. Thank you.
>
> Larus & Bro. Co.

Mr. Newman returns a slip to us with this notation:

> Melrose, Mass.
>
> Larus & Bro. Co.,
> Richmond, Va.
>
> Gentlemen:
> My friends all use Edgeworth, showing that I select men of good judgment for my friends. I have smoked your tobacco for twenty-five years.
>
> Yours appreciatively,
> B. S. Newman.

We yield the floor to Mr. Newman. We suspect, however, that he is responsible to some extent for the fact that all his friends are members of the Edgeworth Club.

We size up Mr. Newman to be one of those chaps who like to share good things with others. And the fact that he has been smoking Edgeworth for twenty-five years is a pretty good sign that he has some very decided opinions about it.

The question is, shall we change the wording from "friends" to "acquaintances" on our container slips, or how shall we avoid being "called" by other club members?

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1H South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Why the Beauty of Children's Hair Depends upon Shampooing

Try this quick and simple method which thousands of mothers now use.

See the difference it will make in the appearance of YOUR CHILD'S hair.

Note how it gives life and lustre, how it brings out all the natural wave and color.

See how soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking the hair will look.

ANY child can have hair that is beautiful, healthy and luxuriant.

It is NO LONGER a matter of luck.

The beauty of a child's hair depends ALMOST ENTIRELY upon the way you shampoo it.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When a child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, fine, young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in the hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

(Continued from Page 97)

After long years of service, the ship's surgeon becomes inured alike to the caprices of passengers and crew. He encounters little that has not crossed his path before, and can detect readily the difference between the plea of the artful malingerer and the honest entreaties of the normal person who fancies he is ill. He knows that down in the fire room some indolent stoker, to escape work, pounds his elbows against a stanchion until his body is in a tremor; or swallows hard-rolled pellets of bread that will bring about acute but ephemeral indigestion. He has learned, too, that the "sick" steward who comes so often to the dispensary for pills has been selling them with high commendation to immigrants at ninepence a dozen.

Sometimes the patience of the medico is stretched to the breaking point, when even the much talked-of diplomacy is cast aside and the fear of making an enemy for the company utterly forgotten. A situation like this arose one night aboard one of the big Atlantic liners coming westward during the height of the homeward rush. There had been an explosion in the boiler room in which several men had been killed outright and twelve severely burned. It was a big day's work for one surgeon to care for the sufferers, and at midnight he turned in for forty winks after ten hours of constant ministration. He had just dropped into sound slumber when a steward knocked at the door.

"Tell the nurses I'll be right down," the doctor shouted distractedly, thinking only of the scalded fire-room men.

"The call is not from the hospital, sir," explained the steward. "It's from Mr. Blank, wot 'as the suite up on B Deck. 'Is missus says 'e's very sick, sir, and she wants that you come at once, sir."

Dashing up two decks in his bath robe to the luxurious rooms of Mr. Blank, the doctor there beheld a robust-looking person standing before a mirror, thumping the lower muscles of his back.

"I beg pardon for intruding," he said as he started to leave. "I understood someone was ill in this suite."

"Quite right," replied Mr. Blank. "I say, what do you think of this muscle here, doctor? Is it strained a bit? It feels jolly well out of place. Before retiring it seemed a trifle tense, don't yer know, and there was a slight soreness which disturbed me greatly."

The surgeon examined him in cursory fashion, knowing there was nothing wrong, and then said, "Why did you send for me?"

What the Doctor Advised

"Well, really, doctor, it was in accordance with my invariable rule of caution, don't yer know. A stitch in time and all that sort of thing. All part of my early training—what?"

"But there is nothing the matter with your back," broke in the medico tartly.

"Well, now that I know, it's quite all right," explained Mr. Blank. "But for a time I was in a quandary as to whether I had strained myself by overzealousness in the gymnasium this morning and had provoked possibly a floating kidney, or whether it might have been an obscure touch of indigestion due to that very excellent Camembert I ate at dinner. Would you advise ——"

"I'd advise you to be a man," exclaimed the doctor, "not a whimpering, stupid ass. Good night."

He may have lost a patron for the company that night, but just then the doctor didn't care.

On a voyage down the West Coast of South America last summer a ship's doctor, old in experience and able to diagnose a joke when he saw it, roped with a round turn a group of practical jokers who tried to snare him in the practice of his professional duty.

The three men, sprawled out in steamer chairs, greeted the surgeon cheerily as he strolled down the deck; but after he had passed, one of them said, "Don't think he's much of a medicine man."

"Neither do I," observed the man to his left. "If he was any good he wouldn't be chasing up and down this God-forsaken ocean."

"Let's try him out," suggested the third. "Now I'm about as healthy a specimen as you'd find anywhere. Never been sick a day in my life. I'll go to bed this afternoon for a snooze, and when I'm set you send for this horse doctor and tell him I'm sick. Leave the rest of it to me. I'll give you odds of fifty pesos 'gainst ten he'll say I'm a sick man and hand me some pills or a bottle of medicine. He'll be kind of mystified when he sees me playin' bridge half an hour later in the smoking room."

A Joke That Backfired

So the medico was called in that afternoon and examined the jokesmith carefully. Then, fixing his glare upon the eyes of the pretender, he said:

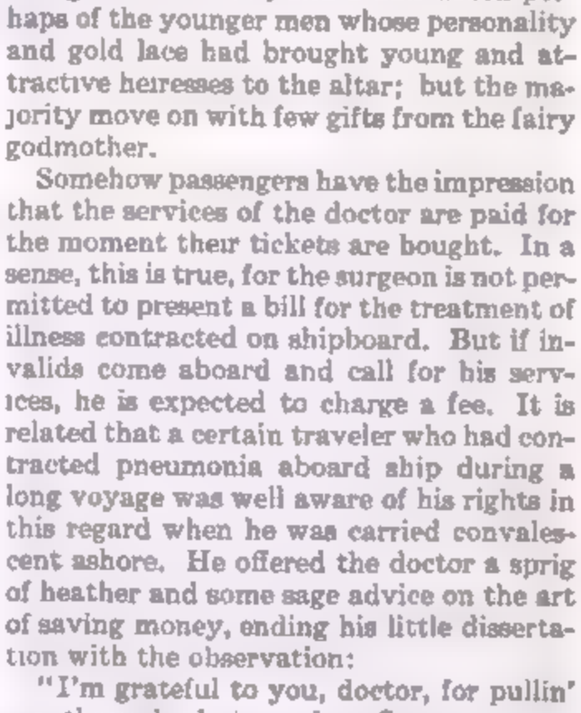
"I'm convinced that all the symptoms you have described to me are wholly imaginary. You are no doubt one of those men who profess never to have been ill in all your life, yet organically you are fast breaking down. Be careful, my friend, for your arteries need attention. If you don't avoid excitement and curtail your liquor, you are likely to encounter serious trouble suddenly. It's not medicine you need—just common sense."

That evening after dinner, as the scoffer was entering the smoking room for a night of bridge and highballs, he pitched forward on his face with a stroke of apoplexy. He found the prophetic "horse doctor" a source of much comfort as he lay in bed this time, reflecting now that he was really ill for the first time in his life.

Could facts of the sea be gathered, one might pick out here and there a ship's doctor who had been rewarded in the will of a casual patient. There might be found one or two who had taken as wife some rich and grateful widow, and a half dozen perhaps of the younger men whose personality and gold lace had brought young and attractive heiresses to the altar; but the majority move on with few gifts from the fairy godmother.

Somehow passengers have the impression that the services of the doctor are paid for the moment their tickets are bought. In a sense, this is true, for the surgeon is not permitted to present a bill for the treatment of illness contracted on shipboard. But if invalids come aboard and call for his services, he is expected to charge a fee. It is related that a certain traveler who had contracted pneumonia aboard ship during a long voyage was well aware of his rights in this regard when he was carried convalescent ashore. He offered the doctor a sprig of heather and some sage advice on the art of saving money, ending his little dissertation with the observation:

"I'm grateful to you, doctor, for pullin' me through, but ye ken I was a vera healthy mon when I came aboard yer germ-laden vessel."



Chelan Gorge, Washington

Not long ago a man of seventy, sailing from New York on a world cruise, sent for the ship's surgeon directly after departure and said:

"Your brethren ashore tell me I have only three months to live. All my life I have been a lover of the sea and I know of no reason why I should not end my days there. I have an excellent trained nurse with me, but I want you to keep your weather eye upon me. Here is a draft for $500 as a retainer, and if I live past Bombay, another $500 will be yours."

The vessel was seventy days out when the old man's body was consigned to the waters of the Indian Ocean within a few hundred miles of Bombay.

Though there are many agreeable features associated with his work of making life a little easier for those who call upon him, the tedium of service at sea sometimes is revealed when one chats with the ship's doctor. His obligations, as one of the clan expressed it facetiously to an inquisitive passenger, consist of attending to nearly everything unpleasant that presents itself during the voyage.

"For example," said one, "I had a most disagreeable task wished upon me last summer, three days out of port. A radio message from a relative of a first-cabin passenger was received aboard ship addressed to the master. It read something like this: 'Please advise Harold G—— that Mrs. B—— died suddenly today in San Diego. He has heart trouble. Break news discreetly.'"

Breaking it Gently

"It was plainly the duty of the captain to inform the passenger," continued the doctor. "But would he do it? Not he! He had the courage of a lion, this skipper of ours—I've seen it tested off the Irish Coast with three submarines attacking him. But he was a soft-hearted man, who could not bear to be the carrier of ill news. He explained that as the man had heart trouble, it was proper that the doctor should inform him. Mrs. B—— was a favorite sister or a daughter, perhaps, and the news of her death would surely shake him. Well, I found the chap in the lounge. He was playing bridge. I called him aside when the rubber ended and we strolled aft to a quiet corner in my office. He was a frail man in middle life and one in whom I thought I saw traces of cardiac asthma. Unknown to him, I prepared a hypodermic and had a bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia in readiness. Then I said, 'Mr G——, the captain received a radio message tonight from one of your relatives. It isn't the best of news, but I want you to buck up and receive it like a man.' I could see the color leave his face. 'Go ahead, doctor,' he wheezed. 'I've had many hard knocks sent to me over the wire and through the air in my time, and I guess I can stand this.' Then I told him. He didn't flinch. Without a word, he moved over to a button, pushed it, and when the steward came he said quietly, 'Two quarts of Pomery, steward; one for the doc and one for me.' Nonplused by his action, I asked if Mrs. B—— was a sister or daughter and he answered quickly, 'Neither, doc. That woman was my mother-in-law. She made my life a living hell for twenty years. The drinks are on me.'"

There isn't much material reward for the average doctor who takes a ship. The climb is long and steep, with little room at the top. But there they are—plenty of them; good Samaritans pegging along on the seven seas; always standing by; easing pain and fighting off death for some lonely creature out on the watery wastes.

And what holds them to the job? Not money. Maybe some have dropped into the groove of least resistance, but that hardly makes them stick. Perhaps it's a love of adventure in the blood, or the mysterious lure of the sea. It might be for a dozen reasons; but at bottom lies the spirit of Hippocrates, a desire for expression of the knowledge within them, the urge of the healer to serve mankind.

Spur Tie

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. June 1, Jan. 9, 24, Aug. 26, '24

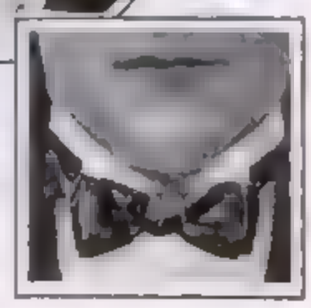
all tied for you

50¢ and up

Illustrated above is the Square End style of Spur Tie. At the left is a diagram of the H-shaped Innerform, the patented secret of the Spur Tie. The H-shaped Innerform keeps the Spur Tie from curling, rolling or wrinkling.

At the left is illustrated the French-pointed End style of Spur Tie

Arrowlette the Butterfly Bow Spur Tie.



A wide variety of the Spur Cross Tie is shown. They also make in white. Spur Ties are made by the makers of Spur Sport Stripes for hat bands, Spur Safety Signals, and Spur Belts

Go-getters get going on the *Spur* of the moment

Yes, sir! No precious time is wasted in wrestling with an old-fashioned string tie these days. The correctly tailored Spur Tie is on in a moment—and you are off—to breakfast, business, or a game of golf. All through a busy day, forget about your appearance. The smart Spur Tie looks more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie—and the patented H-shaped Innerform makes it keep the shape you give it. See the Spur Tie displayed on smart shop counters. Look for the red Spur label on the back. Feel for the H-shaped Innerform, and notice how good the Spur Tie looks on your collar.

Hewes & Potter, Boston, Mass.

Pacific Coast Office

120 Battery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Makers of Spur Sport Stripes for Hat Bands, Spur Belts, Spur Garters, and Spur Safety Signals

PEOPLE AGAINST FOLERON

(Continued from Page 13)

I'll give it to them, that I will and no mistake. And do find out the exact time, sir! Find out the exact time, sir!"

Chester bolted down the stairs.

II

THE grand jury of the city and county of New York handed down an indictment in October, 1911, accusing Chester Foleron of the crime of grand larceny in the first degree committed as follows:

"The said Chester Foleron, late of the City of New York in the County of New York aforesaid, on the 6th day of August in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eleven, at the City and County aforesaid, with force and arms, divers precious stones of the goods, chattels and personal property of Tifft, Benziger & Company, a corporation incorporated and doing business under the laws of the State of New York (a more particular description whereof is to the grand jury aforesaid unknown) of the value of eighty-five thousand dollars then and there did steal, take and carry away, against the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace of the people of the State of New York and their dignity."

Quinley appeared before the grand jury, coming reluctantly and only under the duress of a subpœna. He volunteered the statement that the safe was whole and undisturbed when he entered the apartment, and that Chester was in his company until the discovery of the robbery; but he admitted under the shrewd questioning of the district attorney that he had not looked at the safe or toward it until Chester drew his attention to it, and that he did not know how long Chester had been in the apartment before calling him up. He was so obviously prejudiced in Chester's favor that his statements were received with caution, and full weight and double weight were given to such of his answers as bore against Chester—these being in the nature of statements against interest. He was pinned down finally to one minute as the greatest period of time that could have elapsed between the shutting of the closet door and its reopening. He thought that he had heard an explosion while he was in the closet, but he was compelled to admit that an Elevated train was passing at the moment and that no noise had risen above the noise of the train. His estimate of elapsed time coincided with Chester's own chronology and with the statements of the officers whom Chester had found outside the Park Theater on Columbus Circle.

Chester was arrested on a bench warrant issued by the district attorney. The detective who executed the warrant was a friendly soul.

"This is that big jewel robbery up in Ninth Avenue, isn't it?" he said as he sat beside Chester in the Subway on their ride to the Tombs. "Eighty-five thousand dollars, what I hear. That's a nice piece of change, more than I'll be worth if I stick to this business for the next eighty-five thousand years. Well, it's a big temptation, and I sometimes don't blame a little fellow for grabbing when he got a chance before the big fellows beat him to it. Got a lawyer, Ches?"

"No, I haven't," said Chester, whose face was blank of expression. "I haven't been long in New York. I don't know any lawyers."

"Let me get you one, Ches. I'll get you one of the best in the business, and no cheap ambulance chaser. There's big boodle here, and it's worth his time."

"Whose time?"

"Little Amby. Go on—get him! Don't be cheap. You can afford him. Oh, he's a robber. Even so, he may send you home in a barrel, but he'll send you home—know what I mean? But you can make a dicker with him. So much to be sprung, so much for a disagreement, so much for a suspended sentence, maybe nothing if you're sent up the river. And he'll provide you with a good article in the way of a story, something reversible and that will still look good when it's turned inside out. That alibi of yours was awfully thin; I'm no lawyer, but I could make up a better one than that. What I hear, this was a professional job. If they want you to split on a pal, I'm not advising you, but there's an old saying, 'First in, first out.' Better him than you—know what I mean?"

"But I tell you I had nothing to do with the matter."

"Absolutely," said the detective smilingly. "That's the ticket, Ches. You don't open your trap to say aye, yes or no, until you've talked to Little Amby. I'll send the counselor to you. If you don't like him, give him the air, and make the mistake of your life. Well, that's my advice to you. Seen any fights lately, Ches? Here's an argument for you: How would you figure Pepper Berney of Weehawken against Harlem Tommy Malone over the route? Over the full route, mind now!"

They left the Subway at Lafayette and Worth streets and walked to Center Street; they were soon beside the wall of the huge city prison. The detective babbled along about prize fights with innocent enthusiasm. Taking a man to jail was all in the day's work for him; he did not doubt that going to jail was all in the day's work for Chester and was no such unfamiliar happening as to oust from his consideration sporting events of importance. He crossed Center Street and entered a dingy three-story-and-basement structure sandwiched between a factory and a Raines' Law hotel.

Chester supposed this place to be a port of registry for the doleful Tombs across the way. His eyes were cast down as they passed through the dirty hall and climbed the rickety wooden stairs. "Hello, Cohen," said the detective to a fat and yellow-faced man who sat behind a desk in a large room on the second floor. "Meet Ches Foleron. I'm taking him in. He's the fellow ——" The detective whispered to Cohen's private ear. Cohen had nodded slightly, silently acknowledging the introduction; he was looking at Chester steadily now and without cordiality.

"Go in with him, Billy," he said after consulting a telephone behind his cupped hand. The detective led Chester down a short hall and knocked on a solid wooden door; he pushed the door open and entered the room beyond.

"Afternoon, Amby," he said to the dapper little gentleman who sat in the room behind a shining mahogany desk. "This is Ches Foleron."

Again Chester saw that slight jerk of the head that acknowledged an introduction but pointedly avoided registering any joy in it. "Wait outside, Billy," said Little Amby.

"But listen, Amby. I'm taking him in, and I wouldn't have stopped here only we was passing, see? So I got to ——"

"Wait outside," said Little Amby with a jerk of the thumb.

The detective reflected. "I tell you what I will do," he said in a bargaining tone. "I will wait outside." And he went out.

"Who sent you here?" said Little Amby. "Sit down, Foleron."

"Nobody sent me here," said Chester. "The man who just stepped out brought me here."

"Were you ever convicted before?" asked Little Amby. "Tell me at once for my private information. If everything goes black we may find it wise to take a plea before they dig up your record."

"I am not a criminal," said Chester, flushing. "I am not guilty of anything."

"No? The grand jury thought differently. I see that your employers have offered twenty thousand dollars for the return of the goods and for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the criminal. I imagine that we can persuade them to forget their hard feeling and drop the case if we can give them a dividend. There's enough for everybody. But go on and tell me your story, and I'll tell you if you're guilty or not."

The large black eyes in his narrow face were fastened unwinkingly on Chester while the young man recounted the events of the night of August 6, 1911.

"And you think you were in that closet for only a minute?"

"There's no question about that, Mr. Hinkle. I am sure of the hour when I got home—I'd arrived in the city on the eleven-o'clock train, and I took care to ascertain the exact time when I ran from the house. The fact that I was knocked dizzy for a moment by that falling sash weight makes no difference."

"Was your head cut?"

"Not at all."

"It's strange that that iron weight should knock you out of time when it didn't fall at such an angle as to gash your head. You don't look especially fragile. If you had been blackjacked, or hit with a loaded length of rubber hose, I could understand that you might have been knocked for a marble slab without breaking your skin. You don't think Quinley left the closet?"

"I'm sure of that. I was standing next to the door, and when I fell, I fell against it; and he reached down at once and pulled me up. I'd take my affidavit that I wasn't out for more than a second or two, if at all. I've been knocked out before, Mr. Hinkle, and I know the feeling. This time, my head reeled, and I saw the floor coming up to me, but I didn't let go of myself."

"I see. Tell me this: Was the safe in one of the street walls of the apartment or was it in an inside partition wall? Wasn't it possible for someone to have worked on it from the rear?"

"Not a chance. The safe was in the solid brick wall of the house fronting on Ninth Avenue—a foot of brickwork, four stories up in the air, without even a ledge outside. Besides, why should they drill the door and blow the safe open?"

"Could it have been done with a time fuse?"

"I had that idea for a moment. No, there wasn't a trace. As the detectives said, this was a straight and standard professional job of safe blowing. The detectives found in the floor the holes of the screws that had secured the back brace. If you can believe me, Mr. Hinkle—and I can't blame you if you don't—those holes had been filled up and dusted over! The hole was made with a quarter-inch drill, and they said that it was absolutely impossible to send that drill through an inch of steel and the casing of the lock in less than fifteen or twenty minutes. The safe was blown open with powder. They said the powder had to be blown in through the hole and a fuse attached; and then the robbers may have been compelled to wait until a train passed. And all this was done in a matter of seconds! I'm half mad right now with thinking of the thing."

"Let's think of something else then," said Little Amby soothingly. "What were these gems, Foleron?"

"There were a hundred carats in diamonds—trade goods, commercial whites—some white sapphires, a dozen brilliant-cut amethysts, and two really wonderful emeralds cut *en cabochon*. Those emeralds were the real reason for my trip. Phillips of Chicago has a standing order for fine emeralds, flawless goods of the true grass-green, and these two stones might rank as collectors' pieces. The firm took a flyer in them. You know, there is no price on emeralds as there is on diamonds, the dealer gets what he can for them. If he can't sell an emerald for five thousand dollars, he may take three. Emeralds without flaw are very rare, and the sky is the limit. These stones were of six carats each and were perfectly matched, and I asked Phillips twenty-two thousand dollars for them. He didn't refuse, but said he'd think it over, and I brought them back to New York, having been so instructed."

"I was born in June," said Little Amby casually. "The emerald is my favorite stone. I pick them up wherever I find them."

"I should have said the diamond was your favorite," said Chester, dropping his gaze to the three brilliants that sparkled on the lawyer's slender hand.

"Rather good ones, eh?" said Little Amby complacently. He extended the hand to permit an inspection of the gems. "How do you like them?"

Chester, being solicited in his professional capacity, took the hand and looked carefully at the stones in the three rings.

"Better than crystals," he said. "Blue Wesseltons, at a venture. Flawless too! They are unusually fine."

"What do you think I paid for them?"

"Fifteen hundred apiece?"

"Three hundred apiece!"

"You stole them. Pardon me, I mean ——"

"Let it go at that," said Little Amby genially. "Somebody stole them, or they wouldn't come to me at nine hundred for the lot. I took them for my fee. But I'm not taking any nine hundred dollars in trade nowadays, Foleron. I'm interested in what you tell me about these emeralds. They say it does the eyes good to look at emeralds. My eyes aren't what they were, and I'd much rather cure them by looking at emeralds than by going to some faking specialist and have him send me to an optician for the sake of his rake-off on a pair of glasses. I must manage to clap my eyes on those emeralds you speak of. We'll see if we can fix it, won't we?"

He slapped Chester bluffly on the knee. "Run along with Billy now and I'll send Cohen over after you. I'll see you through your troubles. I don't believe your story, and at the same time I don't believe you invented it. You're not dumb enough to make up that story, and I'm not such a numskull as to ask any jury to believe it. I haven't decided on your defense yet, but I'm certainly not going to submit a puzzle to the jury with the understanding that they can send you up the river for ten years if they can't guess the answer."

When Chester had left the room, Little Amby walked slowly to the window of the chamber and stood there staring at the gray Tombs across the way. He was mulling over what Chester had told him. Again and again his nimble mind traveled over the recited circumstances, running back ever to the fact that stood like a wall in the way to an explanation of the robbery—the fact that Chester and Quinley had been together in that closet for less than one minute, and for perhaps not more than ten seconds. During that brief period, robbers had effected an entrance to the guarded apartment, had set up heavy apparatus, had drilled and blown the safe and had vanished into thin air with the loot.

"And yet I don't think he's lying," he murmured. "His story is not true, just the same. He didn't see what he thought he saw."

He remembered having seen with his own deluded eyes a hefty East Indian lady raised into thin air by a swarthy magician on the Midway at Coney Island and suspended there without visible means of support. Could Chester have been tricked by some hocus-pocus? Nonsense—the safe had been blown and the jewels made off with. And it had been done while the men were in that closet—and yet it simply couldn't have been done within that elapsed time.

He returned to his desk and used the telephone. "Let me have Bernie Mallon," he called when connection was made.

(Continued on Page 102)

The headlights stand the bumps

From the old flickering auto lantern to the precision lamp of the modern automobile was a decade of research and development. Brilliant—accurately aimed—strong to withstand the bumps of heavy travel—is the MAZDA auto lamp of today.

MAZDA SERVICE explores the world for new ideas on incandescent lamps, and works out in the Research Laboratories the scientific developments that bring light to its highest efficiency. The benefits of this research are given to those lamp manufacturers entitled to use the symbol MAZDA on their lamps. And only the manufacturers so served may use the MAZDA mark.

MAZDA

THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE

RESEARCH LABORATORIES *of*
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

The first great step toward the modern auto lamp was the development in the Research Laboratories of *drawn tungsten* wire. This made possible the later development of a long filament closely coiled into a small space—a strong filament—a filament accurately placed by precision machinery to direct its beam.

We tried 130 times

Before we perfected this unique Shaving Cream

Now let us send you a 10-day tube to try

GENTLEMEN:

It is only after great effort that great things are done.

We worked for 18 months perfecting Palmolive Shaving Cream. The 130th formula tested was the first to please us.

We knew we had a tough job before us winning men. Most of you were wedded to a favorite preparation. Outstanding superiority was our only chance. We asked 1000 men their supreme desires in a shaving cream. Then set out to meet them.

We've Won

We met those desires—and more. Millions have flocked to Palmolive Shaving Cream. Today it's the leader in its field.

80 per cent of the men who use it were won from other makes.

You know and we know that such results do not come by chance. 60 years of soap study stand behind this unique creation.

It is different—radically, and immeasurably different—from any shaving cream you have ever tried.

5 New Delights

These you'll find—these new shaving joys, these comforts unknown before.

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5 The palm and olive oil content leaves the face in fine condition.

10 Shaves Free

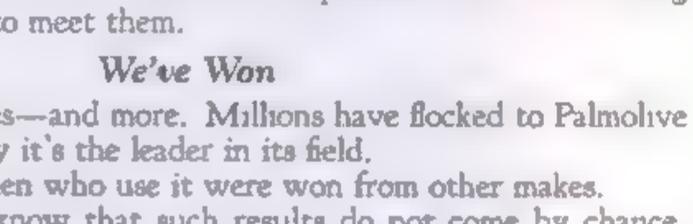
Now in justice to yourself, and in courtesy to us, please accept a 10-day tube free. Give us a chance to prove our claims. Find out for yourself whether your present method is not failing in some important ways.

* * *

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with tube of Shaving Cream.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM



2910

10 SHAVES FREE and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1042, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

(Continued from Page 100)

"Bernie? This is Hinkle, down on Center Street. Bernie, will you look around and see if you can get me a couple of nice emeralds? Emeralds, yes! They must be big ones, five or six carats each, and very fine. Yes, I know what I'm talking about. The party that wants them has more money than brains, but you're going to give him a big bargain just the same. Away under the market! What's he want them for? He wants to give them to his wife. He's a kid millionaire, and he's married to a burlesque queen, and the show's going on the road, and he wants her to think of him always and especially sometimes. See what you can do, Bernie, and don't hesitate to offer any amount, up to 60 per cent of the market value. Give me a ring."

He put down the receiver and called in a clerk. "Eddie," he said, "I want you to run up to the Building Department and get out the filed plans for the Frawley Arms; that's an apartment house on Ninth Avenue. They have them there, though they may have to go back fifty years to find them. Make me a drawing to scale of the plan of the fourth floor of that house, showing the exact layout and dimensions and everything on the blue print.

"That Foleron case came in here just now, and I want to check up Foleron's story with a look at the plan of his flat. I'll probably want you to work with me on that case, so get the plan and come back here and we'll talk about it. Go ahead.

"And, Eddie! Look up the ABC Realty Company and find out quietly what they know about their man Quinley. The ABC people own that house, and Quinley's the janitor. The certificate of incorporation must be on file over in the County Clerk's."

III

"I HAVE an extremely valuable Rembrandt," said Little Amby to Quinley in the main hall of the Frawley Arms. "Are you quite sure that it will be absolutely safe here? To give you an idea of its immense value, I will tell you that I carry insurance on it in the sum of one hundred and ten thousand dollars."

"The Frawley Arms is quite fireproof, sir," said Quinley in his beautiful voice.

"Ah, but what about theft?" demurred Little Amby. "I don't need to tell you that there are collectors so lost to honor as to buy stolen paintings. Of course I shall take every precaution, and my man will never leave the apartment during the week that we are here, and until Mr. Morgan has been given his chance to view this marvelous work of art. But if I thought that the criminal element were even aware that the painting was in my possession here I'd send it instantly to a bank vault. I don't care to tell you how much I paid for it myself in Paris only two weeks ago, but you may be sure it would be on its way to my galleries in St. Louis right now if anyone else than Mr. Morgan had asked for the refusal on it."

"I realize the responsibility, Mr. Fatman," said Quinley, glancing at the card in his hand. "And I can tell you that I shall not have a sound night's rest myself until the painting is safely out of the house. And is it possible that there is a genuine market for stolen paintings, Mr. Fatman?"

"It's easy to see you don't know collectors, my boy," said Little Amby, shaking his head. "You remember reading of the theft of the Mona Lisa last August, don't you? That work went unquestionably into a private gallery, and it's my private opinion half a million dollars was paid for it."

"Is it possible," murmured Quinley, opening his big brown eyes. "One must learn, mustn't one? But I assure you, sir, that there'll be no such goings-on in this house. We wouldn't put up with it, now; we would put our foot down, sir, and no mistake. And would you care to see the apartment, sir?"

"I'll look at it," said Little Amby.

"It's a bit of a climb," said Quinley, leading the way up the stairs. "An old-fashioned house, sir, but you'll find we'll make you comfortable while you are with us. The central location makes up for a lot, you know. We shall be honored to have Mr. Morgan here, and I dare say that I can find you a chamber on the first floor in which to display your painting. I am sorry that we have nothing to rent but this fourth-floor apartment, sir; we have such a waiting list. It is so central, sir, and the rooms are so commodious. Everything is at our door—the clubs, the theaters, the business district. I could not let you have this apartment if you intended staying longer than the week; I couldn't do it, sir. It's promised, and one must keep one's word, mustn't one? Here it is, sir. You see that the lock is of a very good pattern; the last tenant of this apartment was a prominent jeweler, and he used to keep jewels to a tremendous value here, sir, right in this very apartment, sir, in that identical wall safe there, sir."

"The same safe?" said Little Amby soberly. "That one looks new."

"Freshly painted only, sir. We do like to keep things up. Thank you for noticing that, sir. The entire apartment has been done over, as you see. The furniture is of the best, and I'm sure you'll find the linen and silver quite good enough to do with. Here is the bathroom, and a truly enormous one, too, and there are these chambers and the living room. That's the servants' quarters back there—the kitchen, in fact."

"You're short of closets, aren't you?"

"Oh, but here is a marvelous closet, sir," said Quinley, throwing open a door in the private hall. "One only, but that one is a giant. Quite a room in itself, is it not, sir? You'll be comfortable here, sir."

"I think so," said Little Amby. "I'll take it—anything rather than a week in a hotel. My men are downstairs in the cab. Send them right up, will you?"

"That I will, and at once, sir," said Quinley, bowing out.

He appeared in a few minutes, following Eddie Kurtz and Tug Gaffney, Little Amby's clerk and doorman respectively. They were carrying the Rembrandt between them; the painting—there was one—was two feet by three feet in size and was inclosed in a leather case, and the painting and case weighed less than ten pounds, but Tug Gaffney was grunting under his end of it and bowing his big shoulders as if he was carrying a stout man in a coffin. He thought he knew how a man should act while carrying a Rembrandt worth a fortune. "Where'll we put it down, boss?" he wheezed.

"There against the wall, and look out for your toes," said Little Amby, frowning.

"Was there anything else, sir?" asked the hovering Quinley. "An extra bed for the men, sir?"

"Send it up," accepted Little Amby. Quinley disappeared again, closing the door behind him.

"You two men are to stay right here on the job," said Little Amby sternly. "Show a sense of your responsibility. If Quinley comes up and begs a look at that chromo, give him a quick peek at it, as if every look cost a quarter. Let Eddie do all the talking, Tug. On the job, now! For heaven's sake, don't get to playing pinochle and let that yegg come in here and steal that old master before we're ready to give it to him. If you do, he may take it out and try to sell it, and then he'll bring it back and crown you with it. I'm sending Dutch Spiegel up to make a key for that lock; he'll bring some blanks, and he can do it right here. I'll be here at half-past four tomorrow, as soon as I can get here after court, so be ready for me."

He returned to his office and to his accustomed tasks. Before he left Center Street for the day he called up the Frawley Arms and got Quinley on the wire. "Connect me with that apartment I hired this morning," he ordered. "This is Mr. Fatman talking.

"Hello—is this you, Eddie? This is Fatman talking. Fatman—Fatman—your employer! Don't expect me tonight. I'm

(Continued on Page 105)

The public must be taught how to use everything that it touches

WHEN you were a baby you were very awkward in using a spoon—but for all that you were a very superior baby, no doubt.

At least you have survived until this instant in a world beset with perils for babies, for people, and for everything that people touch.

You and all the other babies came up through life using things awkwardly, breaking things that need not have been broken, and learning very slowly the right way to use a few tools, to eat a few foods, to choose and wear a few articles of clothing.

But wherever you see a factory, you can be sure there is at least one man worrying because an inexpert public misuses and sometimes abuses the thing he tries so hard to make, and studied so long to perfect.

To every good manufacturer, or merchant, or grower, or importer the world appears full of grown-up babies who seem bent on buying things, destroying them, and crying loudly that they were no good.

In some of these cases manufacturers have worked for years to educate people to a more skillful use of their goods

A few typical examples of misused products

Too many men shave with dull razor blades.

Too many people use a toothbrush horizontally instead of with a vertical or rotary motion.

Too many people try to regulate their own watches with a penknife.

Too many blondes buy brunette rouge, and vice versa.

Too many women use caustic soap on linoleum.

Too many people squeeze out too much dentifrice at a time.

Too many motorists forget to water their storage batteries.

Too many people use fountain pens with points unsuited to their handwriting.

Too many people eat bananas that are not completely ripened.

Too many smokers let fine cigars dry out.

Too many housekeepers use too much floor wax and try to polish before the wax is dry.

Too many men play approach shots with a spoon.

Too many people can't open a new volume without breaking the binding.

Too many motorists leave the caps off their tire valves.

Too many cooks burn fried eggs on the bottom.

Too many people think that it is all nonsense to change phonograph needles every time a record is played.

Too many women don't follow the directions for washing fine silks.

Etc., etc., etc.!

THESE manufacturers want their goods to work. They want the things they sell to give the full service they are expected to give. Above all, they do not want a trial to result in disappointment.

That is why many of them use printing and employ good printers.

That is why the growth of business is usually paralleled by a growth in the amount and quality of good printing that is used by that business.

An attractive folder slipped into a package by a salesman or packed with the goods at the factory, a circular to customers, an illustrated letter arriving at the right time—all tend to educate the public to a more skillful and satisfactory use of the things the public buys.

To printers, merchants, manufacturers, and buyers of printing

Helpful suggestions on the preparation of commercial printing are contained in a series of books being issued by S. D. Warren Company. A book just issued is "The Full Meal in Advertising," a discussion of the value of repetition and reminder in educating the public.

Copies of this book may be obtained without charge from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers, or by writing direct to S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

[better paper—better printing]

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

Chicago likes Raisin Bread

Its Wednesday bake averages two slices for every man, woman and child

BREAD with raisins in it isn't a new idea. Our grandmothers made it once in a while, rather frugal of raisins for they were a luxury.

Now bakers everywhere are making Raisin Bread *rich* with raisins—Sun-Maid raisins—yet inexpensive.

Every day they make it, but *special* on Wednesday, and so the custom is to serve it special that day.

In Chicago alone they're eating more than 5,000,000 slices of Raisin Bread every Wednesday. Two slices for every man, woman and child

This Raisin Bread is a treat your family should be having—one of the really fine things your baker makes for you with Sun-Maid raisins.

Remember it for next Wednesday. Or, better yet, 'phone your baker or grocer now and he'll do the remembering for you.

If you say so, he will gladly save a loaf for you or deliver it *every* Wednesday morning, fresh from his special baking.

RAISIN BREAD *Special* on Wednesdays

(Continued from Page 102)

going to stay overnight in Englewood; Mr. Morgan's art adviser has asked me to come out. It seems that it's only a question of terms; he tells me that Mr. Morgan saw the work in Paris and wants it so badly that he's gone off his food. They thought we were bringing over another. I asked him a hundred and sixty thousand dollars, and he asked me to come out and talk it over. It's a sale all right, Eddie. We'll deliver the picture and start for St. Louis tomorrow evening sure. You're being very careful, aren't you? That's right, my boy. No sleep tonight, mind you.

"Take turns on guard, if you can't both keep awake. I'll tell you how to manage it: Put the picture in that big closet and lock the door, and move the bed against it. Then one of you can sleep at a time with some safety. Do that now, will you? Very good; expect me tomorrow afternoon."

Little Amby loved his ease in his leisure hours, and he wasn't going to pass a poor night at the Frawley Arms. He passed this night as usual, dining on Fifth Avenue, sitting into a swingeing poker game at a Broadway hotel, getting a final kick out of French brandy and vichy in his luxurious suite.

At half-past four of the following day he entered the Frawley Arms. He waited in the hall below until Quinley appeared.

"Did you see my men go out?" demanded Little Amby agitatedly. "Here's a nice state of affairs. I was up to the apartment just now and rang the bell and received no answer. They must have gone out. Did you see them go?"

"I did not, sir," said Quinley, clasping his hands in sympathy with his new tenant's distress. "They may have gone out, sir, while I was away from the hall momentarily."

"I can't imagine what they can have been thinking of," fumed Little Amby. "I told them explicitly to remain in the apartment. They have been inexcusably careless. While *I* was coming up the street just now, I saw in the court behind this house a couple of suspicious-looking fellows standing under the fire escape, and I congratulated myself that my Rembrandt was under guard. I shall send those fellows of mine packing for this. But come along with me, superintendent, and open the apartment door; I left the key with one of them. You have a master key, I suppose?"

"For emergencies such as this, sir," said Quinley, following Little Amby up the stairs.

"I am taking the painting with me at once, and I shall have no further use for the apartment, superintendent," said Little Amby.

"You are leaving us now, sir? But not because of any dissatisfaction with us, I trust?"

"Oh, no. My business in New York is ended and I must get back to St. Louis. You need refund no part of the week's rent, superintendent."

"That's handsome of you, sir. I thank you, sir."

"I don't know what to think of this," said Little Amby. "Suppose those fellows under the fire escape had gotten into this apartment while my men were out; I dread to think of what might have happened. Why, I feel as weak as a cat."

He threw himself into a chair in the living room and lit a cigarette. He waited until he heard a train approaching on the Elevated. "Carry that painting downstairs for me, like a good fellow, will you?" he asked. "You'll find it in the closet with a bed before it."

"Yes, sir," said Quinley, going with alacrity.

Little Amby sat with his back to the interior hall in which was the closet. He puffed his cigarette and looked with a faint smile at the ceiling while he listened to the moving of the folding couch that had been put before the closet door. He listened for another sound, but though he anticipated it he did not hear it: the noise of the passing train drowned all other.

Quinley came back to him in less than a minute.

"Pardon me, sir," said Quinley, "but did you say 'in the closet'? I don't find it, sir. And the kitchen window at the fire escape is open, sir. Don't let me alarm you, sir, but would you care to look for yourself?"

"How's that?" cried Little Amby, leaping up.

He ran into the hall and clambered over the bed and sprang to the threshold of the closet. If the painting had been there, it was gone now.

"Look around—look all over!" he cried fearfully. "It's not here."

"May your people not have taken it with them?" suggested Quinley to Little Amby, who was making in and out of the four rooms like a hunting dog.

"Absolutely against my orders," snapped Little Amby. "I'm afraid some trick was played on them."

"Not in the Frawley Arms, sir, begging your pardon," said Quinley austerely.

Little Amby ran to the window and thrust his head out. "There's a cab standing down there," he said, looking down at the cab in which he had come and which was still standing at the Ninth Avenue curb. "Perhaps they were waiting for me in the cab, and missed me when I entered on the side street."

"Let us hope that, sir," said Quinley gladly. He followed Little Amby down a flight to the third-floor landing.

"This is the apartment immediately below mine, isn't it?" asked Little Amby, indicating a door.

"Yes, sir. The tenant is in Europe, sir. There is no one in there now."

"You'll be surprised," said Little Amby, and he knocked on the door.

The door opened instantly. Tug Gaffney stepped lightly across the threshold. "Come in," he said. And he looked at Quinley and added, "This means you."

His big hand shot out and closed on Quinley's arm. "Come on in," he said. "Don't be strange, friend!"

Little Amby entered the apartment, leaving to Tug Gaffney the introduction of the reluctant Quinley. The apartment was a replica of the one he had just quitted; it was laid out, decorated and furnished in facsimile, even to the new-looking wall safe. This repetition was to be expected in a house devoted to furnished apartments, but Little Amby observed it nevertheless with lively interest.

Eddie Kurtz received them in the living room. He was guarding the leather case that had contained the alleged Rembrandt.

"Bring the prisoner in here, Tug," said Little Amby, sinking into a duplicate of the easy-chair on the floor above. He nodded to Kurtz. "Proceed with your case, counselor!"

"Mr. Gaffney—the gentleman here present—and I were looking out from behind the kitchen door about two minutes ago," said Eddie, grinning. "We saw that door open"—he pointed to the door corresponding to the closet door above—"and we saw the prisoner pop out and throw this invaluable masterpiece onto the floor. He popped back again and pulled the door to. I went forward and took possession of the masterpiece, assisted by Mr. Gaffney here present, and we waited for you to come in."

"That's the case," nodded Little Amby. "Anything to ask him, Quinley?"

The superintendent held his peace, his lined face expressing only poignant melancholy.

"We want that bunch of stones that you lifted from Foleron the jeweler," said Little Amby. "And we want them right away."

"I know nothing about that robbery, sir," said Quinley sullenly.

"Just as you please," said Little Amby grimly. "There's my card, Quinley; perhaps you've heard of me. And to help you to make up your mind, let me tell you I've heard of you. I can read your history backward, Quinley, so don't kid yourself, that you have an out—back to the robbery of the South Chester bank, twenty-five years ago, and I can even tell you that you were the man who drove the team in the getaway. And I know you haven't put the stuff out yet. Come across, or I call the police."

"And supposing I had the stuff and gave it up?" said Quinley.

"You'll go free. Oh, I'll take care to tie everything up nicely. An anonymous letter will come to me telling me where the stuff is planted, and I'll see that it's found there after I've made the necessary arrangements. There won't be any string leading back to you and your trick closet."

"I'll have to take a chance," said Quinley after reflection. "Come downstairs."

He brought them to the basement and to his apartment there. He lifted a board in his bedroom floor, put his hand under the floor and drew out the wallet that Chester had described to Little Amby.

"You'll stay here with these boys, Quinley, until I've had this stuff identified down at the Tombs," said Little Amby, after a verifying glance at the twinkling contents of the tissue-paper packets in the wallet. "I'll call you up as soon as I've been given the O. K. on them.

The Road Hog Stops for Repairs in a California Big-Tree Grove

"But one thing more: Young Foleron's employers must be shown how this thing happened. I'll see that they don't talk, but they must take Foleron back into their employ to convince the world of his innocence. Nothing will be done about it, and you can sell out here and move on at your leisure. This house seems to have been too much of a temptation to you. Tell me one thing: How did you manage to blow that safe upstairs during the few minutes that young Chester was out looking for the police?"

"I drilled it the day before and filled the hole with putty," said Quinley. "No harm telling you now, Mr. Hinkle. I have your word of honor, sir."

"That was how I supposed," nodded Little Amby.

"This Quinley was an old-time bank sneak and safe blower," said Little Amby to Chester Foleron in the apartment on the fourth floor of the Frawley Arms. "He was one of the best men in this country. He started as a toolmaker—he had been a machinist—and gradually worked up to doing his own jobs. He quit the graft about ten years ago and came East and bought this house. Going to go straight. Yes, he owns the house; he's the ABC Realty Company. He's selling it, after he makes a small alteration.

"He found that a previous owner of the house had discontinued the use of the elevator to save expense—two men and the current—and Quinley saved something more by using the space in the shaft. He walled up the cables and weights, put beams across, and gave each apartment downstairs a clothes closet or dark room. There's one apartment has no closet, and that's the one that he kept vacant, right under this one. Step in."

Chester stepped into the historic closet.

"This is the car," said Little Amby amusedly. "He simply plastered it and trimmed it. Close the door; that unlocks this piece of trim, and it comes out on a hinge, and there's the handle of the old controller. Going down!"

There was a familiar whirring overhead, and the closet sank, stopping with a slight jar. "Open the door now. Here we are in the apartment that you stepped out into that night. It's precisely the same as the apartment above; he didn't have to change anything to create the illusion for you; all apartment houses are built in stacks. But when you stepped out here that night and saw a wrecked safe, you thought you were seeing things. You ran out for the police, never noticing that you went down two flights instead of three, and when you came back things were just as you thought. You rushed into your apartment with the police, and you could still smell the powder that Quinley had used to blow your safe; he had run the car up again, blown your safe—he had drilled it the day before—and he walked out your door with eighty-five thousand dollars' worth of jewels in his pocket."

"He must have been waiting for some easy mark like me," said Chester disgustedly.

"It is likely that he found others; it would be interesting to talk to the other tenants who have lived in that apartment or in this one; they probably had their mystifying experiences. He had to take a long chance on you because you wouldn't leave those jewels alone in the apartment for a moment, if you knew it. You probably talked too much."

"How in the world did you tumble to this thing?"

"The elevator showed on a sketch I got from the Building Department. It was as easy as that. I wanted to get the exact distance of the closet from the safe, and to learn if you could see the safe from the private hall, and so on."

"I wish I was able to pay you, Mr. Hinkle!"

"I always get paid, my boy," smiled Little Amby. "I made sure of that twenty thousand dollars for the return of the goods before I went to see you at the Tombs."

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THE FIGHT

(Continued from Page 19)

the folks in town have been talking about building a dam below the gorge. They think we could do it for a quarter of a million dollars. That's mighty cheap for what it would mean to the people around here. You want to wait until you get a real look at this country. You can't see anything in a dust storm. This is a fine country."

"Have you done well here?" Mr. Pine asked.

"Yes, sir, I have," was the astonishing answer. "I did fine up to the time of the drought. Now, of course, I'm busted. I've got to sell out or starve, but just as soon as I get a new stake I'm going to try it again. The drought hit me harder than most folks. Rain was spotty two years ago and I missed most of it. The same thing happened last year. Then this year it hasn't rained at all. I'd have been foreclosed before this, only Sheriff Potter and Judge Bliven just decided to go out of business till times got better. They've been as good to me as they could, and I've hung on as long as it looked like it was honest to do it, but now I'm going to quit—if I can."

"Who holds your mortgage?" Mr. Pine asked.

"A man named Pine. Lives in Center. He got the mortgage in a trade with the original owner. I don't know him. He's never been out here, but I can tell from his letters that he knows something about cattle. He's been mighty patient with me, but enough is enough. Anyway I'm so near busted that with winter coming on I can't see daylight. I'd like to sell out."

"How much do you want for your equity?" Mr. Pine asked. The sheriff looked on from behind his mask of rust-colored dust without the semblance of an expression. Bud Jackson enumerated his possessions and named his price.

"Pretty cheap, isn't it?" queried Mr. Pine.

"Sure. This is a forced sale. I've still got a lot of feed in the barns; it's three dollars a ton higher now, but I'll let it go for what I paid for it. Are you interested, stranger, or are we just talking?"

"I'm interested, Mr. Jackson. You have made a sale. We'll draw up a little contract and I'll pay you two hundred dollars down just to bind the deal. As soon as we can get to the bank I'll pay you the rest."

"You ain't going to buy sight unseen?"

"Yes. I know the property."

"I'd rather you'd look at it."

"Not necessary, Mr. Jackson. I believe you are honest."

"What's your name?"

"Nelson H. Pine." This was the signal for all three men to laugh heartily, shake hands, slap one another on the back, and finally to attack their half dozen of hard-boiled eggs.

"I came out here to have a fight with you, Jackson," said Mr. Pine, "but I believe it will be more fun to have a fight with this drought. I'm going in for ranching."

After lunch Sheriff Potter peered out the window and announced that the storm was abating. With the contract of sale duly signed and witnessed the three men started back to Big Horn. On the way they passed a frame cottage surrounded by the brown remains of what had once been a garden. The recent storm had drifted sand against one side of the house to a height of three feet. In the back yard a small gasoline engine was sputtering and a trickle of water was pouring into one of three barrels in a farm wagon.

"I see the judge's well is holding out," Bud Jackson remarked.

"Yep," the sheriff agreed.

"Is that Judge Bliven?" Mr. Pine asked.

His two companions nodded affirmatively; then the sheriff added: "We've been reporting him sick, Mr. Pine, because we had to. We've got a sort of moratorium like they declared in Europe when the war broke out. We'll all pay when we can; meanwhile court's adjourned. The judge spends all his time and a good part of his money pumping from that well. He's about the only one left that can afford gasoline; he gets his money from the state."

"I see," remarked the man from Center, blinking his astonishment.

"This has been a pretty hard year," Bud Jackson added. "Old-timers tell me there never was one like it before. I haven't seen a rabbit, deer or quail for months. They just cleared out. Even the weeds didn't come up last spring. There wasn't a drop of rain all winter. We haven't even had any insects, and some of the chickens died because there wasn't any scratching for them. That's a sure enough drought, ain't it, Mr. Pine?"

"Yes, I should rather consider it so. By the way, I didn't buy your chickens. How many have you and what are they worth?"

"They go with the place, Mr. Pine. A cowman don't never sell chickens; they raise themselves. But lately I've been feeding mine a little. You're welcome to 'em. You'll need the eggs."

Presently six canvas-covered wagons, each drawn by a pair of amazingly scrawny horses, appeared in the road ahead. All sorts of baggage and utensils were tied under the wagons and a tired-looking dog trotted dutifully behind each. As they came nearer, Mr. Pine observed that each wagon had attached to it a large shipping crate filled with live chickens. From time to time a tow-headed, blue-eyed child would peep out timorously from under one of the canvases. There seemed to be whole dozens of these children. Little heads bobbed in and out in a manner suggesting the early morning playfulness of rabbits in a thicket.

"What's the parade about?" Mr. Pine asked.

"Just people leaving," replied Sheriff Potter. "About one-fifth of the population of this county has gone. It will be a third before the winter is over. Nearly all the farmers are gone, but the cowmen hold on like death."

"Where are they going?"

"Anywhere they can get work or rent a farm."

By this time the first wagon was abreast of the automobile. Sheriff Potter stopped his car and hailed the driver. "How's crops out your way?" he asked.

This question was propounded with absurd seriousness, and by way of expressing appreciation of the joke the man on the wagon appeared to consider judicially before answering.

Then he said, "Well, sheriff, the corn and the cane died easy and cheerful-like, but the cotton took it hard for a long spell." Then both men laughed.

A slender young woman in a faded cotton dress peered over the driver's shoulder; she also laughed.

"Where are you going?" asked the sheriff.

"Well, I'm going to France this year," replied the man on the wagon. "My wife ain't hardly got anything to wear, so we thought we'd better spend a week or two in Paris."

"Good luck," shouted the sheriff.

"See you next spring, if it rains." The whip cracked merrily but harmlessly far over to the side of the road and the sorry-looking horses resumed their slow walk. There were other greetings for each wagon-load of emigrants, then the sheriff stepped on the gas.

"Paris," he muttered with a chuckle. "There ain't twenty-five dollars cash in the whole six wagons."

"Cheerful lot, though," Mr. Pine commented.

"Yes, sir," agreed the sheriff. "Looks like the more trouble people have the cheerfuler they get. I haven't met a whiner this year. Funny thing, too, we haven't had a crime in a year. Not even an automobile stolen."

Driving into Big Horn was like entering a grove of windmills; each house had one. But Mr. Pine noticed that approximately only one out of every seven was active. Inquiry developed the fact that nearly all the wells were dry.

"How do my cattle get water?" he asked Bud Jackson.

"Three of the wells are still pumping," was the reassuring reply. "I think they'd do better if they were cleaned out and maybe made a little deeper. It's worth trying if you can afford it."

"I can't afford not to," the banker promptly asserted. Then he asked, "How does the town get water?"

"We're shipping it in in tank cars right now," the sheriff replied.

"That's terrible!" exclaimed Mr. Pine.

"No, it isn't so bad," Sheriff Potter objected. "We get on all right; the railroad gives us a low rate. And not only that, we've found a place in the river where the water flows underground through the sand. That makes fine pure water. We're digging a hole down there; only have to go about twelve feet. We'll have water again in a couple of weeks. This is a great country, Mr. Pine. The people that stick through are going to do well out here."

IV

THE car stopped in front of the bank, and a minute later Nelson H. Pine was shaking hands with a fat, jolly little man who first welcomed him to Big Horn and later bubbled appreciation for the balance of eight thousand dollars that would remain to the credit of the new depositor after Bud Jackson had cashed his check. The banker from Center was amused. Eight thousand dollars! Small change. He had almost forgotten that such a sum constituted a fortune anywhere.

"Mr. Pine," said the ruler of finance in Big Horn, "I want your name on this list." He extended a paper that was recognized instantly as pertaining to the very drive he had so indignantly spurned back in Center. Across the top was printed, "For the relief of ——" The new settler read no farther. "Europe!" he shouted. "No! By George! But if you want to raise a fund to help these people who are going out to Heaven only knows where in covered wagons I'll give—I'll give—well, I'll give every cent I can spare. I haven't got much left, but I think I could spare five hundred. I'll give that." The banker opened his mouth to speak, but words failed him.

"Listen," whispered the sheriff, taking hold of Mr. Pine's arm. "Don't ever say anything like that again. It would make our people awful sore. They're sensitive, Mr. Pine. They're all broke and admit it, but they're not paupers. They'll come back as soon as it rains. Don't start any talk like that or you'll be in hot water right away. Just be a good neighbor like the rest of us try to be, but don't say charity out this way or you'll be riding on a rail."

"Then why should I contribute to this?" Mr. Pine demanded angrily.

"Local pride," the banker explained, having recovered from his shock. "Our quota is only about five cents a head. We can afford that much and it will keep people from knowing about the drought."

"Hasn't anything been printed at all about conditions out here?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I'll be hanged. How do you manage it?"

"We just don't let anything like that go out, Mr. Pine," the banker answered. "It would give the country a black eye. We're pioneers out here and we stick together."

"I'll say you do. It's remarkable." Sheriff Potter and the banker beamed appreciation of this tribute while the subscription list was being signed and marked "ten cents—paid."

"Do these people who are leaving owe you money?" Mr. Pine asked.

"Of course. But they come into the bank before they go, and give me their addresses. They'll all be back. Some of the notes will be pretty yellow before they're paid, but I've been through droughts before. It's all in a lifetime. This is a fine country and we've all got confidence in it."

"You're a great crowd. I'm proud to join such company."

"Thanks. We're glad to have you here."

They shook hands, then Mr. Pine said to the sheriff: "Now, Potter, I'm going to ask you and Jackson to take me over to the hardware store and give me a little advice on tools for cleaning out a well." They nodded assent.

In the doorway of the hardware emporium stood the proprietor, Henry Decker. He was jingling five silver dollars in his right hand.

"See those?" he asked. That was his greeting.

Sheriff Potter winked at Bud Jackson and Bud solemnly returned the wink. Then the three men nodded affirmatively in answer to Decker's inquiry. Mr. Pine was wondering if silver dollars had become curios in Big Horn.

"I made those off eggs," the hardware man explained. "Yes, sir, I made those off eggs. Tomorrow I'll get ten more. Ten dollars for chickens. That's how I'm keeping alive. The store is a net loss now, but I'm living off chickens."

Sheriff Potter interrupted this discourse to inform the merchant of Mr. Pine's needs, whereupon the merchant retired to the rear part of the store to produce the described tools.

Bud Jackson caught Mr. Pine's eye, then tapped his forehead.

"Decker's a nut," he explained. "Gone loco about chickens. It's all he talks about. He'll try to sell you an incubator. Don't buy one. Chickens grow wild here."

Decker returned with the tools, stacked them against the counter, and addressed himself to Mr. Pine.

"Want to see my chickens?" he asked.

"Yes," declared the banker, "I should like to."

"Well, then, I'll be getting along," said Bud Jackson, "because you're hitched up for the rest of the day."

"That's the truth," Sheriff Potter agreed. "See you later."

They walked out together. Mr. Decker conducted his new customer through the rear door, across three vacant lots, through a back gate and into the chicken yard at the rear of his home.

"It's all right to raise cattle when you've got water and grass," he was saying, "but if you've got to buy feed and pump water you can't do it and break even. I've got the figures down in black and white. Will you look at them?"

"I certainly will."

That afternoon went down in the unwritten biography of Henry Decker as one of the happiest in his life. Like most enthusiasts he had taken his pet theory to the place where it would meet the maximum resistance. Never before had he encountered a man who would listen to him for three consecutive hours and actually check up his statistics.

There were tears of appreciation in his eyes when Mr. Pine finally said, "I'm sold, Decker. Fix me up an outfit. You know what I need."

The hardware dealer choked his emotion, looked warily in all directions, then whispered: "I'll get everything ready and send it out to you later, but not now. I heard Bud Jackson say he's going to help you for a while. Maybe he'll fix your wells. He's good at that. Don't say anything to him about this deal or he'll leave. He wouldn't do a thing for you if he saw an incubator on the place."

"Why not, Decker? Bud's been living on eggs."

"That don't make any difference with men like him, Mr. Pine. He's a cowman.

(Continued on Page 110)

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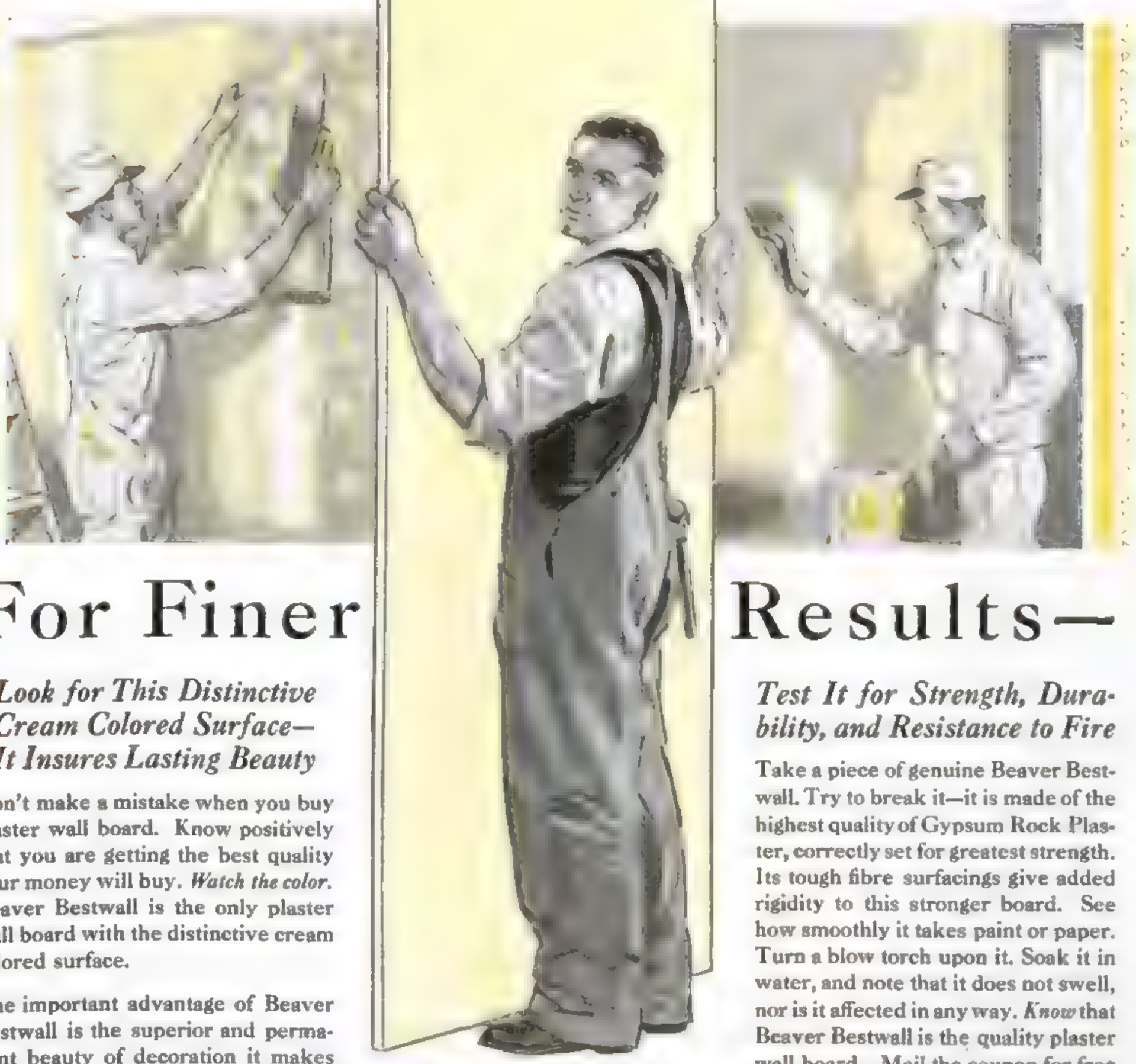

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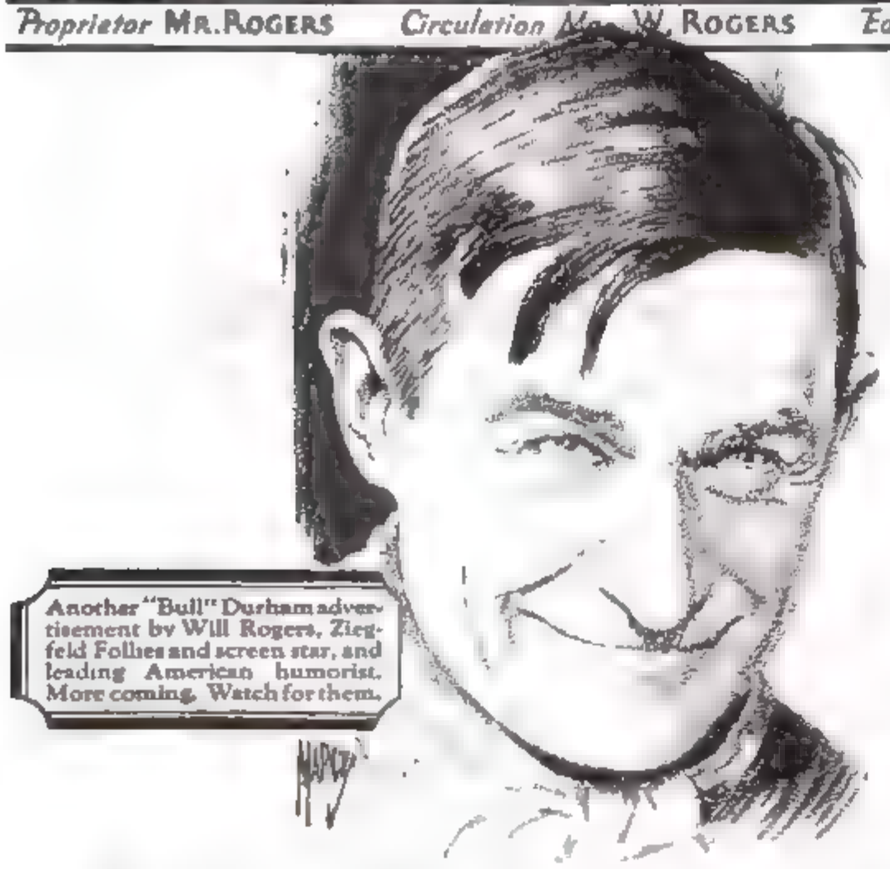

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

If You Want to Look Like This—Dont Smoke.

You are going to be disappointed when you look at the face in this Advertisement, It will be such a shock from the type of Faces you always see in Advertisements. They generally get some Guys face to use in a Collar or Underwear Add that looks like he was just born for that Add. You never see him in real life or anything that ever looked like him. These "Bull" Durham people conceived the idea of something new. They felt that you were tired looking at such handsome faces in Adds, it was so discouraging to men who looked at them because they knew they could never look like these fellows themselves. So they wanted a homely face that would be an inspiration to other homely men, (because there is a terrible lot of hard looking Birds among you readers). So after looking the World over they picked on me. I don't smoke "Bull" Durham, so the Moral is IF YOU WILL SMOKE IT, YOU WILL NEVER LOOK LIKE ME. I am the horrible example of a man not using it.

Will Rogers

P.S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

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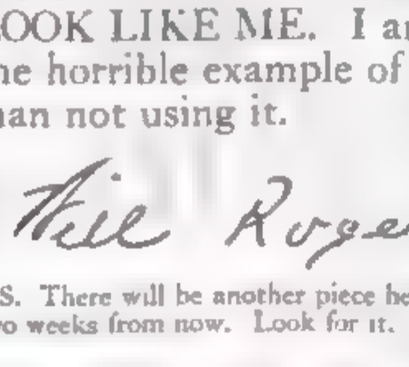

BULL DURHAM

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED

(Continued from Page 108)

and cowmen can hate chickens when their stomachs are full of eggs just as easy as when they're living on beef. Will you take my advice?"

"All right, Decker. You know and I don't."

As the sun slipped behind the horizon that evening Nelson H. Pine and Bud Jackson sat side by side on the driver's seat of a newly acquired secondhand truck, loaded with provisions, tools and household equipment. Again that unaccountable surge of happiness caught at the banker's throat. He wanted to jump off the seat and run along beside the rumbling vehicle shouting and throwing stones.

"Bud," he said—by this time Jackson had become Bud—"we ought to have a little powwow about wages. And, by the way, how much time can you spare me?"

"I wouldn't take wages, Mr. Pine. Not unless I was doing cow work. I'll fix up those wells for you just as a favor."

"But suppose I insist on paying you?"

"Then I'd charge one hundred dollars a day. That's hard work and dangerous; I wouldn't do it for a cent less than one hundred a day."

"All right, Bud. I can't afford that."

"We don't work much for wages out this way, Mr. Pine, except as cow hands. Mostly we trade work. I give you five days and you give me five days."

"Well, then, what am I going to give you?"

"You've already given it; a new lease on life. I won't quit you till you're in good shape."

"Bud, I ordered two carloads of feed this afternoon."

"Going to carry the cattle through the winter, are you?"

"No, I'm going to fatten them for market just as fast as I can."

"Well, that's one way out. But after they're sold, then what will you do? You won't have any cattle."

"I'll wait until spring, and if it rains I may buy some more and start over."

"Yes, sir, lots of cattlemen do that nowadays, but I never liked to. Spring just naturally ain't spring to me without a calf crop. You'll miss these cattle when they're gone, Mr. Pine; the ranch will be lonesome."

"I don't doubt it, Bud, but I haven't got money enough to risk carrying them through. Anyway, I'd finish with them half dead in the spring."

"Yes, sir, it's hard either way. I'm glad I'm out from under. But I don't think I could send cattle to market on bought feed. It's all in the way a man was raised, and I wasn't raised to do such a thing. My pa always considered that low-down."

The rest of the journey was made in silence. Mr. Pine wanted to laugh aloud, but didn't dare to, and that fact added to his entertainment. He wanted to laugh because he had committed what Bud Jackson would consider a crime; he had purchased an incubator. And now he sat beside this guardian of cow-country traditions in the rôle of a guilty wretch forced to silence. It was a new world and vastly entertaining. But there was danger in it too. Only about two thousand dollars of unpledged cash now remained between himself and disaster, with winter coming on and a drought in progress. Strange, he meditated, that such a situation should bring relief to tired nerves. But it was working magic already.

At noon on the fifth day of his glorious adventure Mr. Pine was broiling bacon when he happened to look out the open window and see Bud Jackson galloping across the pasture and waving his hat.

"We've got water!" he yelled. "Come on out and see it. Within ten feet of the top. Come on out!"

"Great work, Bud!" That seemed less than adequate, still it was all he could think of at the moment. Water, he meditated; to think that water can mean so much. And he always thought water just grew in pipes. Pushing the skillet of bacon to one side, he hurried out of the house and mounted a horse.

"You'll have visitors now," Bud said as they stood beside the well. "And I reckon I better give you a little more advice. You put a cigar box with a slit in it here by the well. Folks will drop in a nickel or a dime, whatever they can afford, when they come for water."

"Why, Bud, I wouldn't charge them for it."

"I thought you wouldn't. That's why I told you. It's for them, Mr. Pine, not for you. It makes them feel better about coming for the water. If they can't pay they'll mark on the box how many barrels."

"All right, Bud. What shall I do with the nickels and dimes?"

"Well, you might give them to those poor people in Europe, Mr. Pine, if you don't need them for gasoline."

"All right, Bud. Let's eat."

"Eat is correct. I could claw up a wagonload of groceries today. I've been working since five o'clock. What have we got?"

"Bacon and eggs."

"Hot stuff! Any canned peaches?"

"Yes."

"We're eating fancy since you took charge. I'll race you to the house." And so they raced.

"It's like getting out of jail to have this load off my mind," Bud remarked as they walked through one of the corrals. Eighty horned heads were bent low over their feed boxes. "I sure do like to see cattle eat. Prices aren't much, though, Mr. Pine, on account of so much poor stuff being forced to market. Do you think you'll break even?"

"That's all I'm trying to do, Bud."

"Well, I reckon you'll do that. It's better than risking the winter. Still you don't know how awful you'll feel when spring comes and no calf crop."

"I'm a business man, Bud."

"Yes, sir, I can see that. You'd make money ranching, but I don't think you'd ever be a sure-enough cowman." Mr. Pine managed to conceal his smile by looking back at the cattle.

It was on the tenth day of the glorious adventure that Bud rode across the pasture much more slowly because this time he brought bad news. The second and third wells had failed to improve under his surgery. Mr. Pine listened to this announcement almost with pleasure, for now he was more certain than ever that he had made no mistake in deciding to dispose of the cattle. What if the best well should again fail? It might. In fact, all of them might go dry. Others had done so. But along with these reflections came the tingle of adventure. Here he was, far from everything that had made up his life, surrounded by a dusty ocean of rolling prairie that was no longer pasture. In the barns and somewhere on the railroad tracks was feed for his cattle. Out on the prairie were one good well and two poor ones. Every cent he owned would soon be pledged for supplies. But he was happy. Suddenly it occurred to him, as Bud ate his sixth fried egg, that there was no longer any reason for delay in the delivery of the incubator. He went to the telephone and called Henry Decker's number.

"What have you bought now?" Bud asked, after listening to the conversation.

"An incubator."

"You finally went and done it, eh?"

"Yes, Bud."

"Well, I'll be going tomorrow. I've finished up the wells and showed you how to feed the cattle. You're in pretty good shape now, so I'll be going tomorrow."

"Why not just loaf around a while, Bud. What's the hurry?"

"Mr. Pine, I wouldn't stay on any ranch where —— But that's all right, I reckon. Lots of folks have them, so we'll just forget it."

"All right Bud. We'll just forget it. Have some more peaches?"

"Thanks."

▼

A PECULIAR quiet that might have become depressing lonesomeness settled down over the ranch after Bud's departure,

(Continued on Page 113)

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STAINED SHINGLES

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(Continued from Page 110)

but it was shot through with anxieties. There was an endurance race in progress between the feed boxes, the incubator, the drought and winter. Not that winter would mean snow or cold. Far from it. But the duration of winter would be a factor in success or failure. For that matter there might not be any spring. Even more immediate, however, was the race between the feed boxes and the incubator. Mr. Pine had used up the greater portion of a tablet in estimating that all his reserves would be poured into the cattle venture by the time the first cash returns could come in. Whatever gap there proved to be between the exhaustion of his cash funds and the return of cash must be plugged with profits from the chicken yard. Cash profits were not his goal, however. He would need very little cash. What he wanted more than anything else was broiled chicken to round out a healthy diet. Henry Decker had shown him how to raise little patches of green food for the poultry and how much grain to give them.

His days now were filled with tasks from dawn until long after dark. But he was happy. This was a real fight, the very kind he had wanted. In the event of delays, credit, doubtless, would not be denied him, but he was resolved not to ask for it. The others had been caught by the drought and had a right to credit; he had moved in during the drought and could make no such claim. Whatever credit was extended to him now must come out of the community's very meager remainder that was obviously held in common. Moreover, these pioneers knew their business and felt confident of the eventual outcome; Mr. Pine admitted frankly that he was gambling. Therefore he resolved to gamble on cash or admit failure.

Dust storms now became more and more frequent. Sometimes they lasted three days. During one of them it was necessary for him to follow the fences in order to avoid becoming lost within two hundred yards of his back door. One day while he broiled bacon for his noon meal a fist appeared dimly behind the crust of fine dust on the windowpane; above the roar of the wind he heard it tap indistinctly. He opened the window and Sheriff Potter wriggled in.

"Everything all right?" he asked, surveying the room.

"Yes. You're just in time for lunch."

"Good. I'm hungry. Storm caught me on the road. Where's water?"

"In that bucket."

After performing the usual rite and drinking half a glass the sheriff produced a large sheet of paper.

"We're going to build the dam," he announced.

"Hope you're not going to ask me for a donation?"

"No, no. It's not a donation affair. Bond issue. What we want you to do is raise your assessment about 12 per cent. We want to make a good showing on assessments so the bonds will have a market. It means a waterworks for the town and a little irrigation. It's a sound project all right. Will you raise your assessment?"

"Certainly. Do I just sign that paper?"

"That's all. Sign right here. We're all doing it, Mr. Pine. That dam ought to have been built years ago, but it took a lesson to wake us up. The drought is going to be a great blessing to this whole country. There are little dam sites all through this part of the state and nearly every county out this way is on its toes now to get action as soon as spring comes. We're raising assessments, but we'll make the local tax rate lower, so after all it won't cost much. Just the state tax will be higher, and if it stays dry we'll go in arrears to the state; if it rains we're sitting pretty regardless."

Mr. Pine signed on the dotted line. Then they sat down to lunch.

"Lots of people going out this week," the sheriff remarked. "I passed twenty wagons just before the storm. They're in it now, poor devils. Remember that fellow I joshed with the day you came out?"

"Yes."

"His horses died on the road. Kids and all walked the last eighty miles."

"Terrible!"

"I'll bet the kids enjoyed it, Mr. Pine. Oh, I've got a message for you. Man named Chandler has been getting water from your well; wants to know if he can bring you two cords of wood. He'd like to do it if you can use the wood."

"Tell him yes. Where did he get the wood?"

"About eight miles from here; there's a big grove in the bend of the river. He and his boys went there and cut it."

"And he wants to give it to me, eh?"

"Sure. He's much obliged for the water. He and the boys will help you out any time you need them. They're raising chickens too. That's why they're still here. I must get along now. I've got a lot more assessment sheets to deliver."

"You're not going out in this storm?"

"Yep. I'm used to 'em. So long."

"Good-by, Potter."

A moment later the window slammed behind his heels.

The storm lasted two days, ended suddenly, and on the third day resumed operations. On the fourth day Mr. Pine's solitude was interrupted by the telephone. Sheriff Potter was on the line.

"Want you to come in just as soon as the storm's over," he said. "We're going to have a dance and barbecue. It's to celebrate that business I explained to you. Everybody has signed up and we'll have a dam next year. Will you come?"

"Can't do it, Potter. Awfully sorry."

"Why, you've got to. The whole county'll be there. What makes you think you can't?"

"I'm mothering two hundred baby chickens."

Something suspiciously like a groan greeted this announcement, then the receiver clicked into the hook.

On the following day Mr. Pine summoned his neighbor, Chandler, and conferred with him on the condition of the cattle. It was their consensus of opinion, after a tour along the line of feed boxes, that three carloads of cattle were ready for market. Mr. Pine walked into his house grinning like a boy with a new red wagon. He had won! And with a good margin.

Cautiously at first, but later with more assurance, the amateur ranchman moved his cattle to the railroad loading chute, carload after carload, bound for the packing houses. It was great fun to watch the market reports. And now there were telegrams for him almost every day. Finally a check! The round little banker of Big Horn looked at it sadly when Mr. Pine thrust it under the brass-barred window.

"Couldn't hold out, eh?" he asked. It was a triumph to be able to say: "I cleared about $100 on that carload. I think I'll break better than even on the whole lot." The banker stared, dubious of the estimate, while Mr. Pine hurried across the street to the grocery store. He had decided on a celebration of his own, and the principal ingredients would be a can of asparagus and a pound of butter as fitting side dishes for his first platter of broiled chicken. Bread dipped in hot bacon grease was becoming a trifle too prosaic. For the first time he would be able to eat profits instead of capital. Dining on velvet, he called it. Never had the prospect of a dinner been so exciting.

The following month was crowded with bills of lading, telegrams, checks, selection of cattle to make up carloads, feeding young chickens, watching the incubator and occasional efforts to renew diplomatic relations with Bud Jackson. The latter might eventually have borne fruit in view of the great activity on the ranch, in which the Chandler family was now taking what Bud considered his rightful place, but just as he was about to forgive the incubator the first winter rain fell. In fact, it was the first real rain in fifteen months. Big Horn was hysterical with joy. People shouted foolish things at one another in high, shrill voices; they walked along the streets, grinning as though they had just listened to a good joke. Merchants brought out what little remained of their stocks of goods and piled articles indiscriminately in their show windows.

"I'll tell you what we ought to do," Mr. Chandler remarked. "We ought to kill a beef. What do you say, Mr. Pine?"

"Why kill a beef when we've got all these chickens? I like them better."

Five male Chandlers registered disappointment. They were silent for ten seconds, then the father of the tribe returned to the attack.

"Do you realize," he asked, "that we've been living on chicken for thirteen months?"

"I hadn't thought of that."

"I'm so sick of broiled chicken. Say, Mr. Pine, you just can't imagine how hungry we are for beef."

"Then beef it is. Shall we barbecue it?"

"Mr. Pine, we're going to barbecue it and broil it and stew it and boil it and bake it. We'll cook it all the ways there are, and if you don't watch me close I'll eat some raw."

The feast began on the following day, and continued during three succeeding days. Neighbors were summoned from all directions and came in relays, as their work permitted. The whole countryside was dotted now with people at work in the fields.

Everybody seemed to be plowing; men, women, boys, and even little girls rode tractors. Some were plowing their own fields, others were plowing for absent friends. Every day now the train brought back one or more girls between the ages of fifteen and twenty; they would do what they could to get the farms ready for spring, while their fathers and brothers continued to work for wages or on shares elsewhere. Bud Jackson bought a tractor and a string of plows to drag behind it. Without asking for orders or bargaining for wages he plowed far and wide.

"They'll pay," he explained to Mr. Pine one afternoon when they met in the bank. "Sure they'll pay. The work has got to be done. Wouldn't you pay?"

Mr. Pine looked inquiringly at the banker, who said: "Bud ought to do right well this spring. When a good rain comes early like this you can figure on a fine year. This is a great country, Mr. Pine. There isn't finer country on earth. When we get the dam and a waterworks I wouldn't be surprised to see this town shoot ahead to four or five thousand population. I wish I could get hold of about $100,000 right now to help these people to a good start on their come-back."

"Would that much help?" It seemed incredible that such a small sum could affect the life of a community.

"Yes, sir, that's just about what we need. Most of the loans would run from $200 to $500."

"I think I can get that for you."

"What!"

Mr. Pine turned to call Bud Jackson, who appeared to be leaving.

"Bud," he said, "would you like to take over the ranch again?"

"No, sir. All the cattle are gone. I don't ride herd on chickens. Better ask the Chandlers."

"All right, Bud. I'll do that. I beg pardon."

"Yes, sir."

"Are you serious about this matter?" asked the banker.

"I am," replied Mr. Pine. "I am president of the Fifth National Bank of Center. I think we can spare you one hundred thousand on the usual terms. I'm going back there at once and see about it. We ought to be developing relations with this section of the country. I like your spirit. Just excuse me until I telephone Chandler."

A few minutes later Mr. Pine said, "Everything's O. K. I can leave in five days."

"You're not kidding me?" the banker asked.

"Not at all. I mean business. Look me up in the book. You'll find my picture. It's easy enough for me to identify myself."

"Good heavens, Mr. Pine, whatever brought you out here?"

"Vacation."

"Well, well. Of all things. I've been awful worried about you."

VI

"IT'S a special meeting," Nelson H. Pine, Jr., was explaining to Doctor Livingstone over the telephone. "A special meeting of the board. My father has returned from his vacation."

"Back early, isn't he? How is his health?"

"You'll be a better judge of that than I am, doctor, but he looks ten years younger to me."

"That's fine. I'll be there. Two o'clock, did you say?"

"Two o'clock."

The board convened at half-past two, with Nelson H. Pine, Sr., at the head of the table. He seemed to have quite a lot to say, but the directors were more interested in observing the vigor of his manner, the firmness of his voice. Nelson H. Pine's well-known decisive manner had returned. No trace of nervousness remained.

"Gentlemen," he was saying, "this bank has scarcely entered upon the great career of usefulness that lies ahead. We must catch a new vision of this nation, a people scattered far and wide over a vast continent that they have barely occupied and are now just beginning to tame. We cannot compare ourselves with Europe. The conditions are totally different. However great our urban and industrial development may appear against a background of world history, we must seek new bases of comparison here at home. We must make comparisons based upon the difference between the actual and the potential development of our resources. I went away tired and bored, feeling that this bank had about reached its zenith. I come back convinced that we are barely started."

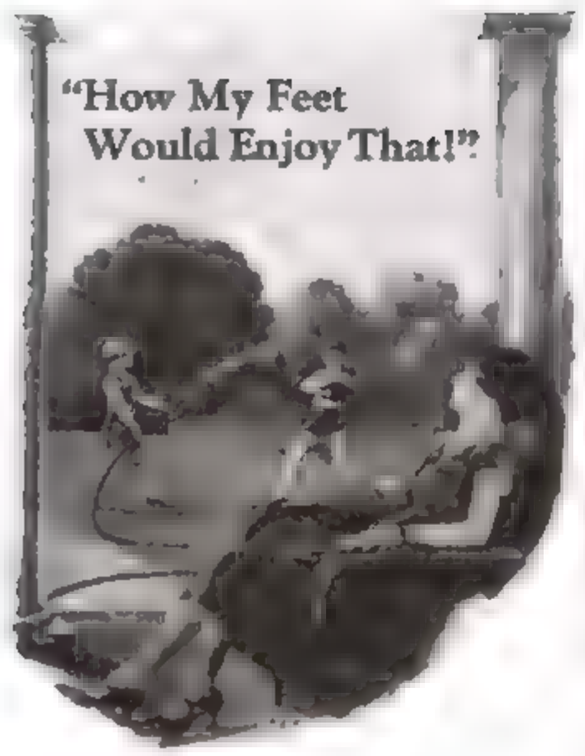
"You're looking fine," said Doctor Livingstone. "What have you been doing?"

Mr. Pine hesitated a moment, then said, "Research work in early American history."

"Well, of all the fool things! But you're evidently quite well again. Want to get back on the job?"

"Either that or a fight."

"Good! I think you'll get the job."



"How I envy the children on these scorching, sultry days. I think if I could just walk over that cool, green grass in my bare feet I wouldn't mind the heat quite so much. But as it is now, it seems to me that my feet burn so, it makes me hotter than ever. If anyone else asks me that fool question about whether it is hot enough for me I think I will scream. I don't know when I have minded the heat quite so much as I do today."

* * *

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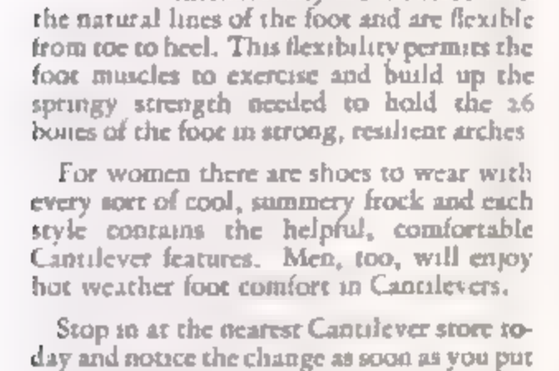

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MY NOVIL AND WHY I ID I GET LICKED?

(Continued from Page 10)

and so did Beany. Pewt sed his old hine leg was all swole up and as stiff as a jinger coky and he limpt terrible. Beany sed he was swole up terrible and he always is swole up ennyway there but he cood walk all rite.

so we took our bows and arrers and started pluging things. Pewt sed i coodent plug an arrer from my back yard to old Si Smiths store. i bet i cood and I let ding. well what do you think it went jest strait for old Sis winder and jest befoar it got there old Squire Lane whitch has a shop on the other side of the street come out of Sis door in his shirt sleeves and without enny hat and the arrer hit him bang on his old bald head. he had a bag of flower in his arms and a haff dozen of egs and of coarse he droped boath bags and busted evry eg. then he began to sware and look round and found the arrer and piet it up and he and old Si and Charles Fifeeld and 2 or 3 others looked it over to see if it had enny naim on it i gess. then he started for Beanys house as fast as he cood go and we skined down throug our back garden and over the fense and down throug Sam Dires yard and down South Street. he went up to Pewts and over to my house so mother sed and he told mother he thougt one of the Bruce boys done it and that he will find out if it taiks the rest of his life. so we have got to be cairful. well we pluged 2 or 3 dogs and some cats and down on Clifford street we see a big yeller cat setting on the front steps of old decon Robinson with a big red bow on his neck. well Pewt let ding with a arrer that he had put a brad in and hit him rite in the back and he gumped nearly a rod evry gump and went off flying leeving the arrer in the yard. well we wated a while and nobody come out and Pewt sed he wood give me the arrer if i wood get it. so I went up and peeked round the side of the house and coodent see nobody and so i went up and had jest stuped over to pick up the arrer when old decon come out of the shed and befoar i cooed get going he grabbed me by the neck and shook me and batted me on the head and licked me with a strap and while he was doing that old Squire Lane come along and asted him what he was licking me for and what i had did and when he told him old Squire he told him to give me to him when he had got through with me and he give me 2 or 3 more bats and handed me over to old Squire and he shook me and batted me round while old decon broak my arrer into 500 milion peaces and cut my bow into a thousand peaces with a ax

well while the old Squire was lambasting me 2 men come along whitch i dident know but whitch i had saw befoar and sed what has he did and old Squire he sed i had hit him in the head with a arrer and broaken 9 dozen of egs and a bag of flower and he showed them a bunch on his head where the arrer had hit him. old decon he sed i had shot a arrer neerly throug his pett cat and the 2 men they sed i must be the cuss whitch had broak 2 winders in their house and they told the squire to give me to them when he had got throug with me and the squire give me 2 more bats and three shaiks and one slam and give me to the 2 men and they begun to ast me if i had broak their winders and i sed no and they sed dont you tell us enny dam lise or we will lick it out of you and i sed yes i broak them and one feller sed to the other i gnew you done it you young helbird and he asted me my naim and i told him my naim was Clarence Purinton whitch is Pewt you know and he sed i thougt so and i will see your father and he will have to pay for them winders. so then they let me go without licking me. ennyway i had lost my bow and arrer and had been licked by 2 diferent men.

I found Beany and Pewt laffing their heads off becaus i got licked so i went home. i dont cair to go with fellers like them. so i will never speek to them again as long as i live if i live 200 milion years. i bet when them 2 men go down to see Pewts father Pewt will laff out of the other side of his mouth.

March 27, 186— today is Sunday. i am all rite today xcept some black and blew marks on me but i dident get licked. old Squire Lane come down to my house last nite and tol father about what i done to him and showed him the bunch on his old bald head and wanted pay for his old flower and his old egs. father he called me in and asted me about it and if i done it and i sed i done it and father asted me what i done it for and i sed Pewt stumped me to plug an arrer down to Si Smiths store and i dident meen to hit him but he come out of old Sis store jest in time to get the arrer in the head and i was sorry. then father he sed why dident you tell him you was sorry and i sed i was scat of him becaus he was swaring and father he sed well Squire i will pay for the egs and the flower and i will see that he is moar cairful nex time and he give old Squire fifty cents and old Squire sed that is all rite George but aint you going to tan his hide for him and i sed he licked me once for it father and father he sed is that so Squire and old Squire he sed yes i chastised him sevearly and father sed what in hell did you do that for and Squire he sed becaus he deserved it and father sed it dont maik a dam bit of odds i dont alow nobody but me to lick my boy and dont you ever dare to lay the weight of your finger on him again. if you do you will have a biger bunch on your old head than that arrer give you. so old Squire he took his fifty cents and skiped out lifely. Mother told father he hadent augt to talk so to a nabor but father sed he wasent going to have enny bald headed old marsh hork lick his boy and mother tride hard not to laff but she had to.

well what do you think. last nite them 2 men went down to Pewts and told Pewts father that Pewt broak 2 winders with a bow and arrer. Mister Purington Pewts father he sed how do you know it was Clarence and both fellers sed we cougt him and he sed he done it and we asted him what his naim was and he sed it was Clarence Purington, and Pewts father he sed wasent there enny other boys with him and both fellers sed no there wasent only him there. so they jawed and jawed and both fellers sed they wood have Pewt arested for indesent behavier and bimeby Pewts father he give them fifty cents rather than have Pewt arested and sent to jale and they went off and when Pewt come home his father licked him and sent him to bed and woodent beleeve him when he sed it was me instead of him so i gess Pewt wont think he is so smart. Beany told me about it and he sed that Pewts father laid on the strap in good shape and maid Pewt holler like time. Pewt has got to stay in the yard 2 days.

it has been a very plesent sunday indeed. they dident have enny chirch at the Unitarial becaus the minister whitch was going to preech has got the meezles. so we went to the congregationel chirch and old Mister Barrows preeched the way of the transgresor is hard. i thougt of Pewt. it wood have did him good to hear that sermon.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of sketches by Mr. Shute. The next will appear in an early issue.

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RIVERS TO CROSS

(Continued from Page 5)

I had heard it said or had read somewhere that the modern woman in her forward march develops herself away from timidity. Here before me was an example of the truth of the claim. To remove fear from life is to create chaos; but to subdue useless fears, trivial alarms and petty nervousness is clearly a character gain beyond price.

With sudden mortification, I realized that of us two—this girl and myself—it was I, not she, who was the victim of embarrassment. Time had reversed the process, and here was I conducting myself like a bashful Victorian maiden who had been addressed by a stranger on a foggy night. As I did not fancy myself in so modest a character, self-respect demanded a counter offensive.

Accordingly I said, "As you were first to suggest it, do you mind if I smoke?"

"Do," said she.

"Won't you?" And I offered the packet.

She said, "No."

I said, "Don't you ever?"

"Sometimes."

"P'raps you don't care for Virginias?"

She did not reply, and I told her I never smoked anything else. At that she folded her newspaper once and once again, took off her hat, pitched it into the rack, ran her fingers comb fashion through her exciting hair, looked at me with the kind of pitying wonder with which a taxi driver looks at a hansom cab and said, "If you must talk, talk. Don't just say things."

After a deep and thoughtful pause I replied, "I suppose the ethics of the situation demand that I shouldn't talk, but I'm very much afraid I shall have to. It's five years since I talked to a real English girl and that's excuse enough for any man."

She betrayed a quickening interest.

"Five years! Have you been in prison?"

"Technically, yes; actually, no."

"Either you have or you haven't."

"Then I haven't." I saw the interest die out of her hazel eyes, and added, "Unless you would call Central Africa a prison."

"Oh, so that's it!" said she. "And I suppose you're in a hurry to find someone to listen to your experiences. Go ahead."

"You're entirely wrong, Miss Prothero; that's the last thing I want to do."

I marked the puzzled frown at the mention of her name—a frown which gave way to a look of comprehension as her quick brain grasped the source of my information. Then her eyes went above my head.

"Been reading my labels, Mr. Nigel Praed?"

Her swiftness startled me.

"It's a most enthralling pastime," I said. "I was busy constructing your personality from your luggage when you came in."

"Mine or my father's?"

"Then I was right and he is your father?"

"Who—The Mule? Yes."

"I owe you an apology for that too."

"You don't. I like that part of his reputation better than any other. The name fits him like a silk sock. How did you know he was called The Mule?"

"I happened to remember it."

"All the Protheros are like that," she went on; "stubborn as what for, and always stubborn about different things. We never agree and we never give way."

She looked at me with half-closed eyes and a puckered brow—a painter's look.

"Yes—what?" I asked, for she seemed to be searching for something.

"Your eyebrows. They're up-ended like father's and like mine. They don't droop. That's queer."

"Why queer?"

"It's one of the signs—that and a small cut line above the corners of the mouth. Turn a bit. You've got that too—clearly."

"What does it imply?"

"Obstinacy, of course. Are you?"

"Well," I acknowledged, "if I tackle anything I like to see it through."

She nodded.

"Sometimes that's useful; sometimes it makes people wooden-headed and egotistic; sometimes it accounts for them being packed off to outlandish places."

I sat upright.

"Are you suggesting I've been packed off to an outlandish place?"

She threw up her head and laughed.

"Shouldn't wonder; both you and father. I can imagine the W. O. and the Colonial Office getting together and saying, 'This man is all right and does his job well, but let him do it in some place where he'll get on as few people's nerves as possible. Hence, Ponta Rico."

I grinned at the shrewdness of her insight, more especially as I could imagine a similar consultation in the board room of the firm of Ribault, Zealer & Palatine.

"Apart from a very unfilial analysis of the motives which inspired your father's appointment, what sort of place is Ponta Rico?" I asked.

"Never been there?" I shook my head. "It's a comic-opera sort of place; a mix-up of the Rock of Gibraltar, the Caves at Granada, any old Mediterranean port, a German beer garden, the Kasbah at Algiers, with a spice of Monte Carlo thrown in. Pure—or perhaps impure—cosmopolitan. No one has begun to understand it. Perhaps that's why they sent father there, because he never understands anything but his own point of view, which he administers according to the terms of the Manual of Military Law and Kings Regs. It's a regular hotchpotch of pseudo society people—Jews from the Levant, semi-Orientals, Portuguese and, just recently, rather attractive English ex-army officers who bootleg whisky to the States. If you haven't been, you should go. When it was German owned they made some efforts to organize it as an Atlantic naval and military base; but as it was perfectly clear the English fleet could have blown it out of the water, they more or less let it go. A few old dugouts were left in charge, but Prussian spirit does not prosper away from Prussian soil—the climate beat them and they degenerated into professional drinkers who were too drunk even to rattle their sabers. That's about all, except that there's a casino, a perfectly disgraceful old town which is going to be demolished, a lot of bougainvillea and pig lilies and something in the air which makes people very affectionate and quarrelsome."

The lucid picture of the island of Ponta Rico coming from lips of such a youngster fairly startled me. Her drollery of phrase, good-natured cynicism and clear outlook marked Miss Philida Prothero as a girl in a class all by herself.

"I suppose," I said, "now the island is under British rule, everything is changed."

She shook her head.

"Not it. A few bugles are blown in the main squares, but tom-toms rattle and guitars twang up the side streets. I don't think England has made up her mind what to do with Ponta Rico yet. The navy regards it with a covetous eye and the mercantile marine talks about it as a coal port, but there's only one potty little harbor and the water's too deep to build a bigger one. Some of the blither politicians are in favor of trying to push it as a winter resort—roulette, *tir aux pigeons*, and Lenglen playing tennis on hard courts. That way, properly advertised, it would pay like smoke."

"A casino on British soil! That's a startling thought."

"The world has grown up a bit in the last five years."

I had observed as much without being told.

"And how does your father contemplate such an arrangement?"

"With indignation, of course; but that means nothing. Father is always indignant about other people's ideas. He sees them through bushy brows. Ponta Rico is his toy, his painted fortress, his box of soldiers. He cannot tolerate commercial enterprise or the thought of people enjoying themselves. His idea of a real picnic is a declaration of war. Anything in the nature of peace is abhorrent to him even in the home. He's all for the martial stuff."

"Then I take it he's in favor of turning Ponta Rico into a naval base."

"Good heavens, no! He doesn't approve of sailors or battleships or war vessels. The only floating thing that has his approval is a transport. Father speaks of the navy as the junior service."

"You merciless critic," I said, and shook my head at her, when to my astonishment she produced a totally different side to her character—a tenderness which I had not expected.

"I'm not, really. We fight; but that's because I'm fond of him and fighting pleases him."

"And your mother?" I asked.

"Mother gave up the fight almost before I can remember."

"I'm sorry."

"Oh, that's all right; though I do miss her. It must sound stupid to talk of missing someone you've almost forgotten."

"Not at all. It's possible to miss people you've never even met. I've discovered the truth of that in more times and places than I care to think about."

"From a sense of loneliness, you mean?"

"Yes, picturing the kind of people you wish to be with and doubting if you'll ever have the luck to run up against such a one."

Miss Philida looked at me critically but not unkindly. Then she said, almost to herself, "No, that would be unfair."

"Eh? What would be unfair?"

"I was on the point of accusing you of putting down the lonely man's barrage."

The shade of laughter at the back of her eyes was infectious.

"'Pon my soul," I replied honestly, "I believe I was nearly doing so. Anyway, I'll not deny a sense of gratitude for the luck of having met you."

"All right," she nodded, "I won't reproach you. It's the sort of male civility that sooner or later was bound to come."

"Agreed, but in this case do me the justice of believing I am sincere."

"I suppose if I hadn't spoken to a man for five years I should pay him compliments. Scarcity is a fine incentive to appreciation."

"If I knew you better," I said, "I should make you eat your words, whatever that may mean."

She was not disturbed by the threat. She was looking away from me, engaged apparently in a thought wrestle with a difficult opponent.

"I'd like to know what's puzzling you," I queried.

Her answer was surprising.

"Your good faith. If all men are liars I'm wondering what class to put you in. No, that isn't offensive. It's rather fun. I'm asking myself how a man who's been separated for ages from the society of women can pretend to have enjoyed a geographical discourse from the first young woman he meets."

"The fact remains," said I.

"A man who has been picturing the kind of girl he would like to be with."

"Well?"

She looked me square in the face.

"Deny if you can," she said, "that your picture was of a totally different kind—sparkling eyes, tripping toes, a song, a dance, a supper tête-à-tête, whispered fragments of nonsense, touching hands, fairy lights and some small tenderness on a riverside lawn, with saxophones playing heavenly jazz in the not-too-far distance."

"Philida Prothero," I said, "to prove all men are liars by the exception who speaks the truth, I admit with shame that your picture of my picture is right to the uttermost detail."

Out popped the gay trickling laugh.

"It's divine of you to confess it; for how could it be otherwise?"

And then I'll be hanged if that infernal train didn't pull up with a jolt in Waterloo Station!

Miss Philida got up and held out a hand to me.

"Have a good time—paint your picture and enjoy yourself."

"At least," I said, "you'll let me drive you to Victoria."

She became instantly grave.

"Nigel Praed," she said, "you've got much too good a face to behave like a schoolboy. It's been fun meeting; let's leave it at that."

"Leave it until when?"

She smiled.

"I am always at home officially on the second and fourth Wednesday of the month."

"Address?"

"Government House, Ponta Rico."

"Thanks," said I, "and what are you doing this Tuesday?"

"Weather permitting, I shall be bathing in the sea at Hardelot."

It was then I realized how generous a lady is Fate.

"That being so," said I, "please reserve a wave for me."

Slapping the pocket which contained Marian's invitation, and smiling to myself, I stepped out on the platform.

III

I MADE a mistake in imagining I could elude my responsibilities to the firm of Ribault, Zealer & Palatine by merely stopping away from Sheffield. Mohammed having refused to go to the mountain, the mountain, well represented by the person of Mr. Ribault, came to Mohammed.

I always admired old Ribault as a genial, persuasive and tremendously active personality. His figure, which was Johnsonian in bulk and rotundity, gave the impression that he was a self-indulgent, comfort-loving and idle old man. This impression was heightened by the very untidy and shapeless clothes he wore. Except in the evenings, when he was dressed faultlessly, he never appeared in a single suit, but in a composite of three—a tweed coat, a blue serge vest and trousers of some other pattern and material. It was impossible to believe these articles of apparel had ever been ordered and paid for. They had the appearance of having been robbed from a scarecrow or a rubbish heap. In spite of his size, they were always too big for him and hung like grubby curtains from his huge sloping shoulders.

Old Ribault was never without a cigar in his mouth; when it was out he chewed the butt until it was time to light a fresh one. He did not even remove it for the purpose of depositing the ash in a proper receptacle. As he talked the ash fell upon and lodged in the folds of his waistcoat, not infrequently burning holes in the cloth. Curiously enough, he was never-failingly distressed by this accident and without exception claimed against the insurance company for the damage wrought. And always, having regard to the enormous annual sums paid by the firm to underwriters, his foible was respected and the trifling claims were paid without protest.

Another interesting if unattractive characteristic was his cough. I have never heard another such cough. It was the apotheosis of the bronchial. It made a noise exactly like a huge coil spring released against a row of saucepan lids. It crashed out to the dismay of strangers and the delight of children. For the rest, he had large hands, very small feet, eyes that looked as if they could pierce armor plate, a trim gray beard badly stained with nicotine, and a set of pearly white teeth which the dentist who supplied them must have designed for a chorus girl.

(Continued on Page 121)

Can you read the signals from the eyes?

THIS Boy Scout is signalling "Danger." But despite his most frantic wig-wagging you may walk into the line of fire of a rifle range. His danger signals mean nothing to you unless *you know the code*.

Suppose, now, that your eyes instead of the boy were sending you a message of "danger"—a signal vital to your health, your success, your happiness! Would you understand this message?

Not unless the code included pain in your eyes or cloudy vision. But these indications of eyestrain very often are not the signals that your eyes use to warn you.

Instead, the code includes "weariness, nerve exhaustion, or headaches"—urgent signals warning you that your eyes need attention and help. Frequently these symptoms are not recognized as danger signals from the eyes at all.

What deceives most people is the difference between eyes and eyesight—a difference as distinct as that between feet and running. A man with defective feet may for a time run with the best through sheer nerve and will power. But he will pay eventually in utter exhaustion.

In the same way people with defective eyes may for a time see as well as those with normal eyes. But the nervous effort (unconsciously put forth) brings on "weariness, nerve exhaustion, or headaches." Your eye*sight* may not need attention, but your *eyes* may.

That is why you may need glasses even though your eyesight is normal—so that you may have your normal eyesight *without wasting nerve energy*.

So don't wait for danger signals from your eyes. Face the fact that you cannot be sure that your eyes aren't signalling you until you have had them examined. Have your eyes examined!

Write us today for informative and interesting new booklet, "A New Age of Vision."

American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

WELLSWORTH
PRODUCTS
for Better Eyesight

THE WORLD'S GREATEST FOUNDATION FOR BETTER EYESIGHT

ESTABLISHED 1833

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You can secure it by Club now; thousands

A club whose object is to keep summer in your home all winter long—to make your whole house as livable next December as it is today! Wouldn't you like to belong to such a club?—especially when your membership entitles you to receive, free—one ton of coal. (In hard coal districts, one-half ton of coal.)

This club—the Heatrola Club—is forming in your town right now. Join it today and secure this special saving—you can have your Heatrola delivered whenever you desire. Ask your Heatrola dealer for complete details. And do so at once—this unusual offer expires August 22.

End old stove worries

A year ago, in this very month, thousands of families banished old stove bother for Heatrola's furnace comfort. This year many thousands of other families will do the same. No more half-heated rooms. No more littered fireplaces or ugly stoves. Instead—one handsome Heatrola, standing in a downstairs room and circulating soft warmth upstairs and down. Stores, restaurants, halls, churches and schools, too, are heated this modern way.

Circulation—not radiation

That's the secret of the Estate Heatrola's wonderful heating efficiency—it circulates heat like a furnace, it does not radiate heat as a stove does. Warm, moist air is in constant circulation throughout the house—more than 16,000 cubic feet of air passing through Heatrola every hour. No

There is only one Heatrola
—Estate builds it

Estate

COAL!

joining a Heatrola enroll every year

"hot spots" near Heatrola. No icy corners distant from it. Instead, cozy, even warmth everywhere.

Let your eyes judge its beauty

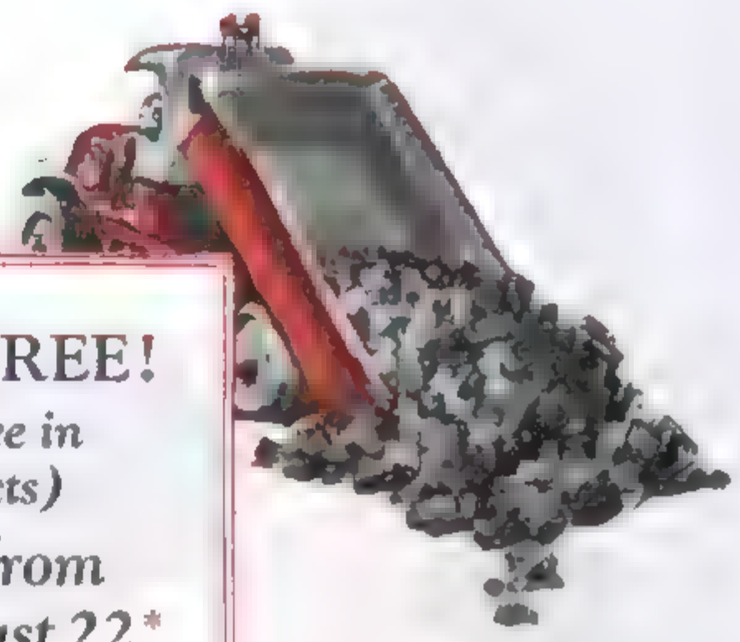
Have your Heatrola dealer show you Heatrolas already installed. See for yourself how attractive they are—how they add to the appearance of the room in which they are installed. The grained mahogany, vitreous enamel finish, smooth as glass and everlasting, makes Heatrola as easy to clean as the piano. Just dust it with a cloth—no polishing, no shining. And no dirt, no dust, in the house—Heatrola's patented construction prevents this.

Lower your fuel bills this winter

Heatrola does the work of a basement furnace, yet uses no more fuel than a stove. Made to burn any kind of coal—also wood.

Join now—*while this offer is still open*

Remember—Heatrola Club membership closes August 22—the chance to get a supply of coal without charge ends on that day. So—see your Heatrola dealer at once—learn how easily you can become a Heatrola owner. Or write us for complete information on Heatrola's appearance, operation and cost.



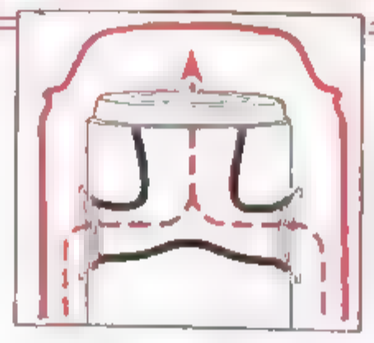
A ton of coal FREE!

(One-half ton free in hard coal districts)

*Offer is good from August 1 to August 22**

Ask your Heatrola dealer about the Heatrola Club that is forming now in your town, and about the supply of coal that will be delivered without charge to those joining before August 22. A small down payment makes you a member of the Club. Your Heatrola will be installed whenever you desire; you can complete payment on easy terms. Act at once, while this special offer is still open

*Because of the difference in climatic conditions, the Free Coal Offer will begin August 29 and end September 19 in the following States: North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Tennessee.



The Intensi-Fire—exclusive with Heatrola

Estate Heatrola is as different in construction and performance as it is in appearance. Note particularly the DOUBLE air circulation produced by these exclusive Intensi-Fire Air Ducts, built into the Heatrola, directly in the path of the flame

Planning to build?

Send for free illustrated book, "Seven Modern Cellarless Houses—Heatrola heated"—showing how you can save approximately 15 per cent on building costs by eliminating the basement and securing furnace comfort through Heatrola.

THE ESTATE STOVE COMPANY
Hamilton, Ohio

☐ Please send me, free, a copy of "Furnace Comfort for Small Homes."

☐ I am planning to build. How can Heatrola save 15% on the cost of my new home?

(Check the one you wish)

Name

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THE ESTATE STOVE COMPANY · Hamilton, Ohio

Pacific Coast Office and Display Room, The Furniture Exchange, 180 New Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif.

Builders since 1845 of the famous Estates A stove, furnace and range for every requirement—for cooking and heating with coal, wood, gas and electricity.

Permanent display in American Furniture Mart, Chicago, Illinois

HEATROLA

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

WATCH 'EM WHEN THEY'RE THIRSTY

Watch everywhere~You'll see why Coca-Cola has the widest sale of any product manufactured by a single company in the world

RE-FRESH YOURSELF! FIVE CENTS IS THE PRICE

(Continued from Page 116)

Breathing hard from the exertion of coming up in the elevator, old James Ribault presented himself at my bedside at 7:30 of the clock on the morning following my arrival in London. Further to announce his identity, he let go one of his coughs, which fairly sent the bedclothes flying and me to a sitting posture, gaping and rubbing my eyes.

"Hullo, m'dear," said he. "Was half afraid I'd find you were out."

It was his habit to address members of either sex to whom he was attached as "m'dear."

"That young Palatine made a mess of bringing you up, so I came along. Here!" He picked up a comb and threw it to me. "Pass that through your hair. Can't bear talking to a man with a tousled head."

Remembering his weakness for tonsorial perfection, I laughingly carried out his orders. He lit a new cigar and offered me the open case.

"No? Well, please yourself, m'dear. H'm! Tropics don't seem to have done you much harm. Feeling all right? That's good. We're glad to have you back. Pretty good job you made of things—and did pretty well yourself, eh?"

"No complaints."

"Ah? Hope a decent banking account hasn't spoiled you—made you flabby."

"I haven't had much time to see."

"Hope you're ready to get into harness again."

"If by that you mean you hope I'm not taking a holiday you'll be disappointed, sir. I've a lot of leeway to make up."

Old Ribault made an exclamation of disgust, crossed to the window, threw it wide open, muttered something about fresh air being the thing, returned, sat down heavily on my bed and enveloped me in a cloud of venomous cigar smoke.

"Yes, yes, yes," he said; "a day or so—a week or so—won't matter; but after that there's a job—a live job—and you're the man for it."

"Now look here," said I, "we know each other pretty well, and you won't be offended at my saying I've no mind to be hustled into making promises before I've shaken the sleep out of my eyes. You've worked the early-morning trick on me before and that's taught me to be wary. Why not take a stroll along the Embankment and give me an hour to spruce myself?"

He shook his head.

"I'm catching the nine o'clock back to Sheffield. We'll have a peck of breakfast together. Hop into a bath while it's cooking."

Without waiting for my consent he rang the bell and told the waiter to bring him half a melon, four kippers, well frazzled, some pressed beef and a quart of beer in a lead pot, beside which my order of bacon and eggs and coffee sounded like the chirp of a sparrow.

Breakfast, which appeared as I fastened my collar stud, was consumed by old Ribault in an impressive silence proper to so sturdy a meal. He was a man who believed in doing one thing at a time and doing it thoroughly. Having devoured his rations to the uttermost morsel, he finished the beer, lit a cigar, pushed back his chair and said, "The job I want you for calls for tact, ingenuity and tenacity. In brief, it is the construction of a flying ground that needn't be more but mustn't be less than a square half mile."

I looked at him blankly.

"No, m'dear, it isn't a matter of cutting down trees, filling up holes and doing away with a few hedges. The ground in question is rocky, sloping and mountainous—a devil of a bit of ground."

"Why choose it then?" I asked. "After all, twenty miles this way or that won't affect a plane."

"Twenty miles this way or that 'ud mean landing in the sea," he retorted dryly.

"Oh, an island!"

"Precisely, and for our purpose a very vicious little island too."

"And what is your purpose?"

"A fleet of commercial aeroplanes; daily service between England and the United States."

I shook my head.

"That dream!"

"Something more than a dream, my clever young friend. Granted a midway landing place, it 'ud be a tangible and profitable reality. Get me that landing place and I wouldn't take five million for the sum the Amalgamated Steamship Lines 'ud offer me not to run the service."

I knew old Ribault to be probably one of the shrewdest business brains in the country; but for him to associate himself with some crazy Atlantic aerial navigation scheme was fantastic.

I imagine something of the kind must have been revealed in my face, for he said quickly, "A good deal has happened, my dear, during the last five years—a good deal you know nothing about. You've never heard, maybe, of the Billiter Quadruplane."

"I remember the Billiter Bomber."

He nodded.

"Multiply that by six and add a twenty-foot saloon, a fifteen-foot smoking room, passenger accommodation for thirty-two, and you've some idea of the machine I'm talking about. That, however, is not the point—you supply the landing place and I'll run the fleet."

"I take it then this monster of yours isn't equal to the distance."

Old Ribault humped his fat shoulders.

"She could fly round the world and back if she could carry enough fuel, but more fuel means fewer passengers, and fewer passengers means less revenue."

"So you're asking me to shave the tops off mountains so that they can fill up at a mid-Atlantic petrol pump. It seems to me, Mr. Ribault, that is a contractor's job. The companies who level up tennis courts could manage as well as I could."

"M'dear," said old Ribault tolerantly, "there are greater difficulties than mountains to overcome."

"For example?"

"Prejudice, competition, officialdom and enough red tape to strangle a hundred bigger enterprises than this."

I scented an interest.

"International complications?"

"Worse. International complications can generally be settled by a long banking account. But a long banking account won't gain you a rung up the ladder against British conservative pig-headedness."

"British!" I exclaimed, and saw daylight. "Mr. Ribault, where is this island?"

He looked at me and rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"Until I have your consent to come into the scheme, Praed, I shall leave that question unanswered."

"Chuff!" said I. "It answers itself. Ponta Rico, and the difficulties you anticipate are from the Colonial Office, the War Office, the Admiralty and the person of the military governor, Sir Francis Prothero, K. C. M. G., D. S. O."

Old Ribault nodded.

"I'll not dispute it. Indeed, I only refused you the information to satisfy myself that you hadn't lost your powers of reasoning. Well now, what do you say?"

I did not reply for a moment; my thoughts were occupied by the extraordinary coincidence that twice within forty-eight hours I had come into touch with Ponta Rico. The chance meeting with Philida Prothero had produced a startling effect upon me. Never for an instant would the picture of her leave my mind. And here was old Ribault trying to persuade me to engage in a difficult campaign against her father. I had resolved that come what might I would contrive to better our acquaintance and to that end had already wired, accepting Marian's invitation. And now came Ribault's commission, carrying with it a certainty of spending at least a few months in near companionship with Philida Prothero.

But was it a certainty? The manner in which he had introduced the subject argued that I might expect hostility from the gallant governor of Ponta Rico. In that case it was reasonable to suppose that he would set his face against any intimacy between his daughter and myself. Common sense therefore suggested the wisdom of rejecting Ribault's proposal; but, although I confess it with humility, my actions are not always ruled by laws of common sense and prudence; there is a hazard-loving streak in my nature which reacts to the call of the spirited rather than the wiser course. The clash of arms having died into the rather discordant music of peace, the clash of personalities is about the only adventure left in the world. Whether with wits or weapons, I love a good fight; and here, it seemed, was a chance of getting one, and the further chance of a big prize, if fortune smiled upon me.

My silent reflections were broken by old Ribault

"I know, m'dear, you mean to accept; but I can't for the life of me tell why."

"No," I laughed, "I don't expect you can."

He rose and thumped me affectionately on the knee.

"The reason don't matter as long as you're on our side. If you pull it off you'll have no cause to complain."

"I was thinking the same thing myself."

He looked at me searchingly.

"Got something up your sleeve?"

"No, but there's a magnetic side to your proposition."

"H'm!" said old Ribault. "Well, I'll send along a bunch of papers and maps and you can study 'em at your leisure."

"Right!"

"And when'll you be ready to start?"

"Ah, that's another matter! I'm not going to be hustled."

"Have it your own way, m'dear. And in the meantime work out a plan of attack."

"That's a bet. By the way, how far has the Ponta Rico scheme advanced?"

"It hasn't," said old Ribault curtly.

"So much the better," said I. "When I tackle a job I like to tackle all of it."

IV

AS I STEPPED ashore at Boulogne I saw Marian among the blue-smocked crowd that thronged round the tilted gangway. Marian's smile was like a shout of welcome. It was, so to speak, flooding her features and flowing from the tips of her waving fingers.

"*Salve!*" I cried, after the fashion of the best doormat. And "Bless you!" came back on the *béret* caps of the porters.

A minute later we collided joyously.

"Marshall never meets anybody," she explained. "For one thing I wouldn't let him in the clothes he had on, and for another I wanted you all to myself. Oh, I forgot the customs. Got anything to declare?"

"My undying affection and about five hundred cigarettes."

"All right, I'll fix it. Leave it to me."

The way she rattled me through the customs was a revelation. Every official knew Marian, and the smiles she showered among them saved me the necessity of declaring contraband.

"The car's along here," she said, "and I thought we'd have a cup of tea together and pick up the girls when the hairdresser has done with them."

"Girls?" I repeated.

"Only three," said Marian. "The car wouldn't hold more. There they are. They run a little young this season; but the younger the better when one's holiday-making."

She pointed at three mops of hair visible above the lowered hood of a large motor car—red hair, gold hair and black hair.

"Mary," said I sternly, "can it be that you're up to your old games again?"

"I always keep my threats," she answered. "They're all agog about meeting you. I've put in some heavy propaganda. Hoi, you three! I've got the man! Here he is!"

I found myself shaking hands with three of the healthiest, jolliest, most sunburned girls a man could hope to meet. They were of three distinct types—grave, gay and bewitching; petite, svelte and rounded; blue eyes, hazel eyes and violet eyes. A delicious trio—intoxicating.

"This is Nancy Vansiter, of Chicago, Illinois," said Marian, introducing the tallest, the one with the golden head, the blue eyes and the smallest nose. "She's a citizen of the United States of America and is just crazy on tall blond Englishmen with cute mustaches. Aren't you, Nancy?"

The American girl blushed gorgeously and tossed her curls as she put a hand into mine.

"She's a traitor to confidence, Mr. Praed."

"Marian," said I, "is one of the most shameless women alive."

"Never mind me," said the object of our criticism. "Say how d'you do to Joyce Thring, better known as Killarney's Pride. Joyce has the Irish temperament. Her hobbies are bathing, ferreting, falling in love with men she has never met and watching dog fights."

The owner of the violet eyes and red hair told me, with a vestige of a brogue, not to believe a word of it.

"It's because I once wrote a letter to Douglas Fairbanks that she gives me a bad character"

"And this," said Marian, "is Sylvia Westgate, English to the core. She knows more about cricket than any member of the M. C. C. and at present is in love with the memory of W. G. Grace."

"Don't be so silly," said Sylvia. "Are you a cricketer, Mr. Praed?"

"Recently I haven't had much of a chance," I answered, "though I managed to scratch up a couple of teams among my Congo planters. The game usually ended in a stick fight."

"Cricket in Central Africa! Isn't that a headliner?" exclaimed young America. "What a story for the Post!"

"He must save it up for later," said Marian. "Hop in, Nigel. These kids want to be shampooed and shingled while we gossip over a cup of tea."

Our exquisite cargo was deposited at a hairdresser's, which done, Marian and I sought refreshment at a pâtisserie.

"Now," said she, "let's have all your news. I know you did wonders out in Africa, so we can cut that part and come to what really matters."

"For example?"

"Yourself—how you are, what you're going to do next, and what you think and feel."

"It's difficult," I said. "I haven't quite got used to being back yet. My notions aren't sorted out."

"You feel a bit dizzy still."

I nodded.

"To tell the truth, Marian, I've fallen in love."

"In love! Not with some awful creature on the coast!"

"No; since landing."

"Oh, you treasure!" she exclaimed. "I knew if I hit you quick enough I'd succeed. Which is it?"

"My dear, it's nothing to do with your adorable trio."

Her face fell.

"Then someone has stolen a march on me and I heartily disapprove of the whole business. Nigel, you idiot, you can't possibly imagine after five years' absence from civilization you're in a fit state to choose a wife."

"It hasn't progressed so far as that," said I. "Indeed, beyond an hour's chat in a railway carriage, it hasn't progressed at all."

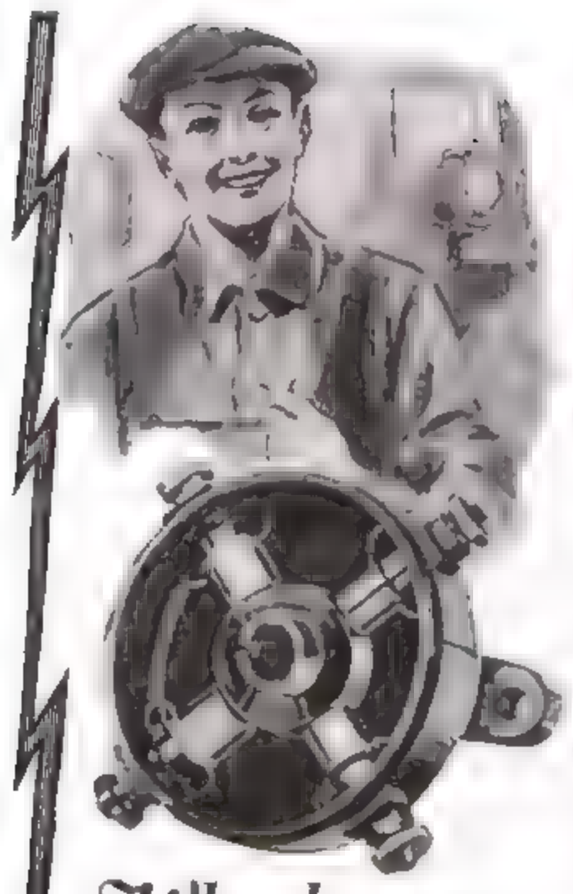
"A railway carriage! You picked up a strange woman! Really, Nigel!"

"It was accidental," said I. "We happened to travel together."

"Answer this: Did you invade her carriage or she yours?"

"I don't know about invade, but it was certainly my carriage before she came into it."

Marian lit a cigarette in disgust.



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The firing synchronism is perfect when a Ford's equipped with the APCO Timer. A round rotor, bearing evenly on all contacts, stops destructive vibration. Behind each post is a spring, allowing contact surfaces to adjust themselves to every motion of the timer shaft.

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You'll say it's a bargain, Mr. Ford Owner, at $2.00

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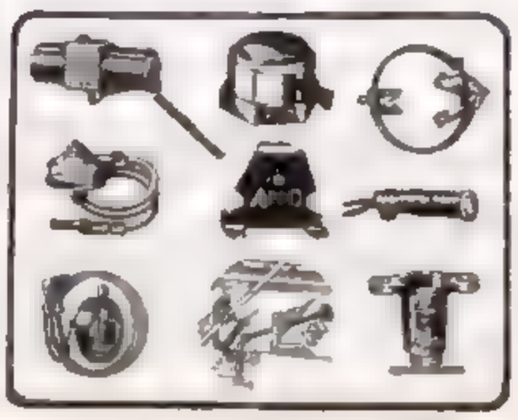


"A smoker, I presume?"

"Certainly."

"Who spoke first?"

"Come to think of it ——" I began.

Marian stopped me.

"I won't hear another word! Here have I ransacked the north of France for an eligible selection of healthy, pretty and really nice girls, and you go off the deep end with some minx you pick up in a railway train!"

"Marian," I said good-naturedly, "I won't stand it even from you."

"Of course," she went on, "the creature saw the state of mind you were in and gobbled you up under your very nose. Directly I saw you I wondered why you hadn't got that vacuous, hungry look of the exile. You may as well confess the lot. I suppose you lunched together next day and did a matinée and drove her back afterward to Chiswick and listened sympathetically to a tale of woe—a father who died and left her very badly off—a husband who made life unbearable."

"Marian, your imagination is running away with you. The girl in question is the daughter of a wealthy soldier holding a high position in the diplomatic service. I have never seen her from that day—which is three days ago—to this, and she positively declined to accept my escort from Waterloo Station to Victoria."

Marian's indignation gave place to relief.

"Oh, come," she said, "that's better! With average luck, I see no reason why the whole discreditable affair shouldn't blow over and be forgotten."

"There is only one reason—myself."

"You?"

"Exactly. Have you forgotten that once you described me as the most obstinate man alive?"

"Pooh! If you were that you wouldn't be here; you'd be in active pursuit of your adored."

"I am."

"What?"

"Her destination is the same as mine. She is stopping at Hardelot."

Marian's amazement was so intense and sudden that her fingers shut spasmodically on an éclair she was eating, with the result that a great splotch of cream shot half across the table.

"Wretch!" she cried. "I've never been so insulted in my life. Then you only accepted my invitation to pursue this vulgar courtship."

"I came," I replied, "because I wanted to see you."

"A poor lie."

"I came because you are the only woman who can really help me."

"What's that?"

I reached across the table and took her sticky hand.

"My dear, don't you see I am utterly incapable of winning this campaign without a woman's aid? With you on my side, I am invincible."

"Oh," said Marian, "so that's the way of it. You want to use me as a cat's-paw."

But despite her words, the smile was back at the ends of her mouth.

"Not a cat's-paw, but as a friend. Fate having denied me the right to ask you to be my wife, the least you can do is help me find a substitute."

"Idiot!" But she was wavering. "I haven't approved your choice yet. I shall probably think her detestable."

"I'll take a chance of that."

An older responsibility reawoke.

"But how about my three musketeers? I promised them that you would flirt with them a bit."

"So I will if you'll do your best for me. I'll flirt with each in turn."

"Honest Injun?" I made a gesture of tremendous earnest. "Very well, I'll see what can be done." We shook hands ceremonially.

When we collected the three musketeers at the hairdresser's Marian addressed them briefly but cryptically:

"It's no use, girls—sorry."

I do not know what significance lay behind these words, but I know those three sunburned faces simultaneously assumed a shade of deep and protesting scarlet.

IT WAS six o'clock when we arrived at the pine-clad sand dunes of Hardelot. The house before which we pulled up was of white wood and green shutters, and boasted a broad veranda, upon which, sprawling in deck chairs or sitting on the baluster rail, were some of the worst-dressed men I have ever seen. Marshall was leaning against a pillar, his thin gaunt figure gilded by a shaft of falling sunlight. It was interesting to see how the late attorney-general—the man whose virility in the new empire and business government had excited so much comment, criticism and admiration from press and public—conducted and arrayed himself when not engaged upon affairs of state. He was hatless and his hair was scattered over his brow; he wore a peasant's smock of brown canvas and gray flannel bags, far advanced in dilapidation. On his feet, which were innocent of socks, was a pair of string-soled bathing shoes.

He was busy, when I first saw him, fitting strands of elastic to the pouch of a catapult, an operation calling for the use of teeth as well as hands.

"Hello, you old coot!" he sang out. "Come on and make yourself useful. Too busy to shake hands. There's a drink over there—smuggled Bass. These fellows, reading from left to right, are George Frayne, who writes rotten short stories and gets overpaid for 'em; Bill Manistry, Frank Mason, the railway muddler, and Leland Boas, the mystery man. The stout gent with his head wrapped up in a newspaper is old Judge Lowrie, retired. Go on, he'll come to life if you put a match to one of the corners. Well, how are you, Nigel?"

Without waiting for my reply he turned to Marian.

"Did you get those arrows and the bungi, woman?"

"No, I didn't. I was much too full of other things."

Marshall threw up his head in an action of despair.

"Who'd be married? What's the use of you anyway?"

"I remembered them," said Sylvia, emptying, like a shop thief, a number of arrows and about three yards of catapult elastic from a cretonne parasol.

"H'm!" said Marshall. "Disgraced by a girl in her teens."

The tall American at my side whispered, "The way your English husbands bully their wives is surely a scandal." I agreed gravely. "If a husband of mine talked that way I'd tell him where to get off."

I thanked her for the warning.

"Hurry up," said Marshall. "You've just time to change before food."

"By changing," Marian explained, "he means putting on the worst clothes you can find. If you haven't any worse clothes, there's a wide selection in one of the attics. The things I have to sit at table beside are enough to make a hostess thoroughly sick."

"And when you come down," said Marshall, "there's an old shrapnel shell to break up and get the bullets out of."

"Where did you find it?" I asked.

"Picked up on one of the battlefields a few days ago. We want some catty ammunition, so shake yourself up."

"Thanks," I said. "In the circumstances I think I'll put on evening dress."

But of course I didn't, for Marshall always gets his own way; and about a quarter of an hour later I was engaged in the hazardous task of defusing and breaking up the outer case of a five-year-old dud .75 and extracting the leaden bullets from within.

"Though why I'm risking my life in this fashion," said I, "I don't pretend to understand."

"You will," Marshall told me.

After an admirable meal, consisting of trout caught by the company, a *pâté* too delicious to describe, and an omelet cooked as only a Frenchman knows how, his promise was fulfilled.

Packed into three rusty flivvers, loaded with a variety of most outlandish weapons—bows, spears, catapults, lassos, a bundle of lances and a sack of half bricks—we rattled away to the forest.

"Of course, if you disapprove of poaching," Marshall had said, "you'd better not come; but if you're not particular it's the greatest rag out. We're going to tackle some rides about five miles off. The ground has been surveyed and sport promises well. As you're new to it, I'll show you the ropes."

In my car was Sir William Manistry, the public prosecutor, known as Bill; Lord Lowrie, the old judge, now thoroughly awake and behaving like a schoolboy; the American girl, Nancy Vansiter; Marshall and one of his smaller sons, a black-haired, knotted-browed youngster called Budge. The judge and myself occupied the back seat, with Nancy squeezed between us. A very tight fit we made of it; nor was this entirely due to the space at our disposal, but may have been attributable to the youthful tendencies of old Lowrie.

As Miss Nancy colloquially expressed it in my private ear, "He must have been in the championship class when it came to necking."

Anyway we were all young enough and old enough not to despise a bit of hand-holding and pleasant proximity but to encourage which, for what purpose does wind stir the tops of the pines or the autumn moon climb into the bowl of night? And although I had found young America wise and practical in discussions at the dinner table, it in no way robbed her of a very proper sentiment for twilight moods which come afterward.

That five miles was none too long for the pleasure I had of the drive. The same applied to old Judge Lowrie, termagant though he might be in the courts. Miss America treated us generously, sharing her smiles with such impartiality that neither was envious of the other. She could handle a pair as well as a single horse.

As the old judge said, "If I were twenty years younger I'd be asking for what now I mean to take." And without warning he kissed her very soundly indeed.

She turned to me, laughing.

"And how about you?" she said. "Not to be behindhand and if it comes to that?"

So I gave her that which could not matter to either and was at least a great delight to one.

"Action front!" cried Marshall. "Clear decks and man the guns!"

What followed was sheer organized lunacy. The three flivvers fell into battle line in a circular open space from which a number of grassy rides radiated like the spokes of a wheel.

"You, Frayne, on the right; we'll take the left and Boas can have the center. Toot, one-two-three, if you see any sign of keepers."

"The usual sweepstake on the best bag, I suppose," said Boas.

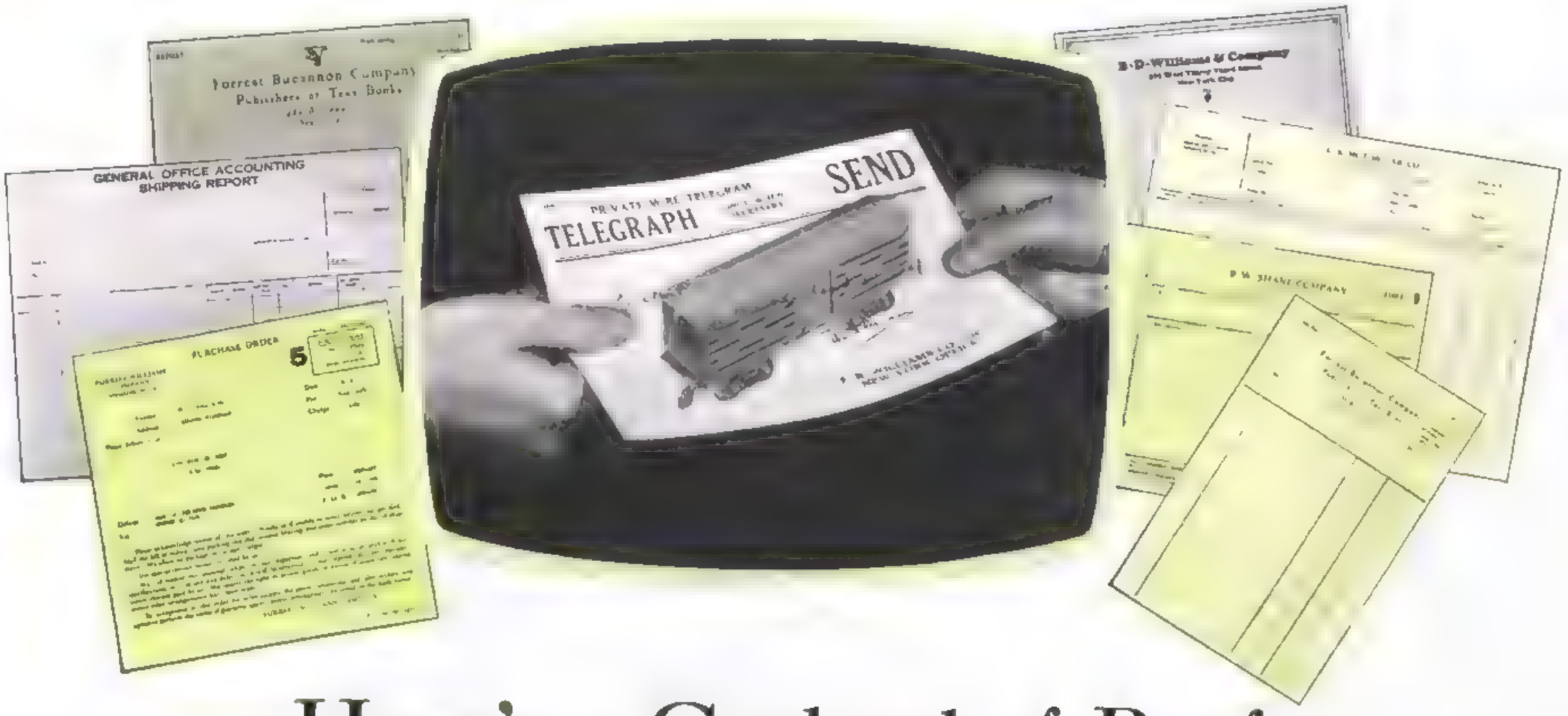
"Quids up," Marshall nodded. "Everyone fit? Right! Man the guns!"

I do not know what dispositions were made by the captains of the other cars; I was too busy carrying out orders from the bridge to notice. Marshall, as commodore and chief engineer in one, remained at the wheel and had appointed himself with a long lance. Bill Manistry, armed with a bow and a quiverful of arrows, had somehow squeezed himself between the engine and the offside wing. The old judge occupied a position of peril on the rear offside running board. In his free hand he wielded a sturdy shrimping net with a long handle. Miss America, seated next to Marshall, was in charge of a powerful spotlight, while, fingering a smooth and greasy catapult, I straddled the bonnet.

"Headlights!" shouted Marshall, and simultaneously the three rides before us were lit with the brilliance of day.

"Let her go!"

(Continued on Page 125)



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worthy of your confidence

WITH a Housekit in your home you have at your disposal first aid dressings that have earned world-wide confidence. Your druggist can supply the dressings separately, as you use them from the Housekit, thus making your cabinet a permanent fixture.

Red Cross Absorbent Cotton is absolutely pure and clean and very absorbent. It is sterilized, and so packed with all edges protected from exposure that it can safely be used for wound dressing.

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Burn Emollient, iodine, aromatic spirits of ammonia, wooden applicators, safety pins and a book of first aid instructions are also included.

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Fundamentally he is a professional pharmacist, scientifically trained to compound your physician's prescriptions. But he is also a high class merchant, offering you the benefit of his professional judgment in connection with the sale of a variety of home necessities.

(Continued from Page 122)

The crazy adventure began. Madder than any fox hunt was the pursuit of rabbits and hares on the roaring, rickety flivvers through the grassy rides of that old French forest. I did not for a moment anticipate that we should destroy any game and never was more astonished than when I bowled over a brisk little bunny with a shrapnel bullet behind the ear and heard the old judge's whoop of triumph when he scooped the victim into his net. It then was made clear that I was in the company of experts, for Marshall, who had been in the Lancers during the South African war, impaled a hare with a precision impossible to describe. Bill Manistry, too, was no niggard as an archer, and having accounted two direct hits, he rolled off the car to secure the prizes; which done, he chased and caught us as only an old running blue might hope to do. Meanwhile I had another lucky shot, which Judge Lowrie failed to land, a fault which he redeemed by netting a runner without adventitious aid.

As a sport it was without parallel. The scream of the engine, the rush through the night air along those dazzlingly lit avenues of trees, the scurrying game, the shouts of victory and despair, the idiotic weapons we used—it was terrific, indescribable.

Yes, and Marshall's captaincy, his tremendous seriousness, his navigation of the car, his cursing of our clumsiness, his roars of encouragement at our triumphs—"Hi-yi-yi! On your left! Sock him! Now's your chance! A-ah! You thick-headed muddler! You butter-fisted swab! Time it, time it! Hold tight!" Round a corner, with the boy Budge swept off the luggage carrier and dragged, hanging to a hot tail light, till he succeeded in scrambling back to his perch. The swish of branches across one's face and white flurries of startled birds winging across the beam of the headlights, the smell of wet earth and things growing, the twinkle of stars, the sense of youth—these and all these made me want to shout aloud joy and gratitude for being alive.

Breathless and exuberant, we were first to arrive at the rendezvous and to inspect the bag.

"Not too bad," Marshall allowed; "though if you fellows had kept your heads we should have had another brace. Well, America, what do you think of it all?"

Probably for the first time in her life Nancy Vansiter was at a loss for words.

"You bunch of kids!" was the best she could manage. "And the electors put men like you in charge of the country!"

A second later the other cars came rattling up to a standstill.

"What's doing?" shouted Frayne.

"Seven," Bill Manistry shouted back.

"Oh," came through the darkness in an Irish brogue, "to be beaten by one!"

"What's yours, Boas?"

Leland Boas, his remarkably handsome face lit up by one of our side lamps, shook his head.

"We were unlucky—only three."

"It was his driving," protested Sylvia Westgate, with a pout of indignation. "He wouldn't go all out—spoiled our chances."

Boas gave what to me was an unpleasant little laugh, though the smile that accompanied it was a pattern of geniality.

"Dear Miss Sylvia, I prefer to lose a few rabbits and hares rather than jeopardize such precious lives."

"Rot!" said the girl. "A game's a game!"

"Stow quarreling, you two"—from Marshall—"and pay up like a man, Boas."

"Toss you double or quits."

"No, you won't. One can do that in an English pub. In this game the man who loses pays."

Marshall had the sort of courage that is always willing to expose itself to the risk of being misunderstood. His philosophy did not admit second chances. If you lost, you lost.

There was a flicker of patronage in Boas' face as he fished out his note case. For that, if for no other cause, I disliked the man. He was not, to my mind, in the same class with the others. Against their sturdy likeness to a pack of hounds, he suggested a sleek solitary cat. Then again, he was much too good-looking to pass an ordinary male standard. He was dark, olive-skinned and aquiline. His hands were absurdly small and white. His figure was perfect—broad shoulders and very narrow hips—the tango figure. But for the perfect English he spoke, I would have put him down as coming from Central Europe, with perhaps a dash of the Orient thrown in. Marshall had told me he had spent several years in East Africa, but when I had tackled him on the subject he had shown little inclination to discuss it. Indeed, throughout dinner I had found his manner tiresome and patronizing and I liked him no more on better acquaintance. He was one of those elegant lizardlike men that set up an itch in the toes of one's boots.

The others paid up good-humoredly and I found myself richer by two pounds sterling and a memorable experience.

Meanwhile the boy Budge and the girl Sylvia had drifted off arm in arm down one of the forest glades. It appeared that she had things to say on the matter of sporting observances which his public-school experience fitted him to hear. Of course, Marian had imported Sylvia as a possible life partner for me, and there is little doubt had we two been of the same mind she would have fitted the part with distinction. This fact notwithstanding, she was still young enough not to despise the company of a boy in his teens. The glimpse I had of them by the light of the moon revealed two young people with arms about each other's necks in a very proper and loverlike fashion.

A much-needed bottle of Bass was issued to the troops before the homeward journey. There was a shuffle-up of passengers and I found myself next to Boas, with Marshall in the seat behind.

"We'll pack those youngsters in here if we ever find 'em," he said. "Anyone know which way they went?"

Rather traitorously, I indicated the path.

"Buzz along, Boas, there's just room for a car; but mind the ditch on the left."

It was a narrow lane we followed, better suited to lovers than motorists. Brambles tugged at our sleeves and the cool leaves of low-hanging branches brushed against our faces. The going was bumpy and uneven, which possibly explains why the headlights suddenly went out, leaving us with nothing but a miserable pair of oil side lamps to light the way.

"It widens a quarter of a mile farther on," said Marshall, "and we'll have the moon for the ride home."

Possibly Boas had been offended by the reproaches of Sylvia on the subject of his driving and sought to recover his reputation by putting on speed under difficulties. Certainly he rattled the car along faster than was wise or comfortable.

To the injunction to take it easy, he replied, "It's all right; I can see better in the dark. Oh, by the way, Sir Marshall, that Prothero girl is staying at La Rosa."

"Prothero girl?" Marshall repeated.

"Francis Prothero's daughter, from Ponta Rico."

"Ah, yes—never met her. What of it?"

"We happened to run into each other this morning. Talking of that, what are the government planning to do with Ponta Rico, assuming they are returned to office?"

"Nothing decided."

"They'll never be crazy enough to try to fortify the island. Germany realized the hopelessness of that."

"So I believe."

"And you'll never build a harbor there."

"That so?"

"From a naval and military point of view, the island isn't worth a second-class cruiser or a platoon of territorials."

"Why of territorials?" said Marshall sharply. He had seen service in a territorial division and held their honor second to none.

"Figure of speech."

"H'm!"

"The only future for the place is in real estate."

"Think so?"

"I was there for three months last winter and had an opportunity for judging. Turn it into a huge hydropathic, a smart winter resort, and there's a fortune in the place. Why let Biarritz and the Cote d'Azur swallow up enormous sums of English gold year after year without competition?"

I was listening too attentively to pay heed to the fact that we were swinging round a corner. At a warning cry I turned sharply and saw, a couple of yards in front of us, three shadowy figures. At the spot where this happened a ruinous old wall flanked the right side of the track, while on the left was a kind of moat, black and shiny with water.

Boas must have seen the figures at the same instant. The car was going too fast to stop in its own length and the track was too narrow to pass. It was a choice between running them down or taking the ditch. As the former course would certainly result in someone being severely hurt, I had no doubt Boas would choose the latter. But I was wrong. If anyone was to suffer, it would not be himself.

With a cry of "Jump!" he drove straight at them. He must have known they would have no time to get out of harm's way, for they were on the wall side and they would never have reached the ditch before the car was upon them. There was a fraction of a second for me to seize the wheel and lock hard over. Followed a slither, a jar, a sense of having taken wings, and the three of us splashed down into a mess of mud and weeds, with the car overshadowing us like a picture on a wall.

VI

BOAS was the first to struggle out and get back to the path. He was cursing fluently, until a girl's voice, which I instantly recognized as Philida Prothero's, said, "That was awfully sporting of you. Why, it's Mr. Boas! I hope no one is hurt. It was a plucky thing to do."

"Not at all," he said; then, over a shoulder to me: "You shouldn't have grabbed the wheel, Praed; you nearly made me run them down."

I was busy at the time putting Marshall the right way up, and that was perhaps just as well. Life on the Congo induces a man to act hastily. If Boas had been within reach I should have hit without argument. Indeed, I was making my moist way toward him when Marshall—now restored to the perpendicular—closed a warning hand on my arm. He was right. There was time to deal with that situation later on.

I scrambled up the bank, squeezed some of the water out of my sleeves and shook hands with Philida.

"It's my traveling companion," she said, with real surprise. "What are you doing in Hardelot?"

"Fulfilling a promise. I told you I was coming here for the bathing."

She laughed.

"Is that why you grabbed the wheel?"

"It was the thought of a high dive, Miss Prothero. I always prefer to go in by the steps. My friend Boas has a natural disregard for danger which I envy."

"That's all right," said Boas generously. "Perhaps you didn't see anyone in the path."

"Oh, yes, I did!"

In the meantime Marshall was good-naturedly ragging Budge and Sylvia for landing us in the ditch.

"If you young folks didn't find it necessary to walk for miles to do your sweethearting, I shouldn't have lost a motorcar that must be worth at least thirty-five shillings. Anyway, it's no use hanging about here. Let's make for the highroad and see if the others have waited. Someone introduce me to this young lady who wanders about forests in the dead of night."

Boas made the introduction.

"And oddly enough, Miss Prothero, we were talking about you when the accident happened."

"Then perhaps it was my fault in more ways than one," she answered; "though there's a bright side, because if we hadn't met I should certainly have spent the night here. I'd lost my way."

"That being so," said Boas, with oppressive gallantry, "we are more than rewarded. Come, this is the path."

He would have hurried her off, but Marshall took his arm.

"Let the kids act as pilot," he said. "There's something I want to say to you. Praed, look after Miss Prothero."

No doubt this arrangement was disagreeable to Boas, but Marshall's methods are persuasive, and after all he was our host.

Thus I found myself, with a great deal to say and no aptitude for saying it, walking beside Philida Prothero in a primeval forest. With the mercilessness of her sex, she made no effort to help me and for a hundred yards we marched in silence. At last I said, "It was odd running into you like that."

"But you didn't."

"Ah, but that was no fault of mine."

She laughed.

"Tell me, do they drive a juggernaut in the part of the world you come from?"

Evidently she did not mean to spare me for what, naturally enough, must have seemed an act of pure callousness.

"Human life is not valued very highly out there," I replied. "I suppose one gets into the way of disregarding it."

She looked at me critically. "And self-preservation comes first, doesn't it?"

"With some of us."

We fell upon another silence. It was broken by a little chuckle from Philida and the touch of her hand on my dripping sleeve.

"Come," she said, "it isn't fair, though I couldn't resist the curiosity of finding out how you'd stand the test."

"The test?"

"Yes. No man cares to be put in the wrong when he can put himself right by a word."

"I don't follow you."

"It's simple enough. I like you for it, Nigel Praed, because I'm certain you've rather a rigid public-school conception of playing the game."

"What game?"

"Not squealing if you're hurt and not making a scene in public and not taking jolly good care to have the highest plinth to stand on. Don't look so blank. I know perfectly well which way you pulled that wheel. The moon was shining."

Her words were an enormous relief. What she had said was true enough, for although I deserved no credit for doing what ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have done in similar circumstances, I viewed with melancholy the thought of appearing before her as one who had tried to save his own skin at the expense of another. It may have been relief that made me take a more generous view of what had happened.

"I expected Boas meant to pull my leg."

"Not on your life," said Philida. "His humor doesn't run along those lines. Leland Boas has a very particular reason for all he says and does. At present he'd strain heaven and earth to be on amicable terms with me."

"So would I, if it comes to that."

"You're well placed, if that's any satisfaction," said she; "but his reasons are influenced by ambition."

My own coming under a similar influence, I said nothing and felt angry.

"Leland Boas has a Ponta Rico scheme and wants to keep in with the Government House set. He was ground-baiting the pitch last winter and unless I'm mistaken he's up to something of the same kind now."

"Before you say another word, Miss Prothero," I interrupted, "would you think less of a man if, through happening to know you, he was able to take a short cut in an undertaking upon which he was engaged?"

"Not necessarily, although if a man cultivated me on the off chance that I might be useful, I shouldn't rank him very high. Why ask?"

"A lot depends on your answer. By a fluke I've been offered a job which, unless I

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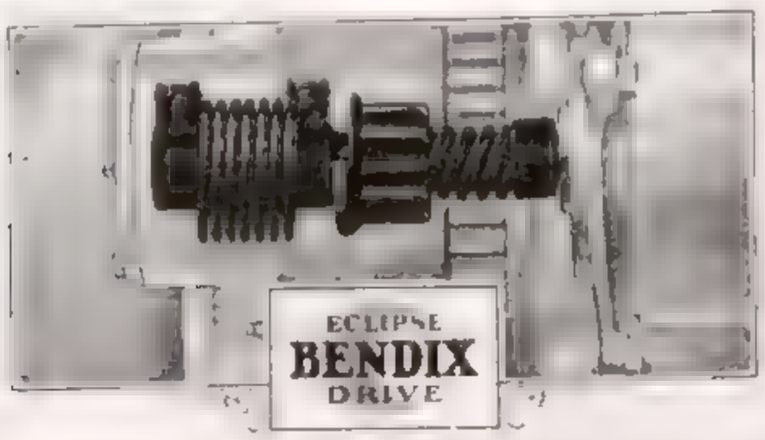


"THE MECHANICAL HAND THAT CRANKS YOUR CAR"

turn it down, will take me to Ponta Rico and which the accident of knowing you might help me to carry through successfully."

"Is this true?"

"Perfectly."

"What kind of job?"

"Commercial, but perfectly honest. I cannot say more."

"And you're coming to Ponta Rico?"

"That depends."

"On what?"

"Your answer, of course."

"And once you're there you'll rely on my help?"

"On the contrary, I shall refuse it."

"I see. You'd tackle the job in spite of me."

I laughed

"That's an awkward way of putting it. I've cheek enough to hope you'll let me see you a great deal, but I certainly don't intend to make any use of you."

"I might offer."

I shook my head.

"Perhaps you think I wouldn't be any use."

"That's the danger. In the initial stages you would be invaluable."

"What are the initial stages?"

"Consent."

She thought for a while, then clapped her hands together.

"Is it one of those schemes that father has to sanction?"

I nodded.

"Then why on earth won't you let me help? I've only to tell him he'd make a great mistake to agree to anything of the kind and he'd be certain to agree."

"And then," said I, "you would have done the work and I should take the pay. Sorry, but I'd rather leave that hand to Leland Boas."

She made a melodramatic gesture.

"After all, you saved my life from the wheels of a flivver. The least you can do is to allow me to repay."

"You are an idiot," I laughed; and from this extremely discourteous remark arose, I believe, that something more than friendship which sprang to life between us.

The path ended abruptly and we found ourselves on a white highroad with, a hundred yards away, the twinkling red tail light of a waiting car.

"It's Mums!" shouted the boy Budge over his shoulder. "She always senses if an accident has happened. Coo-ee, Mums!"

Sure enough, it was Marian, drawn into the forest by a feminine intuition that things were amiss.

In response to Budge's cry she came down the road to meet us.

"I knew it," she said. "I felt instinctively something had gone wrong. Who's been killed or murdered? Is everybody safe or is anyone missing?"

"All present and correct, Mums. In fact, we're one over establishment," said Budge, with a gesture toward Philida.

"Good heavens, Nigel, what have you been up to? Why, you're smothered in mud and weed!"

"That's all right," I answered. "We happened to meet this lady in the wood."

"In a wood! It looks as if you'd dragged a pond for her."

"It was to avoid the shock of meeting me they drove into the pond, Lady Livesay," Philida laughed.

"I don't understand a word. You'd better introduce me."

"This is Miss Philida Prothero."

Marian gasped.

"Lord!" she exclaimed. "You haven't lost much time!"

I cleared my throat noisily, but not noisily enough to prevent Philida from saying, "What do you mean by that?"

"My dear, this creature arrives today full of tales of a beautiful traveling companion met in a railway train, and behold, six hours later he appears walking beside her in a forest! If that isn't quick work, what is?"

Philida looked at me gravely.

"Do I understand," she asked, "that I have been the subject of conversation between you and your friends?"

"Certainly," I replied without shame; "and why not? I always tell Marian all that happens to me."

"So he does," said Marian. "He was full of you. Indeed, he gave me to understand that he would gladly go through fire and water for you. By the look of him he seems to have proved half his words."

Marian was moving things along a trifle fast. This being so, I suggested that, having regard to the water, it would be agreeable to approach the ordeal of fire and get into some dry clothes. Philida's composure was not so easily shattered.

"Is all this some form of elaborate joke, Lady Livesay?" she asked.

"Joke? Heavens, no! Why, I found him three perfect girls and he wouldn't look at one of them."

"That," I said, "is not altogether true."

"Well, you know what I mean."

"Hi, you three!" shouted Marshall from the car, which he and the rest had already occupied. "Are you going to stop there talking all night while we perish of cold?"

"Is he wet too?" demanded Marian, for Marshall had dodged her in passing.

"Sopping," said I.

"Wretch, not to have told me!" And she started for the car at a run.

"What an amazing and adorable creature!" said Philida. "But can you explain what she was talking about?"

"I can."

"Well?"

"It speaks for itself."

"What does?"

I took a breath.

"I'm in love with you."

I don't know what I expected. Perhaps that she would laugh—be angry—offended. She was none of these.

"But love is such a very serious thing."

I shook my head.

"No; death is serious—and work and ambition and friendship. Love is quite by itself."

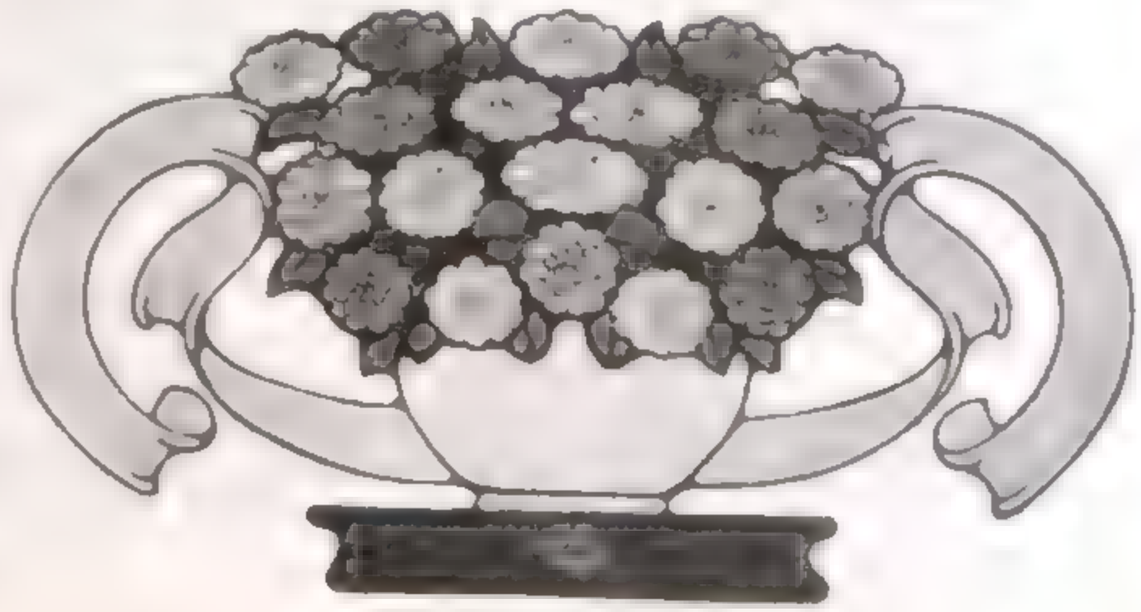
"Do you think you know me well enough to have said it?"

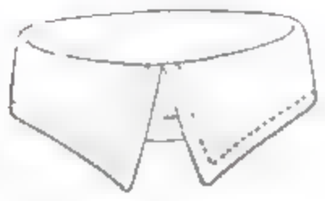
"If I knew you well enough to have felt it, why not?"

"I suppose that's true," she said, "and certainly it's brave."

By which time we had arrived at the car.

(TO BE CONTINUED)





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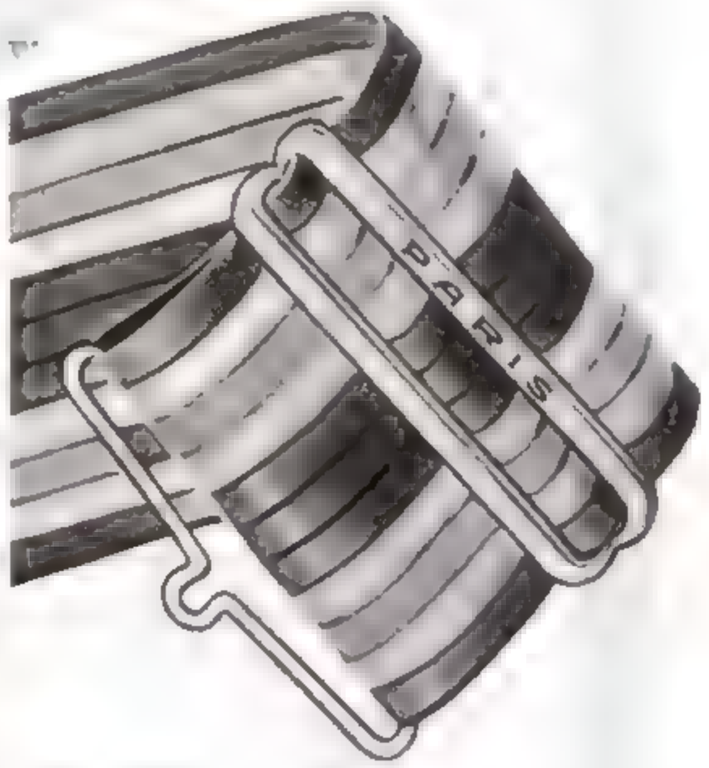

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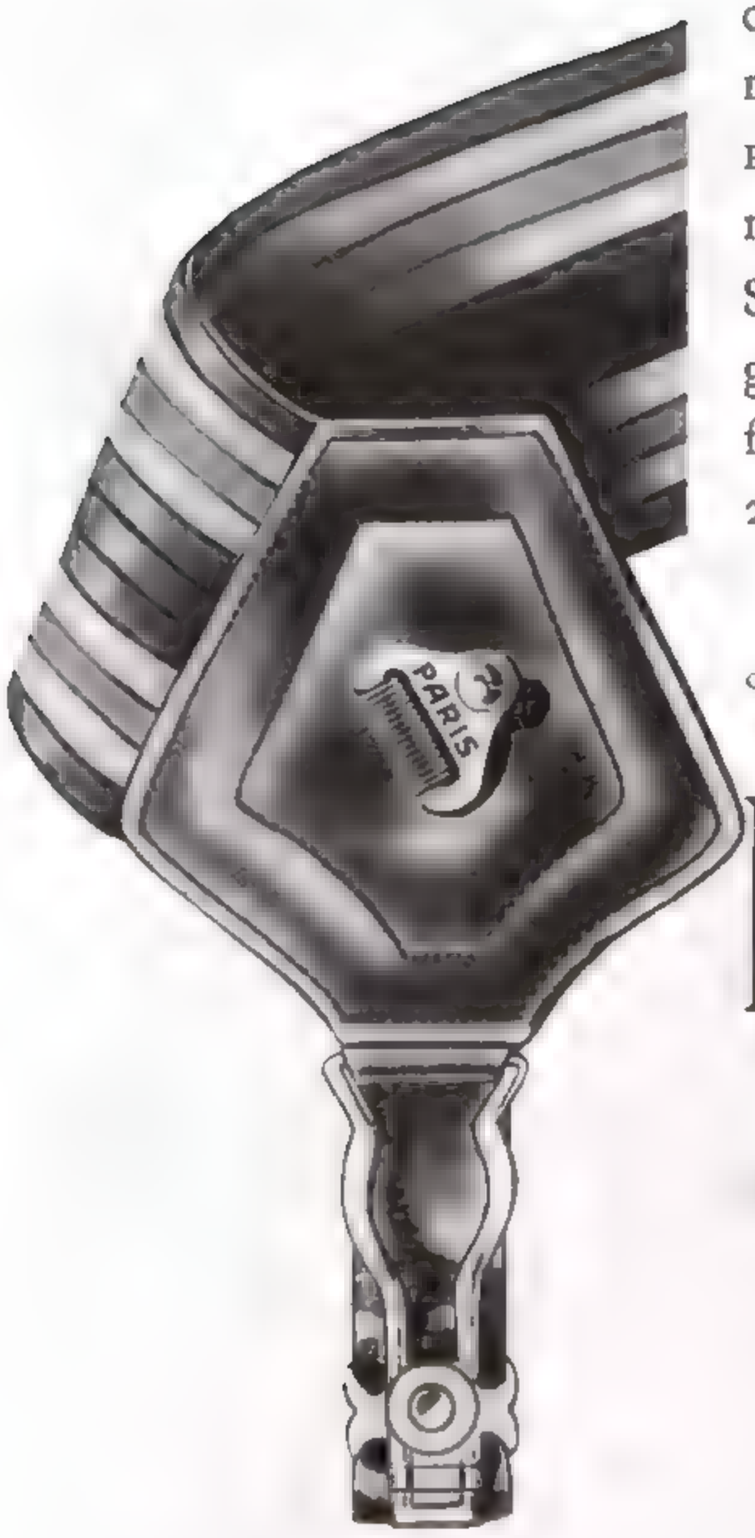

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THIS illustration shows how the solid upstanding rib of genuine *Barbourwelt* is built into the shoe like a wall against the upper.

In buying shoes made with *Barbourwelt* you will first notice this rib as a handsome finish that sets off their trim lines. As they wear you will be surprised to see how *Barbourwelt* models keep the stylish shape of new shoes month after month.

It's the rib that does it. By keeping your foot from sprawling over and treading the upper leather out of shape—thus distributing the wear uniformly over the entire surface of the sole—*Barbourwelt* gives shoes a longer life, and a smarter one.

(THIS RIB is all one solid piece, part of the welt itself, built into the shoe to resist wear and shut out dampness.)

BARBOURWELT

"STORMWELT" *for winter* • "DRESSWELT" *for summer*

BARBOUR WELTING COMPANY, BROCKTON, MASS.

Manufacturers of High Grade Goodyear Welting for over 30 years

BIMBO THE BLOOD

(Continued from Page 9)

honest and to be trusted he always has money. You don't know how much confidence that gives me in you. It is only parties who are trying to live by ill-gotten gains that are always broke."

Well, Judge, Your Honor, the next morning I went to the savings bank and got out fifty dollars and bought Belle the bead bag, and that evening we went to a show and then had a bite afterward.

For ten days I took Belle out every evening and some afternoons, and, because pianos were very quiet, every other day I went to the savings bank and got more out. I would not have done this for parties who would not trust me any farther than they could see me, as the saying is, but I done it for Belle because she had perfect confidence.

"Yes," she always said every time I saw her, "it is a pleasure for a girl to go out with a real man—that is, a man that she can believe in—and I knew right away the first time I saw you that you were to be trusted, because I am never deceived by a face. Moreover, it is only parties trying to live by ill-gotten gains that are always broke."

And then she would look at me with her big brown eyes. And, Judge, Your Honor, I never was so happy as when being with this girl, and I used to think about her all the time, and when my friends used to see me they would say, "What is the matter, Chris? Has somebody crowned you or are you sick?" And whether I merely give them a smile or a gruff word, the facts in the case were always the same—I was thinking of this girl, Belle. And I guess I will never be happier in my life than I was during those ten days. I walked around the same as in a dream. And I never thought of Teena except once, and that was when I met her by accident on the street.

At first I sort of ducked, because I thought she was going to jump in and give me a couple of *schlags;* but all she done was to look at me.

"What is the matter, Teena?" I said in a friendly way. "Do you think I am not going straight?"

She did not say anything, and this left me all confused, because it was not like her to be so quiet.

"Well, Teena," I said, "there is nothing wrong, but I have been a little sick and I will come around to see you as soon as possible."

She still did not make any remark, but stepping up close pulled open her right eye so I could look into it, and then turned around and walked away. It gave me a funny feeling, but I did not see there was anything I could do about same.

All this time I had not seen Mr. Stanward and had kept away from River Street, not wanting to have anything to do with him or with Bimbo the Blood or any of the rest of his abonnable associates. But after ten days had passed and after I did not have anything left in the savings bank, and not any job, either, I saw that the only way I had of keeping the confidence of a good woman was to get a little jack. And the only way I saw of doing this was to go frankly to Mr. Stanward and ask him for what was coming to me out of those rugs. It was not that I wanted to have anything to do with any dishonest money, but I thought as long as I had the intentions of going straight in the future I might as well have what was coming to me from my past criminal action with those rugs. And well, Judge, Your Honor, what would you have thought yourself?

III

IT WAS Monday night when I decided this, and it was Tuesday morning when I started for Mr. Stanward's flat.

While I was walking along State Street and afterward on River Street I kept having the idea that somebody was following me, the same as somebody had been following me ever since Friday. I had never been able to lay eyes on this party, but by asking questions I had found out it was a young man. But that was as far as I had got, and I did not know whether this young man was a detective or a secret agent sent out by Bimbo the Blood.

When I got outside of Mr. Stanward's place I waited to see if he would not come in sight, because I wanted to get my mitts on him; but there was nothing doing, so after a while I took a chance and went inside.

I climbed up to Number 58 and knocked a couple of times without anybody answering, though there was a noise inside, the same as if Mr. Stanward was jumping around. Pretty soon the door of Number 56 opened and a man with circles under his eyes stuck his head out.

"Are you looking for Bimbo?" he said.

"No," I said. "I am looking for Mr. Stanward."

He gave a low laugh and replied, "It is six of one and six dozen of the other. Keep on knocking until the door opens."

Judge, Your Honor, I wanted to see Mr. Stanward, but not Bimbo the Blood. But being as I had not done anything against Bimbo the Blood I made up my mind to take a chance. So I gave a long string of knocks on the door and wound up by saying, "Mr. Stanward," I said, "I am going to keep on knocking until you open this door."

The door opened and there was Mr. Stanward in his pajamas, and wearing a plug hat and with a cane in his hand. Moreover, all the rugs that we had got ten days before were still there, but scattered around the room. I looked careful, but could not see any signs of Bimbo the Blood

"Here I am, Mr. Stanward," I said, walking in.

He did not reply anything, but jumping back on a little pile of rugs began hitting in the air with his cane the same as when we first met.

"Mr. Stanward," I remarked just to start the conversation, "you said you were going to sell those rugs over a week ago."

He went on hitting away in the air, finally saying, "Joe, I have got a big idea with a bushel of money in it. I am training them."

"How so?" I asked, just to see what he would say about the rugs next.

"I am training them for the Barrymore boys."

"What are the Barrymore boys going to do with them?" I went on, still kidding him in the same smooth way.

He said, "They are going to use them in their new vaudeville act."

I waited, and he went on again. "Yes, it will be the world's greatest novelty. They will plod along in a refined aerial drill and for an encore will make souvenir honey which will be distributed to the ladies in the audience."

Until he said this last I thought he was talking about rugs, but when I saw he was still running on about bees I left it go at that and did not speak any more until he had talked himself out.

"Mr. Stanward," I said when he got through, "I would like to change the subject, and I will state that since seeing you I have come under the influence of a good woman who has perfect confidence in me, and in order to keep her in this state I have got to have a little jack, and that is why, Mr. Stanward, I would like to get what is coming to me on account of those rugs, and would respectively ask when you are going to sell same."

When I finished, Mr. Stanward came over and shook me warmly by the hand.

"That is the way," he said, "I like to hear a young man talk, and that is the way a young man talks who wants to get on in life. And if a young man today was to ask me for advice about a career I would tell him to follow your example and set out to make a name for himself in the world of

(Continued on Page 131)

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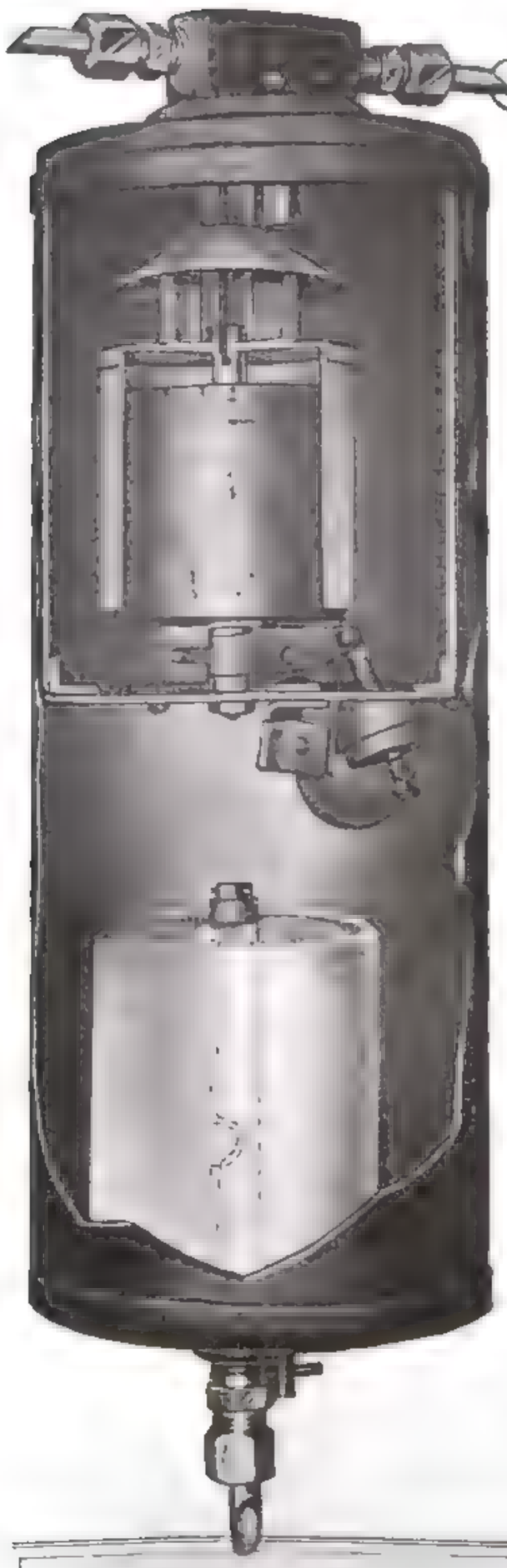

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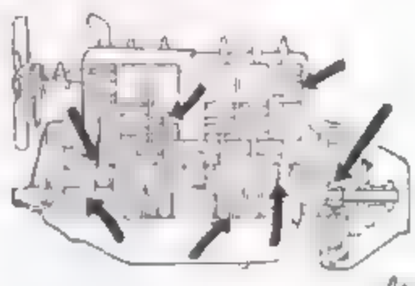

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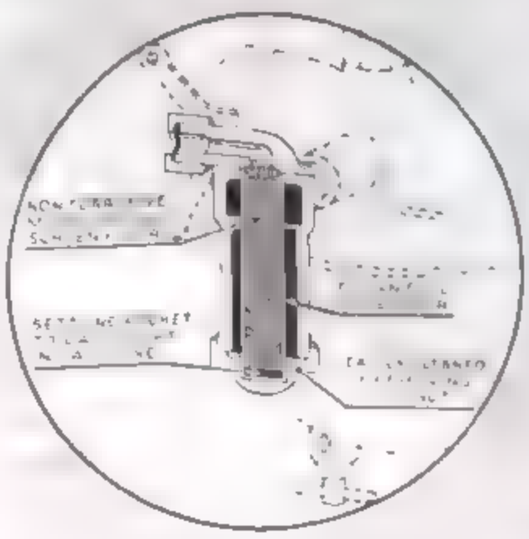

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Only Bird's *Neponset* Rugs have the genuine *waxed back!*

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DEFY WATER AND WEAR

(Continued from Page 128)

crime. And now that you are on the threshold of your grand new profession I am going to mention a few of those little details, so often neglected, which, if considered, will make your success certain. I refer to unfailing courtesy, to always dressing neat, to visiting a good dentist every three months, to letting a little sunshine in, and to lending a hand."

"Mr. Stanward," I said, "in the first place, I have not asked for good advice of any description. In the second place, I would like to know why I would rise higher in the world of crime if I went to see a good dentist every three months or if I didn't. But I have no intention of having anything to do with the world of crime, and have made up my mind to go straight from now on. And what I would like respectively to ask you is when I am going to get the money to which I am entitled for having helped you with those rugs."

"Joe," said Mr. Stanward, "I am going to be frank with you and let you in on my affairs on the ground floor. I cannot sell those rugs at present because of an important discovery made by one of my secret agents."

"What discovery was that, Mr. Stanward?"

"Joe, I have been reliably informed that the queen bee is hiding in one of those rugs, and that is why I have refused three offers for them, and I am not going to sell those rugs to anybody until I get the little lady out."

Well, Judge, Your Honor, I was certainly sore to think it was an abonnable falsehood told by myself which had held up the sale of those rugs; but being as I saw it would be impossible to make Mr. Stanward think any different I pretended to believe what he said.

"All right, Mr. Stanward," I told him; "if the queen bee is in there let us find her and get her out and then sell those rugs and give me what I have got coming to me."

The next hour was spent in opening those rugs and looking them over inch by inch and then folding them up again. And I guess I do not have to state that all this work was done by me, Mr. Stanward merely looking on and saying, "Well, open up the next one, Joe. Careful. Shake it out. Look into the right-hand corner. Now fold it up."

Finally when I had got through the last rug and when he wanted me to start all over again I said, "Mr. Stanward," I said, "she is no longer in those rugs; I just saw her slip away under the door."

Mr. Stanward shook his head for a long while and then sat down in the chair, looking very gloomy.

"If that is the case, Joe," he said, "then all our work has gone for nothing, and there is no use trying to sell those rugs, because they are the only means of bringing her back. We must simply wait here till she returns of her own accord."

I looked to see if he was joking, but anybody could see he believed all that he said. I had had some suspicions before now, but from this time on I begun to suspect that maybe Mr. Stanward was not in his right senses.

"Mr. Stanward," I said, "I have explained my situation to you. I have got to have some money right off, and I request you to sell some of those rugs and get it. And I am talking to you frankly, man to man. And what I say to you I am ready and willing to say to any other party whatsoever, and to Bimbo the Blood himself."

Mr. Stanward started up from where he was sitting. "You have already said it to him, Joe. I am Bimbo the Blood."

I looked at him, too astonished to say anything. "Yes," he went on, "I am Bimbo the Blood; though it would be more correct to say I was that party until this morning."

"Mr. Stanward," I said, "if you were him this A.M. then you are him now, and do not try to tell me any different."

"No," said Mr. Stanward, giving me a sad smile; "no, I am not any longer Bimbo the Blood, and the reason is I resigned in order to pass on the office to my successor. I am getting old, Joe, and there is nothing like new blood in a business like this."

"Mr. Stanward," I said, just to say something, "who is your successor?"

Mr. Stanward now looked in all corners of the room and also under the table, and then coming up to me said in a low voice, "Joe, are you prepared for a secret revelation?"

"What secret revelation?" I now asked.

"Joe," he said, "get ready for the pleasantest surprise of your life. Bimbo the Blood is the title to an elective office, and through my personal exertions you have been elected. From now on and henceforth you are Bimbo the Blood."

I tried to say something, but he interrupted me. "Yes, Joe, I know what you want to say—that you haven't the proper experience; but that will come in due time. Yes, Joe, I am responsible for putting you where you are today, but do not thank me, because I have only done my duty."

"Mr. Stanward," I said, "I have not any intention of thanking you, and it is the same to me whether you have done your duty or not. And I will simply state that I have no intention of accepting any such office or becoming Bimbo the Blood, not under no circumstances, and if necessary I will see a lawyer about same."

"Do not talk nonsense, Joe," said Mr. Stanward, "and save time by ceasing to quibble over quirks. I am an old man with only a few more years to live, and I hope you do not want to bring down my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave."

"Mr. Stanward," I said, "you have not got any gray hairs, and anyhow it would not make any difference, because ——"

And then I stopped, because I had heard something. And what I had heard was heavy steps coming up the first flight of stairs.

And I do not know why I should have thought it was somebody coming after me and the rugs, but that is the idea that came into my head first crack off the box.

"Mr. Stanward," I said, "somebody is on the way up here."

IV

HE PUT his hand to his ear and listened. "Mr. Stanward," I said, "those heavy footsteps are probably the officers of the law coming after myself and yourself and those rugs, as all this A.M. I have felt I was being followed."

"If that is the case, Joe," Mr. Stanward said, "then I have brought shame and disgrace on my family and on my friends."

I said, "Mr. Stanward, you ought to have thought of that before doing same."

The heavy steps now started up the third stairway. "Well, Joe," said Mr. Stanward, "it is now too late to regret the past. I will have to plod along the way I have started."

"Mr. Stanward," I told him, "it is never too late to decide to go straight in the future."

He did not reply to this, but took a pistol from a drawer in the table.

"Mr. Stanward," I remarked, "think what you are doing."

"I have thought it all over," he replied.

"Are you going to commit suicide, Mr. Stanward?"

"Not exactly," he said. "I am only going to shoot you, so as to be able to explain to anybody interested that I took this drastic measure because you had forced me to conceal stolen property."

"Mr. Stanward," I said, "what you have in mind is and will be an abonnable outrage."

"I know it, Joe," he said, looking very grave, "and that is why it will hurt me more than it will hurt you; but I have to look out for my personal interests, which are very extensive. Where would you like to be shot first, Joe? And if you have any last words to say, now would be a good time to think them up so as not to waste precious minutes quibbling over quirks."

Judge, Your Honor, I was just trying to think up some last words when I noticed that those heavy footsteps coming up the stairway didn't sound as if they belonged to an officer of the law at all.

"Mr. Stanward," I said.

"Well, Joe," he remarked in a friendly voice, but with the revolver pointed at my stomach, "what is it? Have you got some little confession to make that will ease your conscience before you start on your long journey?"

"No, Mr. Stanward," I said, "I have no confession to make, but I would like respectively to remark that those steps are not being made by any officer of the law, but by a party of a different sex."

He listened with one hand to his right ear and then said, "Joe, you are right."

"It is a lady," I said.

"I'll say she is a lady," said Mr. Stanward, very much excited.

"Do you know who it is?" I asked, surprised.

"I certainly do," he answered very loud.

"Well, then," I said, "I do not have to advise you not to open that door—not under no circumstances."

"You are certainly a little nuts," said Mr. Stanward. "All my life I have been waiting for this little encounter, and now you say do not open the door. Do you think I am going to let an opportunity like this escape?"

He jumped up from where he was sitting and put his hand on the knob just as three loud knocks came from the other side.

"Mr. Stanward," I said, "you are making one terrible mistake."

"No mistake, Joe, no mistake." His face had got red and he was getting more and more excited every minute.

"Who do you think is out there?" I asked, to see if he had any idea.

"The queen, Joe; the queen bee. She has come back the way I knew she would." He was hopping all over the room like a hen on a griddle.

"Mr. Stanward," I said, "think -just think. You heard her shoes on the stairs. Where would a bee get shoes like that?"

But there was no use talking to him, as he was past listening to reason. He jumped over a pile of the rugs and said to me in a loud whisper, "The chances are she has stung some shoe dealer for them. It happens every day. But don't mention the fact. Pretend you don't notice it."

That was enough for me. "What are you going to do?" I asked, trying to hold him back long enough so that I could hide. "Are you going to take your cane and knock the golden crown off her head?"

"No," he said, waving his pistol; "I am going to shoot it off instead, because that will give me little and big casino, twenty-five points and game."

"Mr. Stanward," I said; "Mr. Stanward Stanward Stanward, for the last time ——"

But it was too late, because just then he opened the door.

Well, Judge, Your Honor, I don't know what story Mr. Stanward told in the hospital or here in court, or whether he said it was the queen bee that hit him or a wolf of Wall Street or who. But if he stated it was any of those parties it was simply one more of his abonnable falsehoods.

The person at the door who came in when Mr. Stanward opened it, and who grabbed the pistol out of his hand and threw same at me and then took a couple of *schlags* at Mr. Stanward, and then hauled me away, was not the queen bee at all—it was Teena. And it is not that she is so big, it is simply that when she gets started she forgets what she is doing. That is why it would have been money in Mr. Stanward's pants if he had left the door closed and saved his pistol for people who would have appreciated same. And personally I learned a long time ago that when Teena gets an idea into her head it is better not to argue. So after she had finished with Mr. Stanward I left it go at that and came along quiet.

And I did not fight back, either, when she took me to a justice of the peace and married me. And I did not give her any back talk this A.M. when she said that instead of going to work I should come here and tell my story and then go straight in the future. And I think if you would sentence Mr. Stanward to be married to somebody like Teena he would never go any way except straight.

And I will simply state further that Mr. Stanward never told me he was known to the police as Bimbo the Dope, and I never knew same myself till I read it in the paper this morning. And when first I noticed he was acting extravagant I never suspicioned it was on account of his taking something, but I thought that was the way anybody named Mr. Stanward Stanward Stanward, of Stanward, Oklahoma, would probably act. And I will simply finish by stating that I do not know if there is a real Bimbo the Blood or not, but if so I am not him. Moreover, I never made a cent out of the world of crime, and on the other hand I had $227 in the savings bank when I met Mr. Stanward, and the last time I saw him I did not have anything but my watch chain; and also during this time I never rode in any big automobiles that were not trucks, smoking fifty-cent cigars.

Well, Judge, Your Honor, that is my story, and I can only say further I am sorry I could not marry Belle; but, being as it looks like I have criminal tendencies, probably it is better for me to be married to Teena, because she will never trust me any farther than she can see me, as the saying is. So I will ask you to give me the verdict of Not Guilty, because Teena is waiting for me now at the side door, and she has got her little cousin that she had following me and that sneaked up behind and got the number of Mr. Stanward's flat, waiting for me at the front door. And in the future, when declared Not Guilty, you can be sure I will go straight, because, Judge, Your Honor, if you were married to Teena, well, Judge, Your Honor, what would you do yourself?

"Whaddayamean, Reason?"

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PUROLATOR
THE OIL PURIFYING SYSTEM

SHOAL WATER

(Continued from Page 11)

Lafayette rolled down to it—off the house, out past the wheel box and overboard astern. The man at the wheel was too busy steering to grab them going by.

All this time I was trying to rest myself across the gurry kids up to windward. I was interested in the picture of the little vessel tearing along, but mostly I was speculating on what I had better do—what I would have to do soon, about my lunch. We had a cook who was a demon for blueberry dumplings. We had had lunch off Cape Cod and I had stowed away three of the dumplings, and three full-sized seagoing dumplings are no trifle to have inside of a man when it is many moons since he had made a fishing trip. I was wondering had I better try to hang onto my dumplings or go to the lee rail and give them up and have it over with. I was willing enough to give them up, but all the loose water roaring over the lee rail made it no place for a man to be acting careless-like near it.

I could of course have stepped to the windward rail, which was handy; but I did not. It's bad form on a Gloucester fisherman to heave anything less than a deep-sea lead to windward. I had long before this made a trip on the Boston trawler they told the classic story about. This Boston vessel's cook took sick, and her skipper shipped in a hurry, out of a restaurant on Atlantic Avenue, a man to take his place. He was not what could be properly called a seagoing cook.

It was a bright and windy morning and the trawler was bound out across Boston Bay, when the new cook came on deck with a full-sized bucket of galley ashes and blithely hove the same over the windward rail amidships.

Half a dozen of the crew were peacefully overhauling their trawling gear in the waist of the vessel, and that's all there is of that cook's seagoing record. They put him ashore in Provincetown.

"I wouldn't 'a' minded it so much," said the Boston skipper, "but he was whistlin' as if he was pleased with himself when he hove the damn ashes."

I finally made my careful way down to the lee rail and had it over with.

On our second morning out we ran into the swordfishing fleet. They were cruising to the eastward of the Nantucket Lightship. Travelers to Europe may recall this lightship. The ocean liners leave it on the left hand going to, on their right hand coming from Europe, taking care not to go inside of it. Some very bad shoals lie not far to the north and east of the lightship.

One little swordfisherman looked so much like our own, except as to her paint, that I inquired about her. She was a sister ship, the Nokomis.

The man who does the harpooning aboard a swordfisherman is called the striker. Peeples was his own striker, and he was a good one. He could drive the lily iron through a swordfish as big around as a flour barrel, in one side and out the other, through backbone and all.

The iron is snubbed to the end of a long pole. I never saw Peeples make one of his powerful thrusts without lamenting the javelin thrower that had been lost in him. If he had only been caught young and trained to it, the Olympic champion who beat him at javelin throwing would need to be a good one.

It was a choppy morning when Peeples took the striker's station in the pulpit, which is a small platform with a waist-high rail around it on the end of the bowsprit. Down into the smother went the schooner's low bow, and to his knees went Peeples in the smother. I watched him all that morning, plunging in to anywhere from his knees to his waist in the sea.

"How deep do you have to go to call it a day?" I asked him.

He considered the matter.

"When a striker finds himself in up to his ears he ought to quit. I do, I know. When you're going in that deep there's no seein' the fish any more."

The choppy morning meant nothing; but we had a day after it which set Peeples to thinking. There was a sunset that day, the most colorful and gorgeous sunset that I can recall in northern waters. It properly belonged to the tropics, to the Caribbean Sea, among the Virgin Islands, say, with high-circling western hills to bring the magic colors into being. It was an iridescent sea, its surface shimmering to the reflected lights of half a dozen solid primal colors and a dozen shades and tints of primal colors from above and around the setting sun. The colors would blend and separate and again blend in one vast blinding background against the western horizon. A dull copper outlasted all other colors. The copper began to flame ere yet the sun had gone down. The flaming copper was the last color of all to be reflected on the dark-blue sea. A perfectly smooth sea, but not motionless. There was a long, slow, noticeable heave to it. Peeples studied sea and sky for quite a while.

"There's been a hell of a breeze somewheres or there's one comin'—probably comin'. Ought to be a wind sometime tomorrow," ventured Peeples at last.

Tomorrow came, and Peeples was rather disappointed. Fishermen do not give three cheers when a storm happens along, but he had made a prediction and it had not been fulfilled. It was a smooth sea and light airs all that day.

Next day came. Nothing out of the ordinary was showing in the early morning when we turned out for breakfast. Peeples took his station in the pulpit, the lookouts went aloft, the regular helmsman took the wheel, the vessel was headed in toward shoal water.

Before long her bowsprit began to scoop under. A heavy swell was making. Peeples was dipping to his hips in the sea. When he began to go in to his chest he came inboard. He could have stuck it out longer—there was a chance to strike his fish even in that sea; but no fish were showing and the lookouts were using both arms to help them hang on to the masthead. There was something else, more than just the swell. Wind was on the way.

Peeples ordered her gaff topsail clewed up and then her jib taken in. The mainsail was next reefed. That was about half-past nine in the morning. At ten o'clock the wind was coming. Within a few minutes—as quickly as that—it jumped from thirty to at least eighty miles an hour. It blew so for four hours, from the southwest; and then, quickly almost as we could tack ship, it jumped to the southeast and blew yet harder.

We had no aerometer aboard, and the force of that wind on Nantucket Shoals that morning is all guesswork; but I had one time seen a government aerometer blown clear out of its fastenings down on the Georgia coast. It registered ninety miles an hour before it went out of commission. The wind this day, to my thinking, was blowing harder than that. The lowest guess among the crew was a hundred miles an hour, and it blew that way for three-quarters of an hour or so that July afternoon.

Before it would be too late, Peeples had ordered her reefed mainsail and her jumbo taken off altogether. That left her under her foresail only. Two reefs were quickly taken in the foresail.

A two-reefed foresail is the next thing to bare poles on a fishing schooner. No fisherman will come to bare poles if he can avoid it. A small patch of sail helps wonderfully in the handling of a vessel in an emergency; and it was all shoal water under our lee and we might by and by have to work her into a safe depth.

She lay well enough, marvelously well considering how deep-loaded she was, under her two-reefed foresail; but she was taking seas over her bow. Smashing over her port bow they were, and against her foc'sle hatch, which stood a bit higher than her fore rail above her deck. The foc'sle hatch was bolted to the deck with stout treenails.

It was the pride of Peeples that he had passed on every plank and timber that went into the hull of the Lafayette, and had himself driven every treenail in her. The knowledge of her stoutness heartened us now. For all her stoutness, however, the foc'sle hatch began to loosen up under the battering seas. I could see the treenails showing where the hatch cover was lifting from the deck. I did not notice them until I saw Peeples going below. I wondered why he went below at such a time.

He was quickly back up on deck with a heavy maul. He went forward and took to pounding down the foc'sle hatch; pounded away, saying no word to anybody until he had driven the hatch solidly back into the deck. Had that foc'sle hatch been carried away—and a few heavy seas would surely have carried it away—her whole forward end would have filled and she would have soon gone down, and all hands, of course, with her.

Having made the foc'sle hatch secure, Peeples called for two barrels of gasoline which we carried lashed between rail and cabin house. He set them between the foc'sle hatch and windward rail, and there securely lashed them. The idea was to make a breakwater against the seas crashing in over her windward bow.

The heavy seas kept on coming fast as ever, but now they were breaking atop of the barrels of gasoline and coasting, all roaring and white, over the foc'sle hatch and so to the deck to leeward. They hit under her lee rail with tremendous thumps, threatening to smash through the planking between deck and rail with every thump; but no one was worrying about her planking being smashed through. A few busted planks in fact would have acted as most helpful scuppers for a lot of water sloshing around her waist.

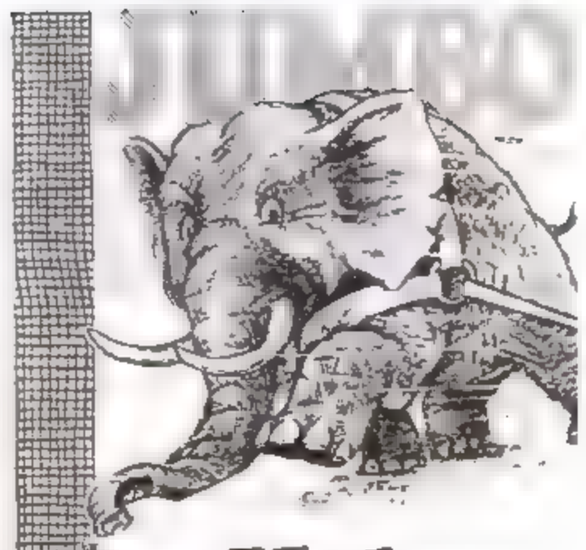
Peeples next ordered the fore and main hatches battened.

Before now I had been in fishing vessels where they had to get down to two-reefed foresails, but never had I seen hatches battened as these were now. I had seen tarpaulins laid on the hatches and flat iron bars clamped down over the tarpaulins; in preparation for a hard drive on a passage home in winter, that would be. But now I saw it done differently—the tarpaulins laid over the hatches, but no iron bar now clamped over. It was wooden laths that were now nailed over the tarpaulins to keep the seas from carrying away the hatches. Gloucester fishermen are not an apprehensive lot. If I had never been to sea before, the battened hatches would have warned me that we were in for a desperate time.

So far our little vessel had been doing nobly. She was terribly deep under all that ice in her, but ice is not so bad a ballast, not when it is kept pumped out of her bilges as fast as it melts. Our little one rolled low down at times, and there was always more water on her deck than the scuppers could take care of; but always she felt buoyant under our feet.

I had been standing in the waist of the vessel, hanging onto the fore sheet for safety. The loose water would slosh from one side of the vessel to the other side, piling up like a wall against one rail, and roll back again. I grew weary of having my boots fill with water where I was standing: I stepped up to a higher and drier spot.

I took my station on the main hatch and folded my arms over the main gaff. This of course was after the mainsail had been furled. The fact that her main gaff was so near the deck that I could easily fold my arms over it may help to make clear what a little bit of a thing was the Lafayette. I stood on the main hatch studying the mountains of water rolling to leeward. I did little watching to windward; every



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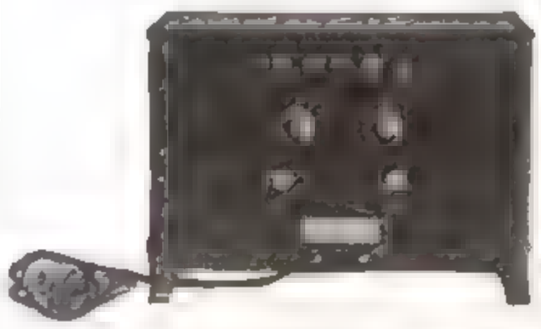

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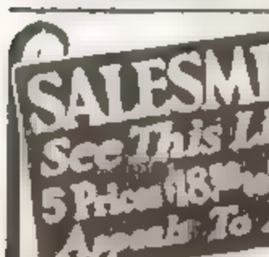

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time I looked to windward my face would be volleyed with little bullets of water. The wind would blow the bullets of water off the tops of the high-running seas, fill the air with them and they would hit a man's skin like hard-dried peas.

I wondered what was happening to the other vessels in the fleet. They could all have been quite close to us and we not know it, so high were the mountains of water all around, and we hove to under our little patch of foresail, rocking and diving in a valley among the mountains of water.

We had begun that day with clear blue water all around us; in the deeper water to the southward of the lightship the high-running seas had been clear green in the beginning of the storm. Now they were no longer clear green. They changed to a gray green, and then to a gray—a dirty gray finally, with high all-white collars to mark off the tops of them. Watching those dirty gray seas, I woke up to it after a time that we must be getting into pretty shoal water; only the sand being stirred up from the bottom could make the water so dirty. And on top of that I noticed that the seas had become much shorter and even higher to look at, though probably no higher in fact. The shorter slope of them was doubtless making them seem higher.

Fishermen never worry much about the high seas which are met with in deep ocean; seas in deep water have a longer, gentler slope which makes them much easier to ride. Whether these seas were or were not higher, there was no doubt that they had become shorter and steeper. Rising abruptly up from our rail, the seas now were a wicked sight; and they also were hard as gray granite cliffs to look at. And there was an angrier, more sullen roar from them; their collars of white were growing wider and deeper. There was no doubt of it by now—we were in very shoal water and being driven into still shoaler water.

Standing there on the after hatch, arms folded on the main gaff, I recall now how I reflected on the danger of being lost, something I cannot now recall having done before or since in a storm. I had been absorbing since a little boy all manner of faith in Bank fishing vessels and Bank fishermen. The belief was born in me that, given an able, well-found vessel and a capable crew, a man was probably as safe in a fisherman in open water as in a big steamer. But we were not in open water.

Peeples had been keeping run of our position. We were north by west from the lightship, halfway between the lightship and the southeast corner of Nantucket. East and west to the north of us it was all tide rips. The abnormal wind must have turned the tide before its time, and so we had drifted in on the shoals much more rapidly than we had reckoned on.

About this time I recalled with fresh appreciation the remark of Jack Mason's: "I thought it was damn tough to go fishin' all winter an' be lost in the spring." This was not even spring; it was late in July.

I looked to Peeples, wondering what he was going to do about it. As if I had spoken my thought, Peeples looked around, took the sounding lead from the top of the cabin house and hove it over the side. He hauled it in, measuring the depth by his outstretched long arms. All hands counted every stretch of his arms. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

Ten fathoms of water he got. Ten fathoms! Any old fisherman will tell you that twenty fathoms of water, with shoals to three sides of you in a breeze of wind, and deep water only to windward, is bad business. Here we were in ten fathoms, and threatening to be less.

The little Lafayette had been hove to and her wheel lashed all the time since she had been put under a two-reefed foresail. Peeples now went to the wheel, and after a thoughtful look around, cast off the becket. He stood there watching his chance. He stood there rigid, vigilant, for all of five minutes possibly, waiting for what he considered a safe chance to give her the wheel. All hands watched too. Oh, we watched—knowing very well that on how she behaved in the next two or three minutes depended our lives.

He gave her the wheel. Her fore boom started to jibe gently over. Gently, yes. She hung between those roaring crests and the sky for what must have been ten, twenty, thirty seconds—I cannot say now, but so she seemed to hang motionless. Then down she rolled onto her side and away she went on her ear—fairly sizzled through the water under that two-reefed foresail.

Peeples let her go until he guessed he had her in safe deep water beyond the lightship—in fifty fathoms, he guessed, though no sounding was taken—in clear green water again.

The seas were still running high and white, but they were not now so ugly to look at. Peeples brought her head to them and prepared to lay her to a sea anchor for the night. To rig his sea anchor he took two gasoline barrels, one empty and one full, laid them on their sides, lashed them together and then lashed boards from the hold across the two barrels. He lashed the vessel's anchor atop of the boards, hoisted the whole thing over the bow with the jib halyards and then lowered it into the sea. It was a ticklish business getting it over the bow in that weather. There is not too much room in a small vessel forward, and the seas broke regularly over the crew while they worked.

The sun had been shining brightly all through the blow. It went down as the boat began to fall away from our sea anchor, we paying out all the hawser we had. She needed it all to ease the strain.

I had the peak bunk in the Lafayette. It was a long acute-angled triangle of a bunk, half a yard wide at one end and about half an inch at the other, the bow end. I lay with my head against the stem post, right in the bows of her. All night long the little Lafayette took running long dives into the head seas. Bam! Up against her bow they came—bam! Bam!—all through the long hours of the night against the top of my skull. A man needed faith to believe that some of them were not going to bam right on through; but there was no listening to George Peeples and not have faith.

"Have no fear of this one!" he had said. "She's timbered heavy enough for a boat three times her tonnage, and every plank and every beam that went into her I picked out, and I drove every treenail in her myself as she lay on the stocks at Chisholm's Wharf in Gloucester."

After that storm the New York and Boston papers carried stories of the damage done along the Atlantic Coast. It was the worst summer storm on record, was the word from many places.

The New York Sun had a story of a New York-bound ocean liner caught in the storm south of Nantucket Lightship. According to the passengers—who landed in New York next day—it was so terrible that several of them had signed a petition to a bishop who was aboard to hold a prayer meeting. The meeting was started, but not finished—the storm was too rough for them. This had happened to her in good water—fifty or sixty fathoms, that is—to the southward of the lightship, just about where Peeples ran the Lafayette off the shoals and let her lay to a sea anchor all that night for safety.

That was on the front page of the New York Sun of Sunday, July 30, 1911, in the third column from the right of the page. On the right-hand column of that same front page was the story of the wreck of our sister ship, the Nokomis. She had been caught in shoal water even as we had been caught, had drifted in before the abnormal tide and been overborne by the high-running short seas and smothered off Davis Shoal; within a half mile, that is, of where we had been before tacking clear of it.

I turned the Sun over to Peeples; he read the article about the ocean liner.

"I've seen that steamer," said Peeples. "She must be all of six hundred feet long, probably longer. But will you tell me—if that big brute of a steamer had such a terrible time of it, how did this little one o' mine live through it?"

"And she deep loaded and down by the head," I commented.

"Maybe she was a bit down by the head, and maybe she was deep; but you got to have plenty ice to keep fish fresh in July. But a great little boat, that's what she is—framed and planked heavy enough for a sixty-ton vessel. I drove every treenail in her myself and ——."

All of which was true. She was a great little boat, but no boat can do it alone. There has to be more than the boat. When Peeples took that wheel out of the becket, watching his chance to jibe her over and out of that ten fathoms of water in a hundred-mile breeze of wind on Nantucket Shoals—when he did that, more than just an able boat was needed. The hand of the master mariner was needed. I'm alive today, as George Peeples is, too, because George Peeples was a full master mariner that day.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two stories by Mr Connolly. The second will appear in an early issue.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 52)

open one of the best-equipped hat stores east of the Mississippi, provided that he can collect the hats, in as much as all his predictions proved to be correct.

Because of his uncanny success at making election predictions he was urged to continue his observations on men and things. To the deep annoyance of Wall Street, he immediately obliged with a number of tart dispatches in which he took a series of rough slaps at Wall Street bankers who are bringing large amounts of miscellaneous European securities to America and gayly passing them to the American people. Somebody, he predicted, was going to be handsomely stung, and that somebody wasn't going to be a resident of Europe. Hoarse shouts of rage promptly arose from the bankers whose delicate sensibilities were cruelly bruised by these unkind words.

William B. Hibbs may be Wall Street's Washington scout, but his worship of the accepted Wall Street gods is highly distressing to all Wall Street's religious zealots. On several occasions he has actually not only implied that J. P. Morgan can be imperfect or wrong but he has said clearly and distinctly that such is the case. Wall Street has waited with bated breath for the Morgan lightning to strike William B. Hibbs in the exact center of his immaculate necktie, but nothing has struck. Times change, and the customs of the times. Those who once read Horatio Alger now read Pippy Stories. Hibbs was right about the election, they whisper. Can he be right about—well, about other things?

If Horatio Alger, Jr., had essayed to write a truthful history of Bill the Newsboy, with William B. Hibbs as a model, he would have run up against a severe obstacle before he had finished; for when he made the benevolent pickle manufacturer with the side whiskers pat him on the head and say "How would you like to come and live with me, my fine fellow?" he would have had to make Bill reply, "That would be nice, but whiskers are unsanitary and it gives me a pain to be called a fine fellow." That would have ruined the book. Bill, however, would have been justified.

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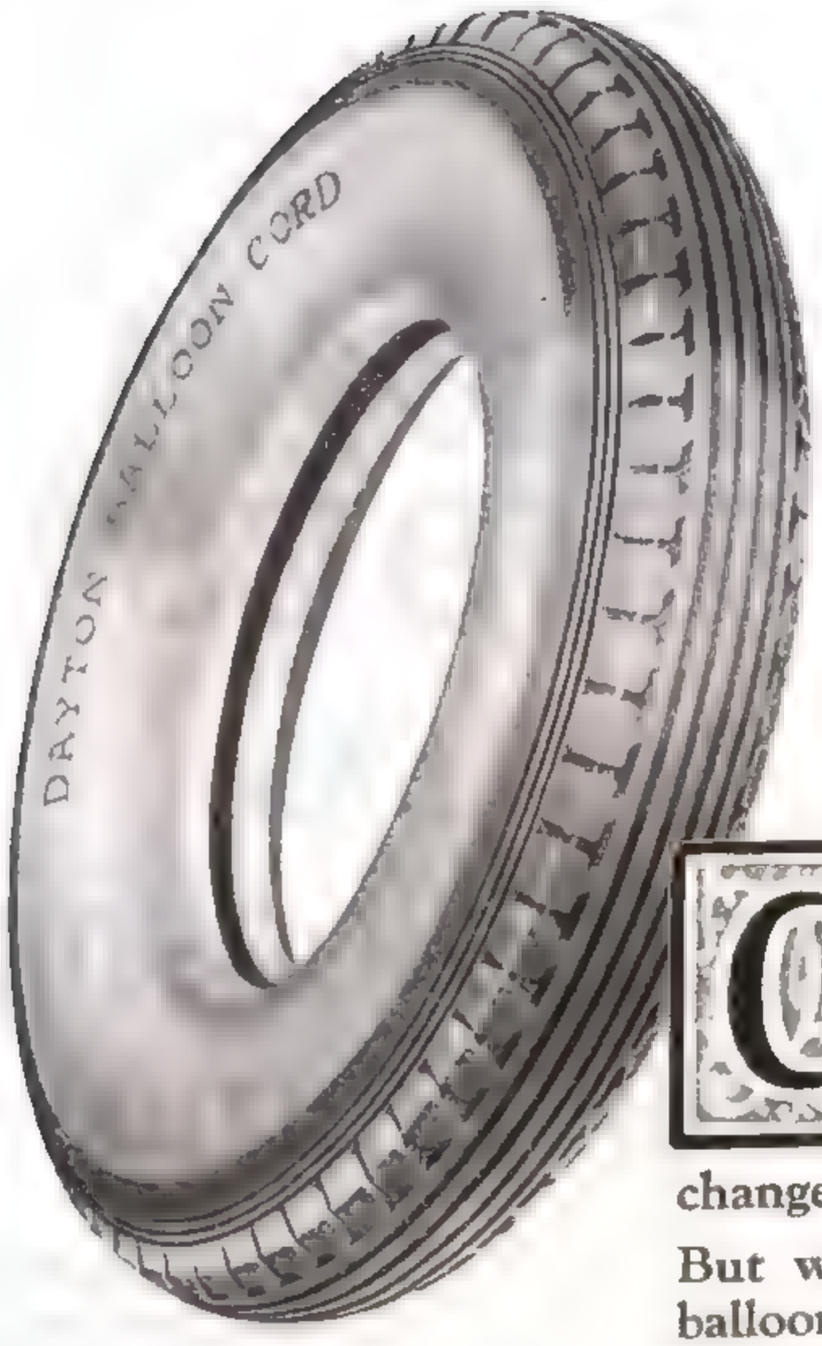

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HEALTH AND SPORTS SUITS

(Continued from Page 21.)

the water with a minimum of resistance, like a seal. Part is due to the thicker and more evenly distributed layer of adipose, which protects the heart and solar plexus, as well as the muscles of the limbs, from the dreaded cramp-producing cold of the water. But the principal reason, humiliating as it may seem to our masculine pride, appears to be the simple fact that woman is a better machine for the job, piles up speed with less friction, runs with less expenditure of energy and greater economy of fuel.

And now that the great mass of women are almost as well fed as their menfolk, which they emphatically were not fifty or even thirty years ago, for they had to eat at second table, on the leavings of the ravenous male—after having baked and fried and stewed their own appetites out of existence, until they were sick of the very sight and smell of food—and as they are being given a fair chance to get out of their cookstove and washtub prisons, where they served life sentences at hard labor, and to play happily and vigorously in the open air, they are going to covet and capture other of our cherished championships.

Broadly speaking, star performers, champions, are born, not made; and the one thing needful for their discovery and training is a sufficiently wide substratum or mass of thousands or millions of individuals, born of sound stock, well fed, well housed and well played, from which to skim off the cream of the exceptional, the gifted, the marvels—and the freaks—the physical geniuses, who happen at about a certain rate per million, according to the laws of chance.

For instance, the college which has the largest body of legitimate raw material, students, plus the greatest opulence of snug and safe collegiate berths to attract gifted young athletic possibilities, will seven times out of ten have the best team. And the same—barring jolly little freaks like Finland and her Kohlemainen and Nurmi—is true of the great Olympic games. The largest, best-fed and wealthiest nations will usually win the highest number of prizes.

Which is to say that while for nearly a century past our colleges and great athletic clubs and national sports organizations had literally millions of sound, well-grown, well-exercised young men to draw upon for their marvels and finds, up to twenty-five years ago there was no such thing as even a tenth of a million of vigorous, well-fed, well-played, athletically trained girls and young women to furnish the mass of raw material necessary to produce the "per-thousandage" of exceptionals and unusuals out of which champions may be made.

Discarding Ladylike Handicaps

Only one class, the most favored financially, in either this country or Europe gave its daughters one-fifth of the opportunity and facilities for athletics, outdoor sports and open-air life and enjoyments which their brothers had. And they formed less than five per cent, in most countries scarcely one per cent, of the total population. But now the high-school girl all over the land is just as frankly and naturally athletic, as keenly interested in games and sports and as well posted on records as her brother or her boy cousin.

She is better dressed for the part; eats real food instead of pickles, bananas, olives, chocolate and fudge; is rid of all her crippling, artificial "ladylike" handicaps; and our cherished masculine superiority is likely to be attacked at other of our proudest and most impregnable points. There will surely be happenings, and we shall see what we shall see.

Next after the automobile and golf, too high credit can hardly be given for the spread and popularity of comfortable, sensible sport-type clothing to the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the Camp Fire Girls and other like organizations for the promotion of outdoor habits and joyous life in the open.

Everywhere one goes one sees on every hand, on country roads, on city streets, in great public buildings, in civic processions, the khaki-clad ranks or figures of these sturdy, self-reliant, honor-loving brown and rosy-faced youngsters, "little friends of all the world."

And their uniform both expresses them and sets them a standard to live up to in its simplicity, straightforwardness, dignity, healthfulness, service. From its picturesque sun-and-storm-proof hat—the best human headgear ever invented, of which our now well-nigh universal fedora is a polite imitation—to its broad-soled, low-heeled, comfortable shoes, the uniform, free at the knees, close at the waist, loose over the shoulders, open at the neck, is the visible embodiment of their character and spirit—nothing to conceal, nothing to fear, everything for service to others. If you need a courtesy, aid or direction, just look around for the first gleam of khaki and walk right up to it.

The Change in Woman's Status

How far costume is an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual change taking place in its wearers, how far it is in itself a molding and controlling force upon that which fills it, is, as it always has been, a question.

That profound but crabbed philosopher, Thomas Carlyle, it will be remembered, wrote a whole philosophy of clothes, his famous Sartor Resartus—the tailor restitched—in which he attached profound importance to their significance, both as a sign and as a cause of character.

But to sketch the process very roughly, it would appear to have in the main run thus: In the general stirring toward freedom, which was in the air a century ago, women demanded and won some degree of freedom from their conventional and crippling costumé for their own personal pleasure and enjoyment.

Then with the "new heavens and the new earth" opened up by science, steam and machinery came the break-up of the semi-slave status which was woman's historic "place in the home." New and undreamed-of fields of ambition and activity were laid open to her, and at once came the necessity for some sort of business costume or working clothes along the convenient and sensible lines of her outdoor clothing, but of more formal character for street wear.

How swift and progressive and insistent was the demand may be glimpsed by Mrs. Coolidge's sta'ement at the opening of the Women's World Fair, in Chicago, that fifty years ago only seven occupations, outside of domestic service, were open to women. Now there are one hundred and seven!

For twenty years now past, business women have been dressed as quietly, as sensibly, as healthfully and almost as comfortably as business men.

Then came the broadening into welfare, uplift and public work. Next politics, steadily simplifying, improving in taste, shedding old absurdities.

Finally in the fullness of time came the thrice-blessed automobile with its ruthless transvaluation of values sartorial, shearing everything down to the very buff; regardless of everything but comfort for the back seats, freedom and efficiency for the front. This was the finishing and, we trust, confirming touch, making it utterly impossible for us ever to relapse into the ancient imbecilities again, except, of course, upon show and state occasions for purely decorative purposes.

This we hope will be the touchstone which will be applied as an acid test to any future proposals in this direction, whether merely brainless or mercenary: "Would it do in the car?"

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Millions of car owners endorse it. They have had satisfactory experience for years. They know it positively and permanently stops leaks anywhere in a car's cooling system. Easy to use. Absolutely harmless. Leaves no unsightly patches. Saves cost of removing radiator for expensive repairs or a new radiator. Also prevents other leaks from developing. Absolutely guaranteed not to clog circulation or do any other damage. That's why substitutes are dangerous. Insist upon the genuine Warner Liquid Solder. Get a can today. Write us direct if your dealer cannot supply you. 75c for 10 oz. can. Big car size $1.

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A KEDS model with crepe sole. Light, springy and remarkable for long wear

A STURDY athletic-trim Keds model built for the hardest sports and vacation wear. Athletic-trims come in lace-to-toe and lace-to-instep styles -and with black, brown or gray trim.

Photo by Levick

Nationally-known Champion pays tribute to KEDS

"I have just finished playing in the . . . . Championship, which I managed to win. I used Keds throughout the tournament. Maybe they were the reason I won, as I never played in any shoes that held as they did. I played over sixty sets with them and I am very hard on shoes, but they are still going strong. They are by far the best tennis shoes I have ever worn."

THIS letter from a well-known tennis champion—was written just after winning his title. Almost daily such evidence of the amazing wearing quality of Keds continues to pile up!

Keds are especially built to stand the grinding, tearing wear of the most strenuous athletic games. And the same sturdy, reinforced construction—the same tough, wear-resisting rubber soles—the same light, cool, comfort—make Keds ideal for hard everyday summer wear on the feet of growing boys and girls.

For camping, hiking, games, outings—for every kind of outdoor wear—Keds are worn by millions of men, women and children today.

But you cannot be sure of real Keds quality and service unless you find the name Keds on the shoe.

Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. And the name Keds is *always* on every real Keds shoe.

You can get Keds in all the popular styles—and at prices varying according to grade, size and style from $1.25 to $4.50.

If you want the longest wearing quality your money can buy, it will pay you to look for the name—*and insist on Keds!*

Free for Boys and Girls

The Keds Hand-book of Sports contains all kinds of interesting information on games, sports, camping, woodcraft, and dozens of other subjects. Sent free if you address Dept. A-80, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

¶ They are NOT Keds UNLESS the NAME Keds is on the shoe

Just fancy anyone trying to drive a car in a Gainsborough hat, a headdress like a Fiji Islander, a trailing skirt, five petticoats and dolman sleeves!

The automobile is a literal Wheel of Fate upon which all ancient absurdities are broken.

And mark, as Herr Teufelsdröckh, in Sartor Resartus, shrewdly points out, how subtly clothes react upon the wearer!

No sooner has our rising youth donned a sport cap of generous amplitude and eloquent pattern, than he becomes in spirit a sportsman and must act accordingly. No longer merely a thing that takes orders, that jumps whenever his letter is struck on the managerial keyboard, he becomes in outlook one of those who control Fate, not controlled by it. If he goes the daring length of knickers, he joins the Brotherhood of the Owners of the World. Buy a cap and in time you'll own a car. And the next thing will be a world cruise. The steamer cap is the real modern magic carpet which whisks you all over the world.

Yet "grave and reverend seigniors" in the medical profession are denouncing the automobile because it makes men forget how to walk and is causing "fatty degeneration of the muscles of the legs and stagnation of circulation in the lower abdomen."

It does perhaps make it too easy to avoid walking on cement sidewalks, down gray, prison-walled streets, but it whirls in a few quarters of an hour thousands where only tens could go before, out into the open fields and woods, where exercise of every sort becomes a pleasure instead of a solemn duty to protect your precious health, and lands you there dressed ready for anything.

All the world's awheel, and so delighted are our city dwellers with the rediscovered charms of roaming and camping that grave fears are expressed lest our civilization slip happily backward and half the world turn nomad once more.

And the new auto-born costumes are just as convenient, as comfortable, as becoming for the farmer and his boys as they are for his womenfolk. Knee breeches with leggings, gaiters or heavy stockings are the most suitable type of leg wear for the farm, as well as among the gears and brakes of an auto. Especially now that everything on the farm is coming to be done by machinery, motor, tractor, and so on, some sort of hard-surfaced blouse, and a comfortable tweed or homespun coat, set in at the back, with skirt enough for capacious pockets and plaited over the shoulder to allow free arm movement, are as ideal for farm wear as for the car and golf.

The up-to-date golfer of the day with his fustian jerkin with knitted sleeves and belt, his ample, straight-hanging, divided-skirt plus-fours, his coarse, plaid, bread-and-butter stockings and low thick-soled shoes is an almost ludicrously perfect replica of an expert old Scotch gardener tending his rose beds or a lowland farmer starting on the daily round of inspection of his holdings.

Indeed, as a matter of fact our favorite and delightfully comfortable and sensible golf togs are a direct heritage of the regular everyday costume of the sturdy Scotch yeomen farmers and thrifty merchants and skilled artisans among whom the sacred sport, the game of the gods, originated. The farmer today with the aid of the motor and the mashie sets the fashion for princes.

BLESSED ARE THE SHINGLED

(Continued from Page 50)

Halfway to Beaudesert Court, on a piece of straight going where one can see a mile ahead and a mile astern, and Marcus could see nothing either way, he halted the car and his arm glided round the shoulders of Dorothy in a manner of which his colonel would have been proud.

"I've waited a few hours and really I can't wait any longer," declared Marcus, and kissed that magnificently incarnadined mouth.

"So this," reflected Dorothy, "is what it's like," and turned away her head with the bored brutality of any sated beauty, so quickly does a girl learn, given the right setting.

Mrs. Crake said nothing splendidly; Cynthia, in a moment of opportune byplay, glanced at Henry and turned her thumbs down; Marcus rehearsed the manner of some popular explorer, long given up for lost, who returns unexpectedly, all beard and bumptiousness, with an authentic setting of great auk's eggs on the point of hatching out.

After tea Mrs. Crake immersed herself in conversation with Jenkins regarding a thanksgiving dinner, Cynthia and Marcus took their cross-word puzzle, so to speak, out onto the mat, and Henry followed Dorothy into the water garden, where, apparently oblivious of him, she came to rest on the stone seat.

"Perhaps we also some day when we're old, and you're a squadron leader—I don't think ——" murmured Cynthia to Marcus, watching them go.

Out in the water garden among the listening lilies, Henry Brandon said, "Why are you so unkind to me, Dorothy? What have I done wrong?"

"I'm not unkind. I merely hate the sight of you."

"But why?"

"Don't keep on saying why like a seven-year-old child. I hate you because you're a living lie. All your life, as far as I knew, you'd never done wrong; and being sorry for you, as women are sorry for men, with reason, I mistook pity for love and never did wrong either, and grew up into the shiny-nosed ill-dressed goop I was until a few hours ago. Then I found you out; I discovered you were a secret gambler, and now I'm trying to make up for lost time. Unfortunately, one never can make up for lost time, and that's why I loathe you so. If you were a decent villain I could forgive you; but a person who merely backs horses by stealth isn't much better than a rather daring worm."

"I've done worse than that. I received a whole pile of very intimate letters from strange young women this morning, and I kissed Cynthia this afternoon."

"Probably, from what I know of Cynthia, you were the only man of her acquaintance who hadn't; and anyhow, Marcus kissed me on the way home. Is a kiss so very revolutionary, my dear Henry?"

She glanced up, saw how pale he seemed, and the old Dorothy, very alert beneath the skin-deep new Dorothy, marveled that this strong, this calm, this gifted man should so blanch because of her.

"I've cut off my hair, and shingling has on a girl the opposite effect it had on Samson. I'm strong enough to forget about you forever and go my own way."

Henry Brandon, with that secret enterprise foretold by Marcus Holyoake in the former's study, gathered Dorothy to his breast and answered:

"I adore you, you hard-hearted little brute, and I'll be as wicked as you like if only you'll help me."

When he had kissed away most of her dearly bought new face powder, the new Dorothy answered:

"I s'pose nothing's wicked when you're married, but we might try."

As she was dressing for dinner, the news of the engagement being then public property, Cynthia sauntered into her room athirst for detailed information. Dorothy finished drawing her costly frock over her head. Cynthia gazed open-mouthed at what the absent frock revealed.

"My dear!" she said at last. "Where in heaven's name ——"

"I can give you the address of the shop if you like," replied Dorothy, with the least touch of condescension. "Everything's so easy when you know how, isn't it?"

FOR twenty-five years the "Wear-Ever" Trade Mark has assured users that each utensil bearing that mark is of highest quality and most suitable for the purpose for which it was made.

All "Wear-Ever" utensils are made of thick sheet aluminum which has passed through huge rolls and powerful stamping machines—making the metal hard and dense.

The "Wear-Ever" Trade Mark appears on:

1. Domestic utensils—sold by Stores.
2. Specialties—sold by Specialty Salesmen.
3. Hotel utensils—sold to Hotels and Institutions by Supply Houses and to Homes by Stores and Specialty Salesmen.

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Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

The mark of the modern kitchen

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25th Anniversary of "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Cooking Utensils

"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Cooking Utensils

A Hundred Million Now In Use

Suppose you had to do without Fire and Ice?

THE whole of civilization would fall to pieces if man could not cook his food. And more of your comfort than you realize depends on the ice in your refrigerator.

Now carry this fact a step further, and you see for the first time what a wonderful service the *genuine* "Thermos" Bottle is to you.

Whenever you stir abroad from home without a "Thermos" Bottle you have to depend on finding fire and ice where you go.

With a "Thermos" Bottle you can *carry* the effects of fire and ice *with you.*

A wonderful thing! In a few "Thermos" Bottles and Food Jars you could carry enough hot and cold food and drink to sustain the whole family for 24 hours.

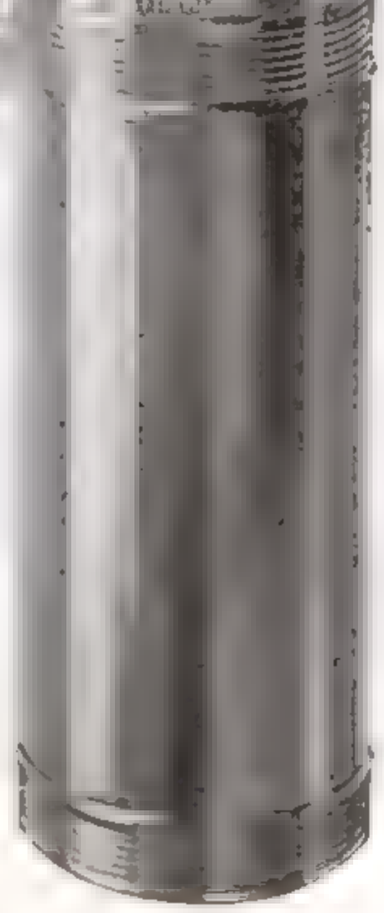
Do you wonder that every year thousands of people are discovering new uses for *genuine* "Thermos" Vacuum Bottles?

Many of these uses will occur to you offhand. Others you will only discover when you provide yourself with *genuine* "Thermos" Vacuum Bottles and make them serve you in all the ways they can.

'Tis "Thermos" or 'Tisn't "Thermos"

And remember—get the *genuine* "Thermos." There are many vacuum bottles similar in appearance. Get the *genuine* "Thermos" with the "Thermos" Trade Mark.

There is a Genuine Thermos Vacuum Bottle to suit every need and pocketbook



No. 6Q. Quart Bottle. Finished in full nickel-plate. $4.25 each

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THE AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO. 366 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK

Chicago San Francisco Norwich, Conn. Huntington, W. Va. Thermos Limited, London, England Thermos Bottle Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

SMUGGLING ALIENS ACROSS OUR BORDERS

(Continued from Page 25)

they're worrying about. All they're after is his coin. They're hand and glove with the rum-running and drug bunch. Sometimes it's the same identical outfit handling both lines. Often they're booze fighters. Usually the only reason they're caught at all is because they're slow on the draw. They'll run into a trap we've baited and the order of our patrol, 'Flop your guns!' takes them unawares. They'd murder us before you could say 'knife' if they could. For it's that or a stiff term at Atlanta for them.

"As a general thing, however, the ringleaders take no chances. They make their tools stand the risk. They sit tight across the border, out of reach of the law—for smuggling is not an extraditable offense—organize their little night parties and collect their fares like a regular tourist agency. A reckless lad takes the risk and the higher-up guy sits tight and rakes in the coin. Sweet little business, eh? We catch the small fry, stick them in jail, block up one secret runway after another; but what good does that do so long as we can't touch the men at the top? They simply hire fresh tools to do their dirty work. And in a tight jam, the alien is always the boy who is passed the hot end of the poker to hold."

In Cuba, Florida and along our land borders, tales of atrocious brutality abound—some of them, no doubt, exaggerated, but the bulk and the burden of them only too true—of poor devils of ignorant aliens who discovered that they had bitten off more than they could chew, and that the business of getting themselves smuggled into this country was not quite so safe or so pleasant as it had been cracked up to be. Tales of hijackers who, promising to deliver their fares across the border for so much a man, drove them to a lonely point and relieved them of their wads. Of aliens, tied hand and foot, tossed overboard in a running fight with Federal speed boats. Of others held up as human shields to protect the tool from a shower of bullets in the dark.

Ellis Island of the North

But if the law-evading immigrant has his problems, the United States border patrols who enforce the law have their share of trouble too. Looked at from any angle, it is a hard, ugly, dangerous job, with swift, inglorious death forever camping hard on their trail. Wet and cold and exhaustion and long, grueling hours. A sudden shot in the dark. *Fini.* One more unknown soldier has cashed in his checks.

Consider the magnitude of the problem. Take, for example, the Canadian frontier. A border extending thousands of miles. No forts, machine guns or barbed-wire entanglements; only a scant staff of motorcycle immigration-patrol inspectors, with a territory so vast to cover that it is humanly impossible to keep guarded every highway and byway every moment of the night and day. An invisible line, intersected by roads, trains, lakes and rivers with constantly plying ferryboats. Hard by are convenient farms and boarding houses, where for a sum the smuggling gangs cache their fares until the high sign comes that the road is clear to shoot their human cargo through. Adjacent to the border are great cities in whose foreign purlieus the aliens can lie doggo among friends.

In the Eastern sector, for example, is Montreal, a distance of two hours by train, less than half that by a high-powered automobile. Here smuggling has been organized and standardized. There exists ring upon ring—Greeks for the Greeks, Poles for the Poles, and so on. Each ring with its own system of signals, second and third line communications, friendly stations and secret runways. Here also flourish passport factories, where false affidavits are forged; farms where aliens, admitted into Canada as domestics or farm hands, are held prior to smuggling; and fleets of taxicabs whose drivers are willing to take a chance at twenty dollars a throw. The leaders carry on their traffic without let or hindrance, amass fortunes and boast openly how they beat the Yankees in the game. Not subject to extradition and breaking no Canadian law, so long as they do not set foot on American soil they may continue their infamous practices ad lib.

So much for the Canadian side. On the American side, the chief city adjacent to the border is Detroit. Detroit, the Ellis Island of the north. But an illegal, unauthorized Ellis Island—Ellis Island with a bar sinister. For here, at Windsor, a small town on the Canadian side, separated only by the Detroit River, a ten minutes' ferryboat ride, collect hordes of noneligible aliens—criminal, defective, unfortunate, poor or unfit, barred at Ellis Island—which the smugglers collect as fares at so much per capita, shoot across the river in high-power speed boats under cover of the dark and deliver to friends on the Detroit water front.

Compose the picture for yourself. First, a great industrial center, growing by leaps and bounds, seething with vitality—a kind of fabulous young demigod still in the awkward age, a hobbledehoy youth, all overgrown feet and hands, yet giving splendid promise of mature beauty and power. It is a city of magnificent distances, untold wealth, limitless opportunity, multifarious enterprise. One single fact gives the index of prosperity of the average citizen: There are more automobiles than telephones. In other words, the automobile has become a necessity for the laboring man. Work is abundant, wages high. Unskilled labor receives more than twice the wage paid in England and more than five times that in Italy—and any day one may behold, big as life, descending from their costly limousines, millionaires who a few brief years ago were horny-handed laborers in grimy overalls. Is it strange that non-eligible aliens from the four corners of the globe swarm like bees around this vast industrial honey pot?

Second, Detroit, like most of our great industrial cities, contains a large foreign population which is distinctly friendly to ineligible aliens desiring to slip in by the back door. Many of these ineligibles are relatives, friends or race compatriots of residents in the foreign section who either actively aid and abet the smugglers or passively support their unlawful operations. Thus the prevailing sentiment, so far as the foreign population is concerned, and also the newspapers which cater to that population, is distinctly hostile to and against enforcement. The consequence of this active or passive hostility is that, once an alien is successfully smuggled across the border, the city swallows him up as the sea swallows a pebble cast into its midst.

Immigrating Via Ferry

Third, the difficulty of enforcement is rendered tenfold more intense by the geographical location of Detroit. It lies stretched out somewhat in the shape of a gigantic horseshoe, its open segment on the Detroit River, with Windsor, the smugglers' delight, on the Canadian shore only ten minutes away. Ferryboats ply constantly back and forth, carrying each day tens of thousands of passengers. Immigration inspectors, insufficient in numbers, work long hours under trying conditions, examining the crowds. Inspections are, in the nature of the case, hasty, and many aliens undoubtedly slip through. Upon this phase of the subject the latest report of the district director of Detroit states:

"The smuggling of aliens, even through the regular channels of entry, may become comparatively easy of accomplishment where the undesirable is Americanized in appearance. This may be readily understood when it is considered that at such an inspection point as the Detroit and Windsor Ferry there enter approximately 400,000 passengers a month, and with the limited number of inspectors available it is manifestly impossible to discover each and every alien who may not be fully entitled to enter. On an average, an examining officer cannot devote more than a few seconds of his time to a passenger. An inadmissible alien, under the guidance and instruction of a seasoned smuggler, who remains safely on the Canadian side, may attempt time and again to enter, gaining each trip additional knowledge which will eventually enable him to get past an inspector who meets him for the first time.

Inspectors must make quick use of all their resources in an effort to determine promptly the status of each and every passenger in the turbulent mass of humanity surging forward for quick entry from the ferryboats to the gates.

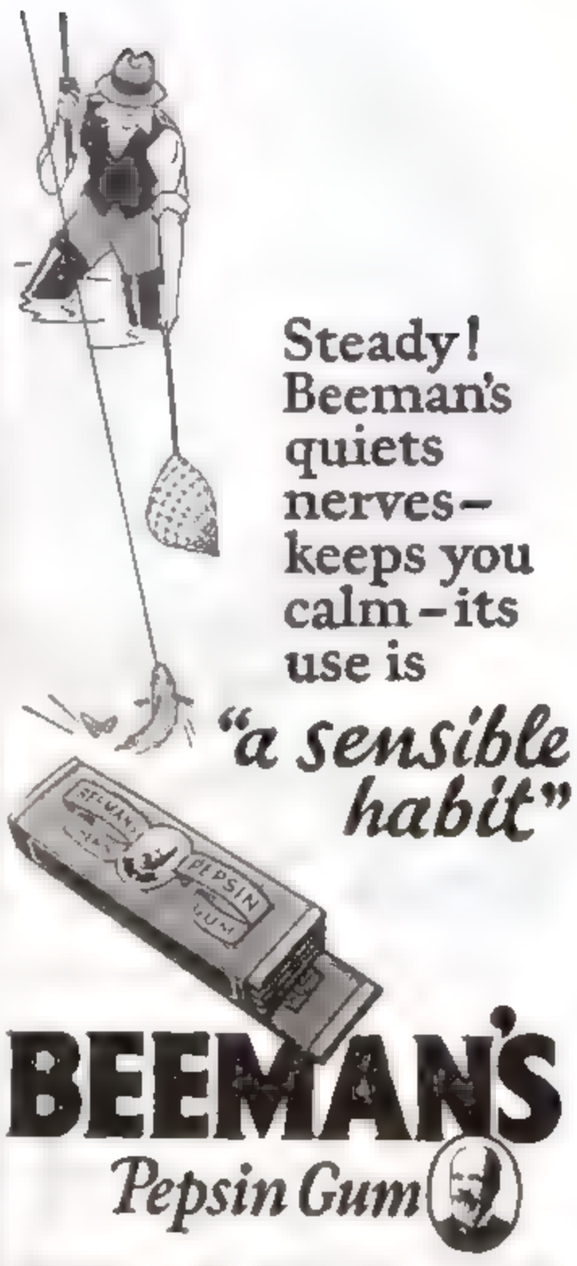
"There is no doubt but that in the course of a year large numbers of aliens presenting fraudulent proof of American citizenship gain unlawful entry, due to the fact that it is a physical impossibility for the small number of inspectors to discover this class of smuggling except in exceptional cases. In order that smuggling operations through regular channels be stopped it is absolutely necessary that the present inspection force in the Detroit district be increased to such an extent as to make possible a reasonably thorough inspection of entering passengers."

A Hundred-Mile Difficulty

We come now to the smuggling operations, not through regular channels, but on the Detroit River under cover of the dark. The official report above quoted contains the statement that during the past year smuggling operations in the Detroit district have been greater than at any time since the establishment of the Canadian border service. It continues:

"This stretch of border offers two zones which are particularly productive of smuggling, namely, St. Clair and Detroit rivers. The distance along St. Clair River is approximately forty miles, while the Detroit River is about sixty miles in length. Experience has shown that with reference to the St. Clair and Detroit rivers, passage can be effected from the Canadian shore to the American shore within ten minutes' time. A continuous patrol, therefore, becomes imperative. Landings, particularly on the Detroit River, cannot be prevented by a strictly land patrol, for the reason that the shore line is broken up to an excessive degree, either by natural geography or by factories, railroad yards, and so on, the majority of which are surrounded by insurmountable fences. Actual experience has demonstrated that an officer on the shore has detected boats coming from the Canadian side and yet been unable to reach the point of landing in time to intercept the occupants. I have given much careful consideration to the problem, having conferred not only with experienced officers of this service but with representatives of other departments, and it is the consensus of opinion that to control effectively the situation a water patrol is absolutely necessary covering a considerable portion of the border involved.

"It is doubtful if any portion of the United States border affords better opportunity for successful evasion of the law by smugglers than does the border in this district. As reported on several occasions to the bureau, virtually thousands of aliens have been smuggled into the United States across the border in this district, inspection officers being powerless to stop the influx, as their entire time has been taken up in the examination of aliens applying at regular gateways of entry in a lawful manner. It is highly important that an effective land-border patrol service be established at the earliest possible date, and that a personnel be furnished sufficiently large in number to



Steady! Beeman's quiets nerves—keeps you calm—its use is "a sensible habit"

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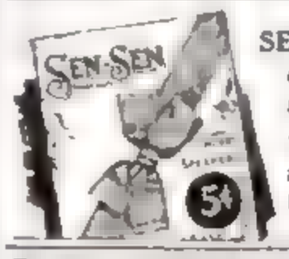

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Only the coupon below and foot measurements

We will guarantee to stop tired, aching, burning sensations of the feet. We will stop pains in your toes, instep, arches, ankles and heels. We will halt those dull aches in calf, knee or thigh We will relieve you of cramped toes and painful callouses. All this we guarantee—and we offer you a free trial. If not relieved the test costs you nothing.

We Guarantee to End Your Foot Pains in 10 minutes or it *costs you nothing*

TORTURING feet bring misery, suffering, unhappiness. You can stop this torture almost instantly a new way. And the relief will be permanent.

Because what we offer sounds too good to be true, and because the way to accomplish so much is so simple and easy, you may entertain doubts and delay acting. So we make you this proposition: Make this trial *at our risk*—and if the test fails and our methods do not accomplish what we say, then it will cost you nothing. *No risk, no loss.*

We can make this offer confidently because more than a million foot sufferers have proved the truth of what we say. They KNOW foot pains are unnecessary suffering.

New scientific discoveries

The science of foot healing has made many important discoveries. Perhaps the most significant was the discovery that most foot troubles are due to the straining of a small band of muscles in the front of the foot. The foot is composed of 26 bones of different sizes, all bound together with muscles and ligaments and forming two arches. The long arch everyone knows. But the more important arch is across the front of the foot, between the big toe and little toe, and forming a slight span which keeps the center of the foot off the ground. This arch is hardly perceptible, but important.

In the channel formed by this arch run the nerves and blood vessels which operate the toes. When the forward arch collapses, due to weakening of this band of muscles, the bones of the toe joints crush the sensitive nerves and blood vessels against the ground, or the hard sole of your shoe. This causes pain and suffering.

When forward arch [illegible] pains begin. Pain results.

This shows conditions corrected and arch restored to normal by wearing the Jung Arch Brace. Note narrowing of the foot.

The collapsing of the forward arch throws the foot structure out of balance and soon the long arch breaks down and you have fallen arches, or flat foot. The foot spreads and lengthens. Shoes become too tight.

How to stop foot pains

Knowing this, it is obvious that if the forward arch is restored the bone pressure on the sensitive nerves will stop. We experimented for years to find the correct method to do this. Finally we developed a thin, light, cool, porous band of specially made super-elastic webbing. Hundreds of experiments and tests were made to determine the correct stretch and tension of this band and its right contour and design.

When perfected we gave it to doctors and foot specialists to test. Soon they were ordering this band in ever increasing quantities. Today more than a million people have used the Jung Arch Brace, which is the name of this appliance.

Instead of arch props, metal plates and pads you now slip this light but strong and durable band over your instep. It goes on like a garter and can be worn under or over the hosiery. It takes the strain off the weakened muscles and acts like a pliable supporting bandage to the forward arch. The muscles, relieved of strain, draw the arch back into place. The channel where the nerves run is restored. The bones no longer crush them and pain goes, like magic.

Your foot regains its normal width and length so you can actually wear narrower, smaller, more stylish shoes with complete comfort. Your feet no longer ache, you can dance all night, walk all day, stand for hours and never a twinge of suffering or discomfort.

Make this test at our risk

To prevent delay and remove doubts we make you [illegible] Make [illegible] at our risk. Go to your shoe dealer, druggist or [illegible]. Be fitted with a pair of Jung Arch Braces. Wear them [illegible] weeks. If not [illegible] return them to your dealer and get your money back. You run no risk. If your dealer hasn't them we will supply you. With a strip of paper [illegible] around the smallest part of your instep, just back of the toes, where the forward end of the brace is [illegible] in the diagram above. Mail us this measure with [illegible] We will send you a pair of Jung Arch Braces. Wonder shoes to fit you. You pay the postman $1 and postage. Or send us the money and we will prepay postage. For people having long or thick feet, for stout people or in severe cases, we recommend the "Miracle" style, extra wide, $1.50. Specify when ordering. **Make this test at our risk.**

THE JUNG ARCH BRACE CO.
148 Jung Building, Cincinnati, Ohio
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Wonder $1.25, Miracle $1.75
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Write to us for our free book, illustrated with X-Ray views of feet. Tells all about the cause and correction of foot troubles. How to stop foot and leg pains.

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148 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Please send me a pair of Jung Arch Braces in style checked. I enclose foot measurements.

Wonder Style, $1.00 per pair
Miracle Style, $1.50 per pair

On receipt of package, I will pay postman the above price and postage. My money to be returned if not satisfied. Please send free book on "Cause and Correction of Foot Troubles."

Name_____

Address_____

P. O._____ State_____

I wear size_____ shoe_____ width of last_____

My dealer is_____

cover the situation which has become, I dare say, a national menace."

A young patrol inspector, pallid from overwork and loss of sleep, confirmed this report.

"If only we had a few speed boats," he mourned, "we could put up a fight with those smuggling birds. We could soon rustle an equipment of our own if the Government would just start us out with a boat or two in order to catch some of the ringleaders and then permit us to use their confiscated property, as they do in the Customs and Prohibition departments. But with no water patrol, nor even an adequate land patrol, those guys have things all their own way. For this is how they work the game, see? A smuggler will round up a boatload of aliens, say twelve or fifteen, who fork out from $35 to $50 apiece; Chinamen more—they range from $150 to $500. So, you see, a good boatload will net a smuggler several hundred dollars. With such fat pickings you can see why, when caught, they snap their fingers at a month's imprisonment and fine. The smugglers can afford a vacation spell in jail, and when released on bail they simply hop it to the Canadian side.

"Pretty soft for them! But not so soft for the immigration officers. For here we are, stuck to the American side. No water patrol. We get a tip that Mr. Smuggler intends to shoot over a bunch of aliens on a certain night. We set a guard. We see lights, signals. For they have outposts or sentinels on the Detroit water front who signal if the coast is clear. If it's not, Mr. Smuggler or his tool simply keeps on down the river to another station where he gets his O. K. sign. He slides in to a dock, his motor running, delivers his bunch and beats it back. Even if we are wise to his signals, before we can climb over fences or race through railroad yards, they've put off, and a shower of our bullets goes over their heads or glances off their armored boats."

"And what do you need to put teeth into this law?"

"Two things. First, extradition. Second, a water patrol. If the Government would make smuggling an extraditable offense, and we could go after the ringleaders on the water, chase them to their lairs and soak them with high sentences at Atlanta and Leavenworth, we would soon break up the ring. As it is, we gather in the aliens and the small fry while the top fellows go scot free."

Alien Row Hostelries

These are the main elements of the problem in the Detroit district; recapitulating, they are: A great industrial city in which the aliens are easily lost; a sympathetic foreign population; an overworked, undermanned immigration service; no water patrol; and an organized gang of smugglers with high-power speed boats, some of which can pass any other craft on the two rivers.

And now let us catch the ferry and cross over to Windsor on the Canadian side. Down on the water front huddle frowzy little hotels and boarding houses which act as clearing houses for the smugglers. The two streets containing them have been dubbed Alien Row. Some of the hotel keepers, agents of the ringleaders, charge ten dollars for signing up a fare. The alien—Greek, Slovak, Rumanian or Italian, as the case may be, pays down his money—ten dollars to the hotel keeper, thirty-five or fifty to the smuggler "boss"—who in his own good time turns them over to his tool for delivery.

In this situation the alien has not the slightest atom of protection anywhere along the line; from first to last he is meat for the sharks. The smuggler may be a hijacker who pinches his money. The tool who ferries him across, panic-stricken under fire by the American patrol, may dump him overboard into the strong, icy current or hold him up as a human shield. And finally, even after delivery, he may be picked up, clapped into jail, fined and deported—not to Canada but to his native land. Taken altogether, the way of the alien transgressor is hard. From first to last it is a dangerous enterprise in which he puts in pawn life, liberty, and all of which he stands possessed at practically every stage of the game.

The immigration authorities know the smugglers in Windsor, know their characters, exploits and pedigrees. Members of the patrol hop the ferry to Windsor and pass the time of day with the offenders—usually, be it said, in order to extract some information as to their future movements. On their side, the smugglers make no heartbreaking efforts to conceal their activities. Why should they? They are not law breakers on Canadian soil.

In particular, there was one notorious ringleader. From the confessions of aliens and tools which he had used to pull his chestnuts out of the fire, the immigration authorities had enough evidence on this offender to send him up for a long term at Leavenworth. If only he could be lured to the American side! But he was what is termed a wise guy. He knew traps had been baited for him; he knew smart young patrol inspectors tossed wakefully on their pillows trying to dope out some scheme whereby they might clip his wide-spreading wings. But he didn't intend to have his pinions clipped. He boasted he would never be taken alive. He boasted also that there didn't live a man on earth smart enough to catch him, let alone the poor fish on the immigration patrol; boasted that he had cleaned up $18,000 on aliens that year, which the immigration bureau admitted was probably not wide of the mark.

Getting a Line on the Leader

This was the status of the case early in May when the writer came to Detroit—the bold bad hombre, derisively thumbing his nose at American law and shooting a load of aliens across the river in his high-powered speed boat almost any dark night. Safe in his lair, chinning jovially with the patrol when they sought his company, he was full of gibes and taunts and laughter which the inspectors swallowed with wry grace.

"You might go over to see this fellow," suggested the district director to me. "See what a notorious smuggler looks like. I'll give you a note to the Windsor chief of police. Possibly he might take you around."

But the chief of police was out of town and the Canadian immigration district director in charge opined that the smuggler, even if prevailed on to talk, would give utterance to naught but lies.

"It's a hard problem," he said, speaking unofficially, "and, frankly, I don't see any way out of it. With this water front and those high-powered speed boats, the smugglers have things just about their own way. Even with a water patrol and an adequate personnel, your Immigration Bureau would still have their work cut out, for the ringleaders stay on this side."

"How about extradition?" I inquired.

He pondered. "Why—yes. That would turn the trick. And it's about the only thing that will." He waxed enthusiastic. "A bully idea!"

"And Canada wouldn't object?"

"Lord, no!" he laughed. "Of course, I'm speaking unofficially. But everybody knows those fellows are undesirable citizens. Nevertheless, so long as they don't break Canadian law our hands are tied."

I strolled over to Alien Row, visited this unsavory section and crossed the Windsor Ferry, passing the inspectors, who detained me for a brief examination and decided to let me go. The same afternoon Inspector George Montague, in charge of the patrol, also crossed over to Windsor with a specific objective in mind. I saw him three days later, haggard, exhausted, with two hours' sleep to his credit in the space of two days, but with an unquenchable spark in his eye. From this point Inspector Montague may take up the narrative.

(Continued on Page 145)

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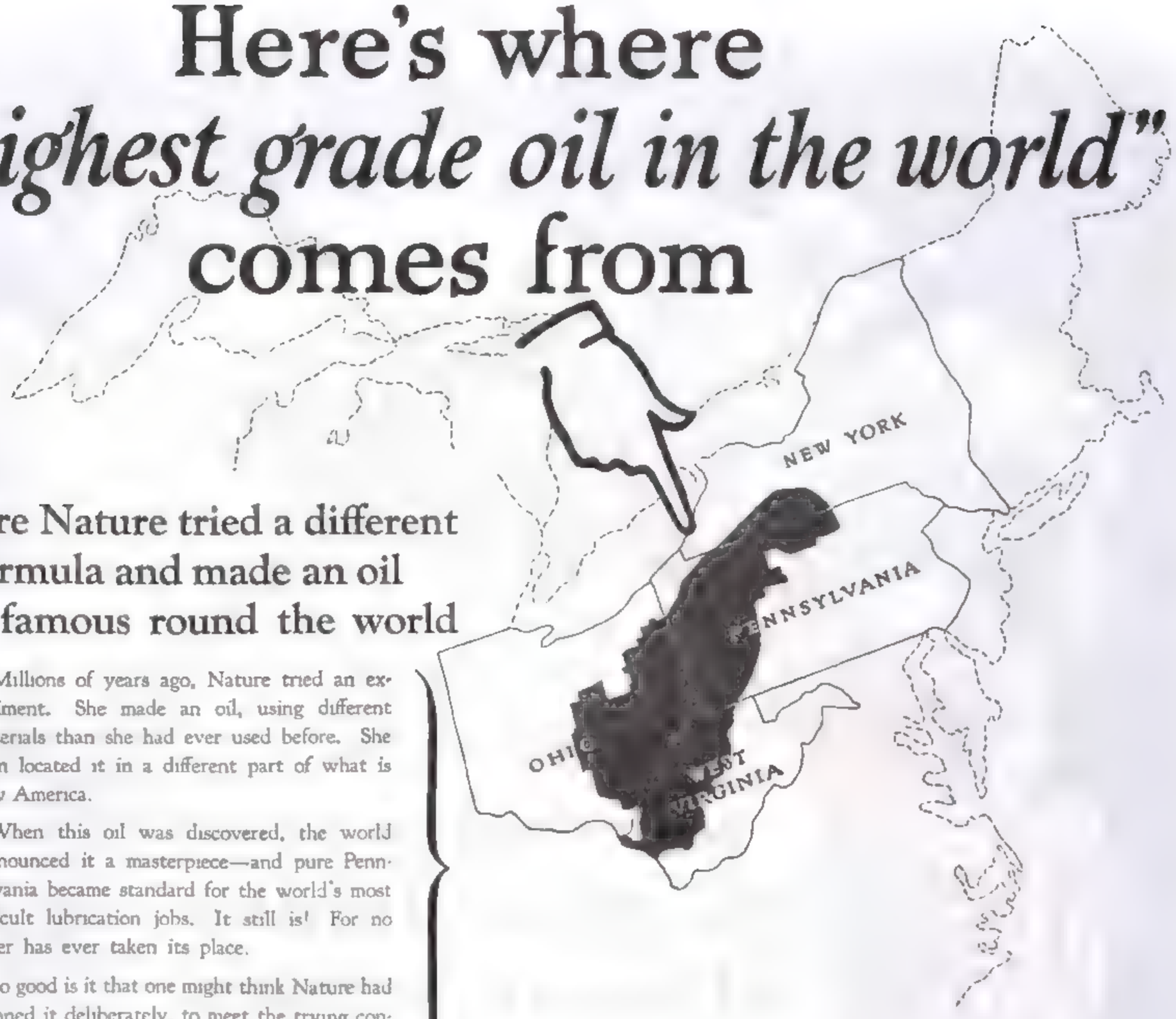

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(Continued from Page 142)

"I hopped the ferry to Windsor Monday afternoon," he said, "just to get a line on Charley and pick up what information I could. I came on him down on the water front, repairing his boat. I'd already rubbered around a bit, found the door of his place locked, but in an upstairs room, through the window, I'd glimpsed two aliens' heads—from which I deduced that Charley had collected his fares and intended probably to shoot them across that night. Not Charley himself, you understand. He'd send a tool.

"'Hello, Charley,' I said, strolling up to where he stood, tinkering at his boat.

"'Hello, Monty,' he came back, keeping on with his repairs. 'What's the good word?'

"'I see you're getting ready for business.'

"'Yeah. That's right, Monty. Got a few repairs still to make. Think she'll be all right to operate by Thursday or Friday, though.'

"I knew this was a lie to throw me off the scent. I figured he intended to send over a boatload that very night. His setting the date ahead clinched the thing.

"'Well, so long, Charley,' I said, turning away. 'I hope our boys riddle you with shot.'

"He laughed. 'So long, Monty Give my love to the boys. They're not the only ones that pack a gun.'

"That night I set a watch. I knew it was a practically hopeless proposition, for what with docks, railroad tracks and big, fenced-in factories extending mile on mile, our water front is an ideal spot for smuggling operations. They have dozens of secret runways like mice, and friendly boarding houses in which to stow the aliens away. In one of these houses I'd baited a trap for another smuggler. Not Charley. He was too smart. We'd put what we call a friend in the house, supposed to be in with the smugglers, but in reality loyal to us, who had promised to tip me off in the event that the smuggler turned up.

"Well, the night wore on. Our men waited for Charley's boat. And waited and waited. But no boat showed up. I figured he had been scared off by my untimely visit, so eventually I sent the patrol home. They were dead on their feet for sleep. And finally I turned in myself. Along about three in the morning my telephone bell burst loose like a fire alarm. I hopped out of bed and grabbed the receiver.

"'Hello! Hello! . . . Hello! . . . Hello!'

"Then I heard a husky whisper crawling over the wire. It was the friend I'd planted in the water-front house to catch the smuggler.

"'Charley's here!' he said."

Charley Cornered

"I jumped about three feet in the air. Charley! Ringleader of the gang! The guy who swore he'd never be caught alive. He'd walked into the trap baited for another smuggler, just like any common fool would.

"'Hold him,' I ordered, 'until I can get down there. Give him some booze.'

"'I have,' said the friend. 'He's sitting up at the table right now with a bottle of moonshine in one hand, a cup of coffee in the other, and between them a saucer of sliced onions, pickled in vinegar. He's dipping the sliced onions into the coffee and bragging how he beat the patrol. He had twelve in his boatload, including two Chinks.'

"'How did he happen to bring them over himself? What's he waiting for?'

"'He had to deliver the two Chinks C. O. D. They gave him a retainer of a hundred apiece and a hundred and fifty each on delivery. Those guys have been double-crossed so often they're getting wise. Charley couldn't trust anybody to collect it for him, so he had to shoot the bunch over himself. He's waiting for the fellow with the money to show right now. Drop in as soon as you can.'

"I slammed up the phone, dived into my clothes and beat it down to that house, keeping on the opposite side of the street. A taxi stood in front of the house. I took its number, then slipped down a side street and made my way to the rear entrance. The back door was locked. I fumbled around, not daring to make a noise, and my fingers closed over a string. I pulled, and the latch lifted.

"I shoved open the door and walked into a dark hall. I could hear voices, and light streamed from a room. I stood a moment, listening, felt for my gun, and sauntered in.

"'Hello, Charley!' I said.

"Charley went white as chalk. He sprang up from the table with a roar, upsetting his booze.

"'What's this? A frame-up?'

"'Frame-up nothing,' I said. 'We baited this trap for another smuggler. You walked into it, that's all. Keep away from that window, Charley.' He'd started edging toward the open window at his back. 'I've got nothing against you and I don't want to hurt you.' I took out the handcuffs.

"'Don't put those things on me,' he pleaded. 'Give me a chance. Let me jump through that window and shoot at me as I jump.'

"I held him firmly by the arm.

"'Snap out of it, Charley. I don't want to hurt you. But if you start any rough stuff I'll shoot you dead where you stand and that goes.'

"He collapsed at that and began to sob. I marched him outside. Charley gave a high sign to the driver, who beat it down the street. We caught him the next morning. Also the two Chinamen."

"Congratulations!" I said. "If we were at war, you'd get a medal for this."

Extradition Needed

He grinned and added soberly: "We're not out of the woods yet. Charley's over in the office of the United States marshal. His lawyer will try to get him released on bail. If he succeeds, Charley will jump his bail, hop over to Canada and start the same old game. He'll figure it's cheaper to lose $20,000 bail, with a chance to make it up, than to be sent to a Federal penitentiary for a long term of years."

"But surely they won't release him on bail?"

He shrugged. "We have so much evidence on Charley that he won't have an easy time. On one charge his bond is $12,000. We've got two others, $5000 each. That makes $22,000. And he's such a hardened offender that we may be able to prevent altogether his release. If not ——" Once more he shrugged.

"And extradition is the answer?"

He nodded. "Extradition—and a water patrol."

It is the unanimous opinion of the members of the immigration service at Detroit that with extradition and an adequate water patrol the smuggling rings across the river could be broken up and this vicious traffic in human lives terminated. As it stands, without such aids, there exists a situation at this point on the border which, to quote again the official report of the district director, "has become, I dare say, a national menace."

Journeying eastward from Detroit, one arrives, after a night's ride, at Rouses Point, in the extreme northern tip of New York, two hours by train from Montreal. Here different and somewhat more hopeful conditions prevail. In the first place, the river complication is absent. There is no long water front to hold. No great industrial city on the American side to swallow up the alien. No foreign population to aid the smugglers. No jobs for the immigrants to hop to at five or six dollars a day. By hook or crook they must reach New York before they are perfectly safe. In addition, winter sets in early; the roads are blocked with snow; smugglers and aliens are obliged to use trains—which fact narrows the man

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hunt down in winter to a single avenue. Finally, the Federal judges give the smugglers heavy sentences in the Federal prisons.

"And there's nothing like a good stiff term in Atlanta," declared one patrol inspector, "for putting the lid on this game. Such stiff sentences advertise the seriousness of the offense, and advertise it in the quarter where it will do the most good—among the ringleaders themselves."

Nevertheless, despite these ameliorations, the job of a patrol inspector is far from being a sinecure. It requires to a high degree brains, initiative, cool judgment and an unlimited capacity for hard work.

"The type of man we want," said the patrol inspector in charge, Bonazzi, "is the kind that's willing to tackle anything we ask him, who's afraid of nothing—yet still remains a gentleman, courteous even in disagreeable situations, doing his duty firmly, not slack or easy-going with suspects, yet leaving no hard feelings behind. We have here a stretch of sixty-five miles of border, with fifty-four roads to guard; two-thirds of them county back roads, but direct from Montreal, on which smugglers and rum runners—they work in close cooperation—rush through at a sixty-mile clip in the dark.

"To cover all this territory we have but ten border patrols. And in addition to automobiles, we have also to watch the trains, not only at the border but at stations nearer New York.

"The way the smugglers work the game is this: They round up a carload of eight, ten or twelve aliens, who pay anywhere from thirty to a hundred dollars—as much, in fact, as the ringleaders can stick them for. These immigrants have succeeded in getting into Canada as farm hands or domestic servants or on forged affidavits gained through some smuggling ring. Thousands enter that way. When the leaders have a load ready, they send word down the line to a friendly farm on their secret runway of their intention to shoot the aliens through on a certain night if the road is clear. If our patrols are guarding that particular portion of the road, their spies telephone in and the route is changed. But let us suppose they have won through to the friendly farm. Their job is not yet done. They usually attempt to break through our front and second lines of defense and stick the aliens aboard a train at some station well in the rear. Sometimes, in order to escape our dragnet, they run half the way down to New York."

Tricking a Smuggler's Agent

"The alien, you see, is practically helpless by himself. His clothes, his manners, his speech are all dead give-aways. He can be spotted without difficulty even in a big train crowd.

"This holds true for the vast majority of cases. So the smuggler or his tools are obliged to take him under their wing and clear a path for him. Not out of love for the alien, but because they must in order to receive their pay. They double-crossed their victims so often that the aliens have developed a counter defense.

"During the past year we apprehended at least 90 per cent of all inadmissible aliens who have crossed the border—five hundred in all. We trapped fifteen smugglers; eight of them we sent to Atlanta for severe terms in addition to heavy fines; the balance of the cases are still pending. As for the aliens caught, they've been prosecuted under the passport law, sent to jail from one to three months in addition to paying a fine, after which they were deported, not to Canada, but back to their native land. This serves to advertise to the old country that their nationals cannot treat our laws as a joke.

"The work of a border patrol calls for a cool head, quick decisions, ability to see through fraud, and, added to all that, a certain amount of play-acting ability. Some of our men are very good impersonators. One inspector was ordered to get evidence on a hotel keeper, a woman, whom we suspected of being a smuggler's agent. She ran a hotel near the border on the American side. We'd already raided it, caught eight aliens in one room, but had no evidence of guilt on the part of the hotel keeper. The smuggler who used this hotel as a receiving station would give a marked card to each fare, who in turn presented it to the woman. It was a sign that the alien was O. K. and should be hid.

"Our inspector had got wind of this contrivance and he decided to present himself in person with the card and see how it worked out. So he lay in wait along that route, captured a load of aliens before they reached her house, borrowed a ticket, and dressed himself up like a foreign hick in the worst outfit he could find. When the hotel keeper saw him she drew him aside and exclaimed:

"'Gosh, fella! You'll never get by in that rig. You got to change your clothes. They'll spot you for a greenhorn a mile off.' With that evidence we indicted the woman and fined her $700."

Looking for a River

"There was another ruse the aliens worked in order to prevent double-crossing. They'd put up their money with a neutral third party or stakeholder to turn over to the smugglers when word came through that the immigrants had been safely delivered. The aliens would tear a dollar bill in two, give one portion to the stakeholder, retain the other, and not until he received the second half of the dollar bill, which was sent back after safe delivery of the aliens, was the stakeholder supposed to turn over the cash. This was a good idea, but the smugglers came back with a counter-ruse which they worked two ways. First, they stole the second half of the dollar bill from the alien. Then they went one better and fixed the stakeholder, who was often a member of their own gang.

"And then there was the case of nine Greek aliens in Montreal. One of their own altruistic compatriots promised to smuggle them across the border for the trifling sum of $100 a head. This at a time when $35 was about the standard price. He drove them across Victoria Bridge, three miles from Montreal and forty miles from the border.

"He received their cash, smiled on them benevolently and said: 'Now you're in the United States, boys. This river is the dividing line. Just follow the railroad tracks and you'll soon reach New York.'

"They followed the tracks for two days without food, at the end of which time they staggered straight into the arms of our patrol. You see, the mind of the average ignorant alien conceives of the border as a river. He can't get it through his head that it's nothing but an invisible line. We've had them walk straight into us miles over our border, thinking they were still in Canada. 'But we didn't cross any river!' they say.

"And then we had four Italians. Those unfortunate men paid 4000 lire each—each, mind you!—in Italy to be smuggled aboard a ship. Then they paid 4000 lire each to be hid on the ship and landed on Canadian soil. Then they paid a taxi driver $75 each to be conducted into the United States—and were immediately caught and deported!"

It is from failures like these, duly advertised by the returning deportees, that a report is gradually being disseminated in the old country to the effect that smuggling aliens into the United States by the back door is not quite such a simple little proposition as it appears to be.

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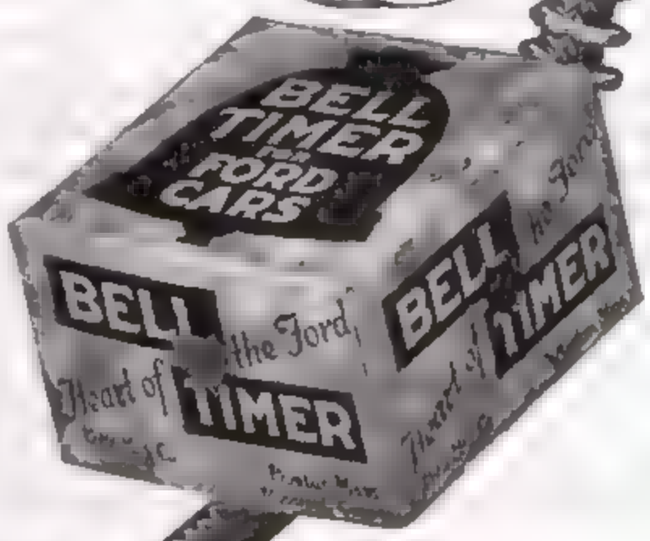

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THE GREAT AMERICAN SCANDAL

(Continued from Page 7)

out of any punishment. This fact will be set forth here with reluctance, because it tends to encourage the hope of murderers to escape punishment. But the fact must be faced if we may hope that an awakened public opinion will smash down the fabric of legal nonsense, expert testimony of purchased psychologists and alienists, technical loopholes, delays and corrupt trial methods which allow 90-odd per cent of willful murderers to walk out of the court room to call a taxi or receive a short vacation in a comfortable penitentiary.

If one desires a rough measure of comparison between our killer record and that of England and Scotland, let it be remembered that manslaughtering in Chicago and New York is going on merrily a little faster than the rate of one a day. In London the rate is something like one a fortnight. I have before me the report of the city constable of Edinburgh, Scotland, for 1924, which shows that last year that city of about 500,000 population got along with one murder, one homicide and one case of criminal negligence resulting in the charge of manslaughter.

The whole of England and Wales during 1923, with a population of less than 40,000,000, had less than 200 killings. St. Louis all alone, without help from anyone, did better than that in 1924.

If you lived in a city of Scotland the size of Jacksonville, Florida, your chances of escaping death by the hand of another would be about 142,000 to one. In Jacksonville itself your expectation of escaping lead or steel would be less than 2000 to one.

Philadelphia has had a murder record far above the figure for the whole of Canada!

It is sometimes said that we are still living in a pioneer, or unsettled, country and this accounts for some violence. In Western Australia the police commissioner's report for 1924 shows two cases of murder in a population of 350,000. The report for South Australia discloses five cases of manslaughter, murder and attempted homicide. Trenton, New Jersey, with a fraction of the population, did better than those two districts of Australia from which I happen to have current reports.

America's Grand Total

Our killing record as a nation, however, is best exhibited in the grand total. The committee on law enforcement of the American Bar Association in 1923 pointed out that nearly 100,000 citizens during a ten-year period had "perished by poison, pistol, knife or other unlawful and deadly injury."

"In no year during the past ten did the number fall below 8500," says another Bar Association report.

The figure climbs every year. In 1923 there were no doubt 10,000 homicides in the United States. In 1924, more than 11,000.

In European countries, on the whole, the tendency is away from savagery; the number of crimes of violence in proportion to the population is decreasing. Not so in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

In the whole of France in 1919 there were only 585 murders; six cities of the United States—Detroit, Cleveland, Los Angeles, New Orleans, Cincinnati and Indianapolis—piled up more than that during 1924.

Then consider this: Where a group of thirty American cities in 1900 showed a rate of five homicides for every 100,000 population, the same group shows a present rate of ten homicides for every 100,000.

How many of the 11,000 murders were solved and in how many were the guilty punished? In the answer to this are found amazing facts, sufficient to indicate why murder has become so common. It has become common because it goes unpunished in our America.

"In London in 1922," said Chief Magistrate McAdoo of New York, "fifteen murders were committed. Only two went unsolved and only one trial resulted in an acquittal."

But in the United States it is probably true that not more than 1 per cent of murderers pay the extreme penalty.

Chicago is the city which leads the murder record in civilized times. In 1921, according to the Chicago Crime Commission, there were 225 defendants in murder cases. More than three-quarters paid no penalty of any kind. Only six received the death penalty. About one-fifth went to the penitentiary. In 1922 about 62 per cent got off, about one-third went to the penitentiary. Out of every 100 only one paid the death penalty.

The Bar Association reports that during 1921 there were 260 murders in New York County. In 1921 there were three convictions of murder in the first degree!

One of the Safest Crimes

I talked with a pay-off-joint man in Chicago—an organizer of a criminal ring. He said:

"Murder is poor business. It shows a bad gross and net income. But it's one of the safest crimes. The chances are an even break that you will not be found or brought to trial. The chances are nearly 100 to one that you won't be executed. The chances are five to one, even if you get into the pen, you will be out before five years. That's the truth. And the chances are you don't get into the pen, anyhow. You'll go to an insane asylum on the testimony of bought doctors. That's murder in this day and place, my friend. It's not the police; it's the law and courts what does it."

One of our prominent life-insurance companies has made an analysis showing that, in the country at large, for every 146 murders only 69 indictments were found. Of these 69 only 37 were convicted and only one person executed. It is said that one criminal lawyer, famous as an adroit defender, has to his credit the saving of no less than 103 defendants from the gallows and the chair.

Anyone who worries because in this country capital punishment may be based on "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" can cease from this sentiment. Our system is such that it takes a toll of about a hundred teeth and eyes for every tooth and eye given in penalty for the taking!

Murder goes on not because the law forbids it; it goes on because our system—not the police system, but the judicial and legal system—holds out promise of immunity to the 12,000 who in 1925 will probably engage in homicidal performance in the United States.

We are indulgent toward such violence. If in Turkey a native population, stung by an alien population which is a breeding center of intrigue, commits a massacre we thrill with its brutality. But if the same number of American blood citizens of Illinois are shot down in a bull-pen feud and never have to pay any penalty, we never turn a hair. Savagery is obvious only in direct relation to its distance from us!

If we conduct lynchings when we feel like it, because the law is a feeble and hesitant old lady, we fail to compare ourselves with the savagery of China or Africa, where life is held lightly and law lighter.

Passing from killing, let us take burglary. As far back as the year 1915, Raymond Fosdick, in his book on the American police system, shows that London had one-eighth as many burglaries as New York. New York City alone had nearly twice the number of the whole of England and Wales. In 1919 Chicago had 2146 more burglaries

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than London. Even Detroit and Cleveland can pass London. Each one of those cities can produce about one-quarter of the burglaries in all England and Wales.

In 1921 Chicago had almost three cases of robbery with a gun per day. Even in the cases brought to trial, nearly 75 per cent of the defendants paid no penalty. In the first three months of this year, 1925, there were reported 636 robberies at the point of a gun—seven a day. London's robbery cases run between twenty and forty a year. In 1918 New York had two and a half times as many burglaries as London. In 1915 New York had more burglaries than the whole of England and Wales. In 1919, when statistics were available, there were, says the American Bar Association report, only twenty-nine highway robberies in France. San Francisco had that year 258 highway robberies, Washington 323, Chicago 1862, Louisville 241, St. Louis 1087. But France treats violence differently. Instead of letting off 90 out of 100 murderers, France convicted 408 of its 585 in the year 1919, and the same is true of robbery. I believe the sole reason for the difference between the mild crime record of France compared with our own big carnival is the difference between the punishment and the indulgence of crime.

In Chicago one newspaper constantly has pointed out that the police are busy with prohibition and gambling, neglecting public safety. I asked numbers of sophisticated citizens of Chicago if their homes were safe or if they would go home on foot after ten o'clock. The answer was vehemently in the negative. It was pointed out that gun-death rates were three times those in New York, and it would take a year's investigation to find out how many times the rate in New York exceeded that of London, Paris, Berlin or Rome.

Why? Because in a city like Chicago during 1923 nearly 50 per cent of the gunmen cases paid no penalty; more than half the burglary cases paid no penalty and more than 60 per cent of all the felony cases in Chicago paid no penalty whatever.

The Bail and Bond System

I have been in many cities besides Chicago, but the condition is not far different in most of the larger cities in America. The prevalence of crimes of violence is shocking, but not so shocking as the process in the United States by which so large a proportion of criminal guilty manage by delay, technicality, corruption and the bail and bond system to slide out of punishment.

Even when punishment is meted out, it is of a mild kind. I shall have much to say of this later, but it is true that many a criminal lives in a penitentiary in luxury which cannot be enjoyed by the family of the policeman who spends days and risks his life in the arrest.

In one American city at the end of the year there were 130 defendants in murder cases whose trials were pending, and nearly one-third were out on bail!

There is another measure of the crime tide in America; it is the insurance rates applicable to burglary, robbery and bank hold-ups. The wise police chief everywhere knows that burglary no longer holds its old lure to the wise criminal. The whole course of the wise lawbreaker is away from breaking and entering, and runs toward the outdoor activity of hold-ups or the immense business of organized blackmail, which promises a tremendous and glowing future. But none the less, bank robberies and burglaries had increased so fast in 1924 that the press reports that the rates of insurance have jumped in the Middle West in varying increases from 33⅓ to 150 per cent. I am told that burglary insurance country-wide has gone up about 50 per cent in ten years.

A new development of organized crime has exploited business-house and warehouse robberies so that rates have advanced 100 per cent, and on silks and fur stocks they are even higher. The business of warehouse or wholesale-house robbery has become an expert, almost nationally organized business. It is so well done that cases are not wanting where $30,000 or $40,000 of stock has been extracted by motortrucks in the five minutes between the ringing of the protection-system alarm and the coming of a patrol.

A statement by the manager of the protective department of the American Bankers' Association gives some idea of the various estimates of the cost of crime in the United States. He says that money losses from crime in 1924 amounted to $4,000,000,000. When, however, there is added to losses the cost of maintenance of police, criminal courts, prisons and places of detention, the crime cost mounts, according to various statisticians' estimates, toward $10,000,000,000.

Startling Statistics

In an estimate based on an investigation made for the New York Police Department, and now in my hands, it is quoted:

"The annual crime loss and penalties paid for criminal operations in the United States was three times the national budget during 1923, and more than three times the customs and revenue receipts for the same period."

This investigation also yielded the following statement:

"The annual cost of crime to an American city the size of New York would be about $558,000,000, and the direct financial loss to the people probably would exceed $180,000,000."

The report continues:

"Based on reliable statistics, about 200,000 persons are under restraint as prisoners in the United States. This, however, represents only about one-fifth of the criminal population. If the annual productiveness of an individual is estimated at $1500 the industrial waste represented by the criminal population is $1,500,000,000 annually."

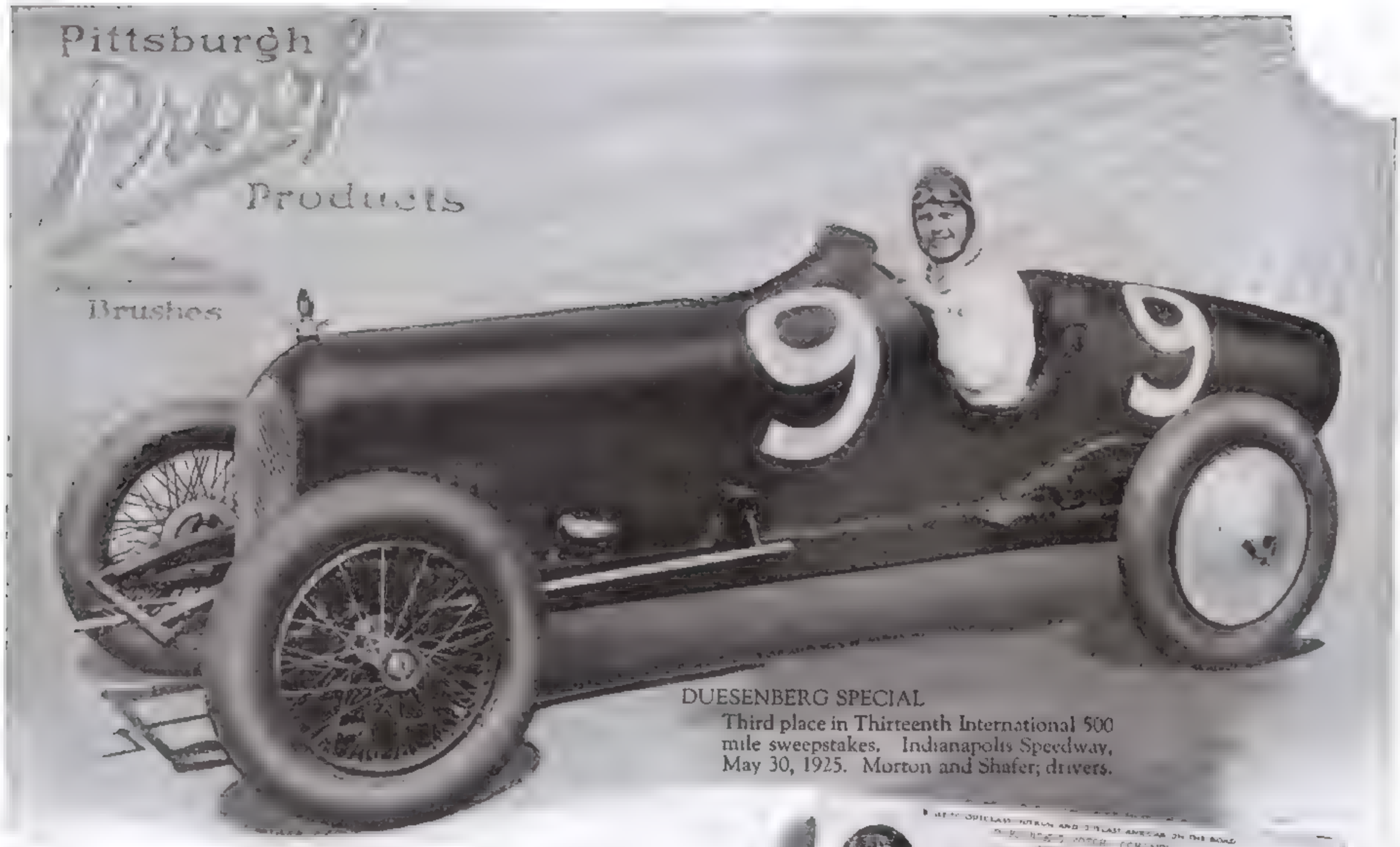
As I have pointed out, the statements of those who would like to prove that prohibition has emptied our penal institutions, whether we wish to believe it or not, will not stand examination. The Census Bureau, in its report on the number of prisoners in the Federal, state, county, city and other institutions of correction, showed a marked increase between 1917 and 1922. Indeed, there are no conclusive statistics to show that, apart from other crimes and misdemeanors, drunkenness itself is not supplying these institutions with the old quota. In New York City, for instance, after a gradual reduction in the arrests for drunkenness to a low figure of 7028 in 1919, there began, unfortunately in the face of prohibition, an increase. In 1920 there were 7804 arrests for intoxication; in 1921, 8169; in 1922, 11,402; and in 1923 and 1924, nearly 14,000 a year. In Chicago, one of the cities where the drunkenness cases are described and merged by disorderly conduct, the total arrests for this heading were, in 1919, 38,633; in 1922, 67,694; in 1923, 76,419; and in 1924, 90,852.

When I showed these figures to the prosecuting officer of another great American city, he laughed. He said:

"The increase perhaps is due to a new policy of law enforcement—the one of being more concerned with preventing the gunman from holding up a drink than preventing him from holding up a citizen! The police, like all of us, have only twenty-four hours a day; and between the traffic work brought on by the automobile and the new reforms, there is bound to be less time to spend on the suppression of real crimes. Unless we change that policy we are in for ten or twenty years when the United States will be a criminal's paradise."

After some months of investigating, however, it is not the amazing and grotesque and menacing and rising crime tide which creates the deepest impression. Nor is it the unrepressed wildness and violence which appear to be saturating even the classes not professionally criminal. On the

(Continued on Page 153)



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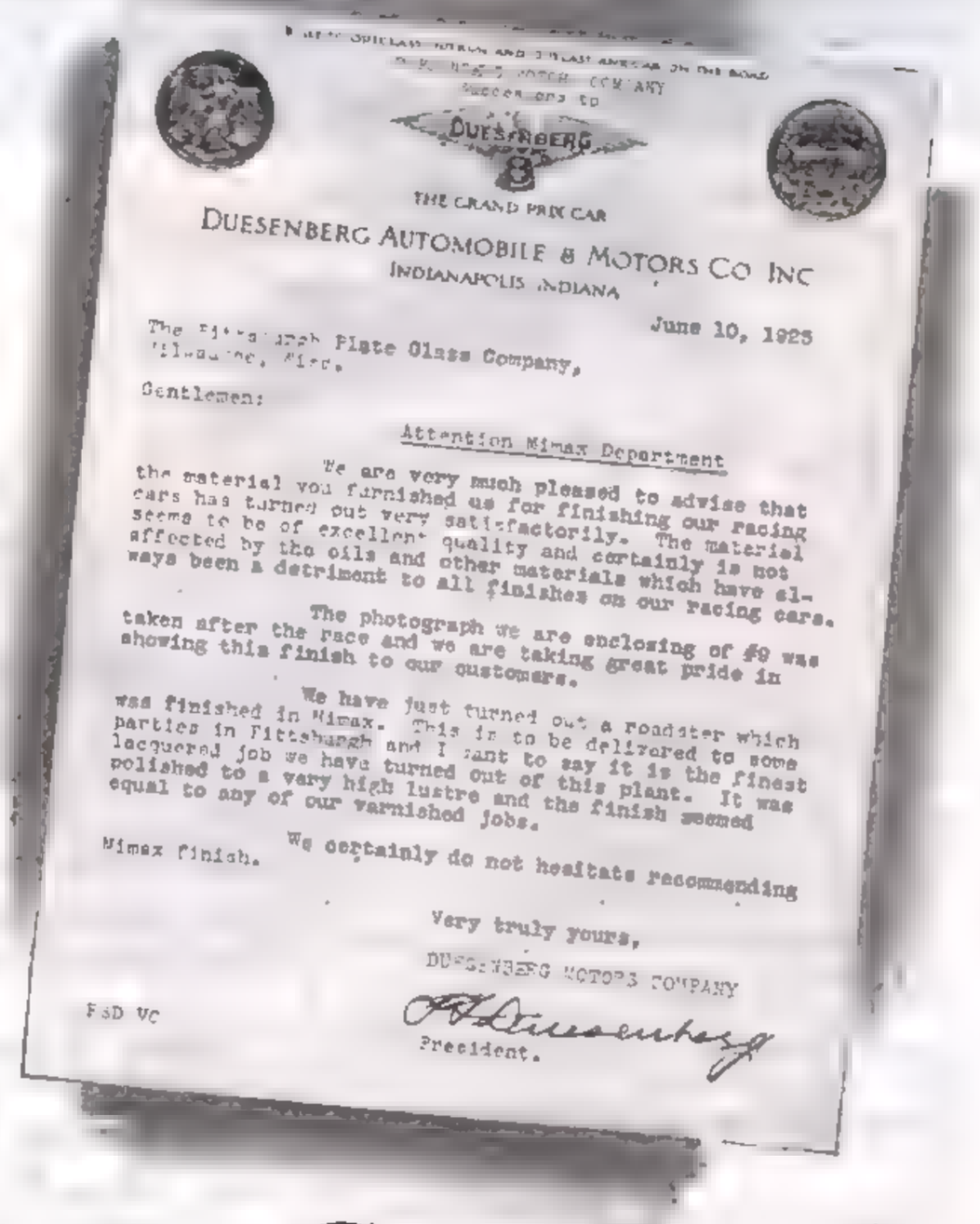

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AUBURN 6 SIXTY SIX

(Continued from Page 150)

contrary it is the tremendous advances being made in the organization of crime, of which the average citizen has even less knowledge than he has as to the facts of the crime tide.

We have come nearer and nearer to a point where our fight is no longer against the individual criminal but is becoming a losing conflict with a highly organized system. With this system, stupidity of law-making, bureaucratic law enforcement, the complete ignorance of the public, silly court rules and sentimental bail, parole and pardon systems have no chance against a large capital investment in crime, a perfectly oiled partnership between bondsmen, some criminal lawyers, some political bosses and the "incorporations" of crime rings.

Judge Dike, speaking before the American Bar Association, said: "The methods and principles of big business have been adopted by the criminal world."

He knew, as I know, that so great is this line of development in our national crime system that it is with some hesitancy that anyone sets forth the picturesque facts. Behind the scenes, where the average man and woman do not see it, there is a dramatic and almost unbelievable story of the growth of the criminal "corporations."

The measure of the state of crime organization is usually the amount of money invested in the "business." The extension of the organization beyond any one city to a group of interstate cities, sometimes widely separated, is usually in proportion to the length of establishment of a particular form of crime and to the necessity of carrying on wide operations.

If the average person who reads this article, being innocent of true conditions, reads of a big silk or fur burglary, he has in his mind a picture of four or five tough-looking customers sitting in some cellar around the stub of a candle. They determine that they must go forth to get money in a burglary. Skulking in the shadows, they glance up at a store or warehouse. One says, "That place looks as if it might yield something." Another produces a jimmy and they go to work, with one of their number ready to blow a blast on a whistle if the patrolman comes along.

The Pay-Off Joint

But nothing of this kind happens. The truth in some ways may be much more dramatic—dramatic, as the efficiency of big business is dramatic; so dramatic that before I undertook this investigation and had confirmation from a number of police officials and demonstrations from some of the criminals themselves, I was inclined to disbelieve. Do not disbelieve, however, that many crime rings have reached a state of organization that makes the citizen's conception of crime ridiculous and results in blame being put upon undermanned police forces which are without power to meet the organization system of crime or to obtain adequate punishment for those whom they arrest.

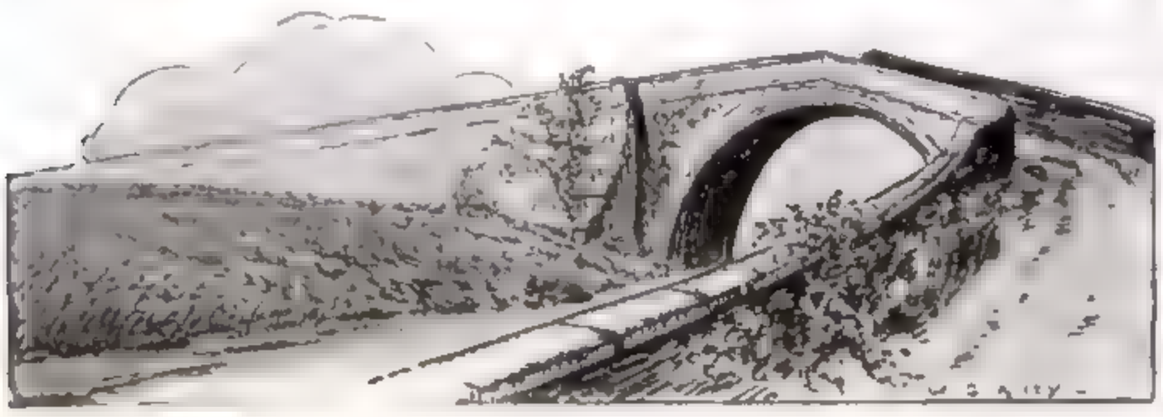
In your case of the fur robbery you may begin the picture with an office in a fairly respectable office building. On the door there is printed in gold letters, let us say, Texas and Miami Real Estate Company. This is not a real-estate office, however. The lean business man who sits behind the large golden-oak desk with a telephone and a stenographer is not a real-estate man. This place is what is known in some cities of America as a pay-off joint; the man behind the desk is the manager for a group of men who are engaged in the lively business of wholesale-house, fur and silk robbery. The expression of any one of them who is attached to this particular organization is that he "works out of Joe's pay-off."

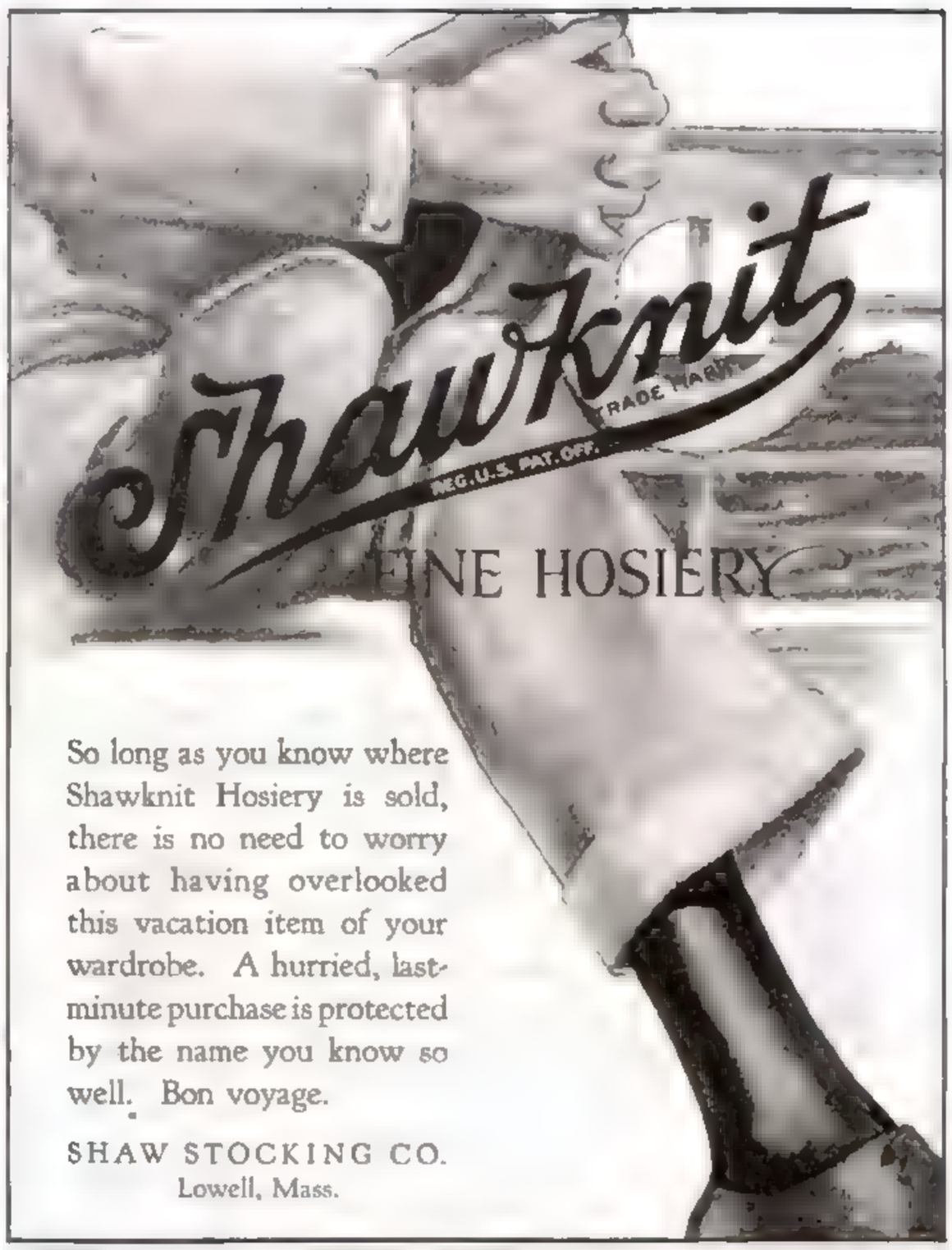
Joe, the manager or proprietor, has many functions and they are not attended with great risk. Newspaper reporters are fond of describing Joe as the master mind. But Joe may have nothing of a master mind; he may only be a good criminal business man. It is his job to superintend, to plan the work ahead, to get orders for goods and set forth the program on which the "workers out" are to proceed. He divides the profits among the workers, taking care to collect the kick-in to cover the overhead expenses and his own large profits. He arranges with the particular garages where fast cars and motortrucks with removable license plates can be safely engaged. If it is necessary to have an inside man planted on the wholesale-house victims, or to corrupt one of their employes, Joe arranges it. If protection can be bought, Joe is the discreet negotiator. If trouble comes, Joe is the man who has some bondsman on call who will bail out a burglar almost before he has asked the guard at the police station for a cigarette. Joe knows a criminal lawyer. Joe is the man who knows the political bosses to whom certain judges in the county owe their seats on the bench. Joe is the general manager.

Stealing to Order

If you met some of Joe's "workers out," you would be astounded to find them for the most part young, usually well dressed, well groomed and sometimes fastidious. One or two might take heroin occasionally, but it would be rare that any drank to excess. There would be among them some with prison records, some with a worldly experience and a hardness picked up perhaps as bell hops in hotels, some who had just gone wrong in high school. Of course, there would be some who were not fitted for the drawing-room; but the important places would be filled by young men whose appearance, expression and contour of features would perplex any of those scientific old gentlemen who talk about a "criminal type."

When Joe had laid his plans for the robbery of $50,000 of furs, he may have done so because of a specific demand from some fence in another city. A fence is a receiver of stolen goods, but the old-time fence which concealed stolen goods, or even advanced money upon them, has been supplanted now by a much more businesslike institution. There have been cases of fences which maintained a sales force in the South to take orders for a variety of goods to small dry goods and notion stores—before the goods were stolen. Then the fence would arrange with a pay-off joint to fill the order and the pay-off joint would go after so much fur, so much job-lot taffeta silk, and so forth. Joe provides the skilled mob, the motor cars and trucks. He draws together information as to the kind of goods consigned to and received by a wholesale house. He buys information of their location, whether they are protected by a night watchman who may have to be "rubbed out" or by a protective signal system. The whole robbery is organized with painstaking care. It is a highly technical business. Capital has been invested in it. Not only





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the success of this particular robbery but the future of the business is at stake.

And Joe knows that the day of cutthroat competition between individual and irresponsible criminals is passing. Not only that, but he knows that just as in the development of American big business, the time comes when the investment is so large a stake that conference and coöperation are the watchwords. Joe in his wholesale and warehouse robbery industry may need the support of the bootleg ring or the blackmail ring. He may have to trade something with others. And so gradually even the tong wars within these rings come to an end.

The picture and its promise are neither overdrawn nor pleasant. There are certain to be alliances between rings. A state senator in the West has assured me that the bootleg ring, which has already elected a member of the legislature, did so not to have prohibition relaxed but to have it tightened in such a way as to eliminate what the bootleg ring considers irregular traffic, which interferes with legitimate profits. Unfortunately, a gambling ring was associated in this representative's election. And now the honorable legislator is much put out by the demand of the gambling ring to secure various appointments to offices and other favors. But there will be no noise in any case. Too much money is invested. The rings can afford to maintain huge funds to influence government, but neither can afford to risk its huge stake and its carefully built organization by a quarrel.

"Reluctantly enough," said one police chief to me, "I can see where we are heading for. I am a prohibitionist myself; but of all the organized criminal business, the bootleg and blackmail organizations are destined to develop the most and have the most money. The investment in the bootleg business is already stupendous, and you can trust it to take care of itself. I prophesy that in five years it will be an organization such as this country has never seen. The worst of it is that it ties in, because it has to, with all the rest of criminal operations. A kind of blackmail will put pressure on the bootleg ring to protect the pay-roll hold-ups, the burglars, the bank robbers, and even to provide the means for murder trials to be fixed."

The tragedy of this great American scandal is the ignorance and the lethargy of public opinion. If the people would think and act in concert, it would be possible to take the crime bull by the horns. I should have no eagerness for the investigation I have undertaken were it not that respect for law is today the greatest necessity of the United States. If my purpose were merely to expose a skeleton in our closet, I would not have gone on. I want to show how that skeleton can be cast out.

It is almost idle to repeat over and over that we must respect the law. Respect for law requires enforcement methods which are something other than ineffective.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr Child on the crime situation. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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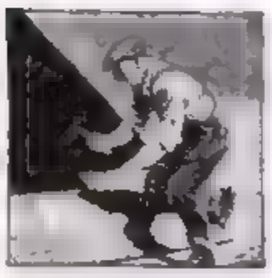

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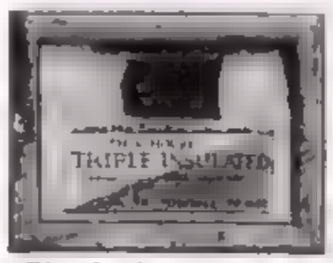

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